



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

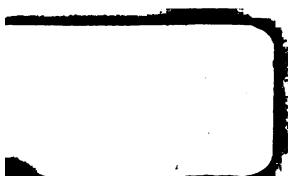
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



McKinnon
Butler

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and their corresponding addresses. The names are listed in a single column, and the addresses are listed in a single column to the right of the names. The names are: John Doe, Jane Doe, and John Doe. The addresses are: 123 Main St, 456 Main St, and 789 Main St.

1

1

1

1

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

Uniform Edition. Each, 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

Brother Jonathan; OR, THE ALARM POST IN THE CEDARS. A Tale of Early Connecticut. Illustrated. Colored Frontispiece.

In the Days of Audubon. A Tale of the "Protector of Birds." Illustrated by B. West Clinedinst and Others.

In the Days of Jefferson; OR, THE SIX GOLDEN HORSESHOES. Illustrated by F. T. Merrill and Others. \$1.50.

The Story of Magellan. A Tale of the Discovery of the Philippines. Illustrated by F. T. Merrill and Others. \$1.50.

The Treasure Ship. A Story of Sir William Phipps and the Inter-Charter Period in Massachusetts. Illustrated by B. West Clinedinst and Others. \$1.50.

The Pilot of the Mayflower. Illustrated by H. Winthrop Peirce and Others. \$1.50.

True to His Home. A Tale of the Boyhood of Franklin. Illustrated by H. Winthrop Peirce. \$1.50.

The Wampum Belt; OR, THE FAIREST PAGE OF HISTORY. A Tale of William Penn's Treaty with the Indians. With 6 full-page Illustrations. \$1.50.

The Knight of Liberty. A Tale of the Fortunes of Lafayette. With 6 full-page Illustrations. \$1.50.

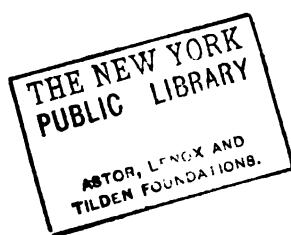
The Patriot Schoolmaster. A Tale of the Minutemen and the Sons of Liberty. With 6 full-page Illustrations by H. Winthrop Peirce. \$1.50.

In the Boyhood of Lincoln. A Story of the Black Hawk War and the Tunker Schoolmaster. With 12 Illustrations and colored Frontispiece. \$1.50.

The Boys of Greenway Court. A Story of the Early Years of Washington. With 10 full-page Illustrations. \$1.50.

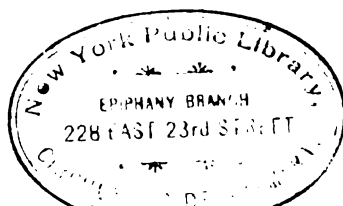
The Log School-House on the Columbia. With 13 full-page Illustrations by J. Carter Beard E. J. Austen, and Others. \$1.50.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, NEW YORK.





WILLIAM McKINLEY.



Adm. R. L.
5/29/12
w. i.

THE YOUNG MCKINLEY

OR

SCHOOL-DAYS IN OHIO

A Tale of Old Times on the Western Reserve

BY

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

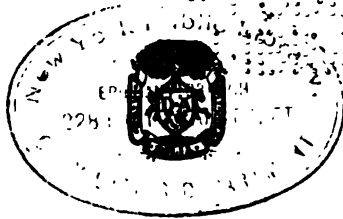
AUTHOR OF

"BROTHER JONATHAN," "IN THE BOYHOOD OF LINCOLN,"

"THE LOG SCHOOL-HOUSE ON THE COLUMBIA," ETC.

"Never mind; you may be President yet."

ILLUSTRATED

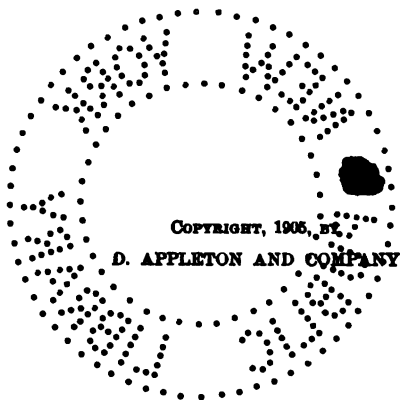
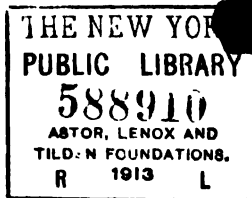


NEW YORK

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY

1905

M.



THE NEW YORK

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Published September, 1906

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

✓
56221
B 9882

Y

INTRODUCTION



THIS is a story which pictures struggles in Ohio out of which men rose to fame. The Western Reserve of Ohio in the early part of the nineteenth century was notable for its boys who through their own exertions became men of power and influence. The nation has few if any nobler records than those of the boys whose early days are pictured in these pages, and whose names are now among the first citizens of the Republic they served.

It was the desire of ancient heroes that their sons should become nobler than themselves. This spirit entered into the hearts of the pioneers of the Western Reserve.

The intentions of a good man which seem to have failed enter as a rule into the lives of his descendants; so that the seed of a good purpose is never lost. It was such right, strong, generous purposes on the part of hardy, toiling pioneers, that brought into the great theater of the world four presidents of the United States, and a score of eminent statesmen from the Western Reserve of Ohio and its neighboring counties. More than that; in Ohio was illustrated the principle that an ideal that seems to struggle in vain

in one life lives in another life of greater opportunity and power. Thus emerged men of unusual worth from the same wonderful country, the "new Canaan" of prophetic New England vision.

It is my purpose to picture the home life and struggles of some of these boys of the Western Reserve, three of whom were to occupy the White House, and others of whom rose to be grand leaders of men. The independent struggles of these boys lead one to see how character is made.

These boys helped their fathers to build their own homes, they earned their own education and they entered into a great moral purpose to secure justice for all men. Their struggles made them physically, intellectually and morally strong. What one man may do, any man, with like gifts and motives, may accomplish. This is my story.

The curious stories of William McKinley's childhood and youth here related were in part derived from school companions and friends who survive him. The writer, while lecturing at Niles, Jefferson, and Hiram College, visited many people and places to secure incidental material for this narrative. Some of the characters introduced, such as the traveling singing master called the "Tunker," "Johnny Apple-seed," and others, are unique, but they all belonged to the country. The folk-lore stories here told are those of Northern Ohio homes.

The writer has been intentionally truthful in these sketches. He has used fiction only where it may picture fact. Folk-lore is history in picture, and may be made to

INTRODUCTION

present life, and especially the home life of the people, in its most realistic way.

The simple home life of William McKinley anticipated the great events of the present time. It has been the purpose of the writer to present the boy and youth to the reader at the period of the making of the man, in a simple, realistic way, after the manner of a home story.

The wonderful boyhood of Garfield is presented in the same spirit, as are some of the stories of the early life of President Hayes. The stories of the Disciple, or Tunker, the traveling singer, who sung the favorite hymns of these presidents, and of the wilderness house that vanished, are used for the purpose of interpretation, after the manner of fiction. I may say, however, that there was a hidden house that "vanished," and that the incidents of the hymns that commended themselves to Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley are practically true.

The writer has endeavored to portray the influence of Annie McKinley in the development of the life of her famous brother. Annie McKinley, following the example of her father, the man of furnaces and forges, in seeking the future welfare of the family, may be said to have made William McKinley President, or at least to have exerted a powerful influence on the development of his young life.

1

1

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I.—THE MCKINLEY FAMILY	1
II.—"YOU MAY BE PRESIDENT YET"	7
III.—FIRESIDE STORIES	24
IV.—THE "DON'T" WOMAN	50
V.—THE CIRCUIT-RIDER	58
VI.—JOHNNY APPLE-SEED	70
VII.—"O RABEE SHOW"	76
VIII.—MOTHER WETHERBY AND THE QUAIL	86
IX.—THE "DON'T" WOMAN'S PROPHECY AND THE TUNKER'S STORY	91
X.—A FATHER WHO COULD TELL STORIES	110
XI.—OLD-TIME CAMP-MEETING DAYS	118
XII.—QUEER TALES OF THE WESTERN RESERVE	128
XIII.—ANNIE MCKINLEY AND HER FATHER	138
XIV.—GARFIELD, THE YOUNG EVANGELIST	152
XV.—FOUR BOYS WHO WERE TO BECOME PRESIDENTS	169
XVI.—SINGING CONVENTIONS AND SPARROW TAVERN TALES	185
XVII.—WADE GAINS A SECRET HE DOES NOT REVEAL	201
XVIII.—MCKINLEY ENLISTS AT THE SPARROW TAVERN	208
XIX.—THE BEE ON THE PEAK	212
XX.—"YOU WILL DO!"	219
XXI.—"AG'IN' THE WAR"	222
XXII.—YOUNG MCKINLEY FINDS A FRIEND	227
XXIII.—THE SILENT BOY	232

CHAPTER	PAGE
XXIV.—"COFFEE"	238
XXV.—MOTHER WETHERBY TELLS A STORY	245
XXVI.—RE-ENLISTING	253
XXVII.—A MINSTREL FOR THE ARMY	256
XXVIII.—"WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME AGAIN!"	265
XXIX.—TIN	272
XXX.—THE TUNKER SINGS	279
XXXI.—A WONDERFUL COMMENCEMENT	289
XXXII.—AN INAUGURAL KISS	295
XXXIII.—CONCLUSION	305

ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
William McKinley	<i>Frontispiece</i>
"William, William," he said, "... you may be President yet!"	12
"Nearer, my God, to Thee!"	98
Pioneers on their way to the Western Reserve	112
A War-cry rent the air	134
The Battle of South Mountain	240
"I order you, Colonel, in the name of General Crook, to follow the ravine"	254
The Inauguration of McKinley	298

THE YOUNG MCKINLEY

CHAPTER I

THE MCKINLEY FAMILY



It was dark; a family group sat around a broad table by early candle-light. A hot fire blazed on the hearth, over which were steaming kettles such as hung on the hooks day and evening. (A part of the old house of my story may still be seen in the public park near Niles, Ohio.) The family's name was McKinley. They were rugged, frugal, religious, Scotch-Irish people, with honor in their blood—Methodists, with the iron purpose of Presbyterianism. To them religion was obedience to spiritual law, the consciousness of God in the soul. They believed in schools. Their lives fulfilled the ideals of their prayers.

It was after supper. But it had been no common meal, for there was at the foot of the table a strange man, a traveling schoolmaster. He was dressed in a traveler's garb. His name was Alba Sanford and he was a real character. He knew the western country, the Wilderness Road, and probably "Fort Dearborn" (Chicago); and he had met the early settlers of the Western Reserve in their cabin homes. He was called "Santa Anna," or "Old Santa Anna," in the

Western Reserve, because his face and form looked like the picture of Santa Anna, dictator of Mexico.

All these things would have made him interesting to a family with children, but he added to his acquaintance with the new settlements and roads the charm of story-telling. A natural story-teller in a wilderness of pioneers was like an enchanter; like a Queen Scheherezade of "The Arabian Nights."

There was silence when the meal ended. The children had been well trained by their mother, and waited for their father to speak. The father of the silent family of children turned his knife over and over, as if thinking. The candles "sputtered"; the fire now and then gleamed red, as a fore-stick broke and fell.

"Wanderer of the Wilderness," at last said Mr. McKinley, very slowly—the traveling schoolmaster might well be called the "Wanderer of the Wilderness"—"I'm glad you have been drawn to our home to-night. I have questions that I wish to ask you. I am as one in the valley of decision, and you may have been sent to us with prophetic vision. I am going to say to you what I have not yet told my children. I must move. My wife tells me so, and a mother's instincts are safe to follow."

The members of the family looked toward one another in silence, and listened with eyes fixed on Mr. McKinley, who had spoken well-chosen words in an unusual tone.

"Why wouldst thou change thy habitation?" asked the man of the Mexican face, in old-time language like that which Mr. McKinley himself had used.

"A man's duty is to the future," said Mr. McKinley. What the schools are the nation will be. I cannot do much for my family, but I must give them the best education I can. There are better schools in New Connecticut [the Western Reserve] than we can have here at Niles. My wife has made me see my duty in this way." After a pause he continued:

"Wanderer, it is not for me to ask what is best for *me*, but what is best for the future of these boys and girls. I drive furnaces. I go away from my home for days and weeks at a time to do this work. These furnaces will multiply and grow, and make the night red some time. I can see it all in my mind's eye; I seem to have the gift of perception. One of my boys also seems to have that gift—little William. He was born hungry for knowledge. He reads nearly all the time."

The eyes of the family were turned upon William, then some eight or more years old.

Mr. McKinley was right in his views. Ashtabula, Ohio, is now the great iron port of Ohio, and the stupendous furnaces in many towns on the Western Reserve, and especially at Niles, make the nights red. A noble schoolhouse rises in a little park or square near one of the powerful furnaces of Niles, and peaks its roof near the black stacks of chimneys. The river winds around them both, the giant furnace and the square school walls.

Mr. McKinley was a man of few words, but he spoke with unusual seriousness, which caused for a time an atmosphere of awe. He had been led to see the great need of education, not only for moral and intellectual training, but for prepar-

ing the young people to perceive the resources of their wonderful country in timber, coal, and soil.

The family saw that he had other things to say. Mrs. McKinley sat upright, a home queen. Her husband was speaking for her heart.

A man in a red wammus came in with a pot of metheglin, which he set down by the tin reflector of the fire-shovels and tongs. As he bent over, he looked like a huge lobster, the red wammus covering his back.

Mrs. McKinley's kindly face grew rigid. She cast a fixed look upon her husband's face, for she had determined that if possible her family should have an education. For her own comfort she cared little: she found her happiness in her family. She did not look upon the storm and stress of life, except to find a rainbow. It is bright prospects that give the heart sunshine and make it happy. She was happy if her family were happy.

Mr. McKinley lifted his hand. It shone in the light like the palm of a prophet.

"Listen, wife; listen, children, all. I am going to put myself out of the case entirely. I repeat that it is my duty to move you to a place where I can best educate my children. It is so written in the book of life. I hold that my children should associate with those who are superior."

His hand fell. Mrs. McKinley bowed her head in assent.

He struck his knife-handle on the table as for an exclamation-point. The children toyed with their wooden forks. Mrs. McKinley was the first to speak.

"Husband," said Mrs. McKinley, "you are right. Leave me and my comfort out of the case. I am ready to go where we can best educate the family that has been given us."

"Right you are," said Santa Anna. He looked along the row of boys and girls by the table, and smiled in a benevolent way, to him unusual, and said: "Yes, that is a far-seeing purpose. It may be that one of these boys will be able to perceive something of value, who knows?"

He glanced at William. The family laughed. William was the merry-minded, tender-hearted boy of the family.

A kitten had been running around the table, trying to find a free lap into which to leap; but the family had had such an air of seriousness that she did not venture to jump, but only humbly whispered a "Miew!" Now that the mother had spoken, the air seemed freer. Her decisions governed the family.

The boy William moved half-way about in his chair; then pussy took courage and leaped into his lap, looked up into his face, and said, "Miew!" with a confidence that was so loving as to be pitiful. The little animal seemed to know the boy's heart instinctively. William stroked her on the head. He had a gentle hand for all living things. Santa Anna noticed the affectionate trust that kitty seemed to have in William.

He smiled kindly and very slowly in a drawn way. Then he said: "Kitty seems to have chosen you, William. Well, it may be you are a chosen vessel, as the Tunkers say. We cannot tell. Animals find out first what is best in us all. It is an instinct in the heart of all living things to prophesy.

I made a prophecy once about little William, and how all the school did laugh!"

"Yes, yes, Santa Anna," said Mr. McKinley, "they all call you 'Santa Anna'; they mean no offense. You did a good thing when you made that prophecy to little William. Suggestions are seeds, good seeds; they grow, 'the purpose of life is to grow.' Little folks follow suggestions; they may not reach the measure of what they wish to be, but I would rather fail in a high aim, than gain success in a low one. I can only do my duty in life in a humble way, but a man's purpose lives in his children. That comforts me."

CHAPTER II

"YOU MAY BE PRESIDENT YET"



LITTLE WILLIAM McKINLEY "learned hard," as the old teachers used to say of certain pupils. He found it difficult to acquire the alphabet, which the family tried to teach him at home. So it was with diffidence and self-distrust that the boy sat down at school before the desk of the man with the Mexican face.

But though the wandering schoolmaster had a Mexican face, and frowned and used the rod freely, he had a very tender, loving heart. It hurt him to punish a pupil, and when he had done it he sometimes relented; and, when he had used the rod he often followed it with an encouraging word like: "Walter Scott's teacher said to the boy Scott—'Dunce you are, and dunce you will ever remain.' But *you* may come to something yet!"

Teachers probably did not use an easy way of acquiring the alphabet at Niles. The old New England pedagogue, with his long coat and cue and tilting ferule, would have sung:

"Come, come, my darlings,
Let me see
How well you know
Your A B C.
Go, get your books,
And hither come to me
While I repeat to you
Your E F G.
A B C D
E F (er) G
H I J K
L M N O P
Q R S T
U and V
W X Y and Z,
Amperсанд."

The same jolly old pedagogue would have sung the multiplication table with a chorus to the tune of "Yankee Doodle":

"5 times 5 are 25,
5 times 6 are 30,
5 times 7 are 35,
5 times 8 are 40,
5 times 9 are 45,
5 times 10 are 50,
5 times 11 are 55,
5 times 12 are 60."

Then the school might have sung "The Blue Juniata" and gone out into the New England sunshine for recess. But such was not the school atmosphere of Niles at this early day, although one teacher is known to have sung the multiplication table there.

Santa Anna was one of those teachers who governed his school by *frightening* his pupils. Such a thing would not be permitted to-day in German or Swiss kindergartens, or in American primary schools. It is a wonder that ever such school government, by fright, should have been allowed on the Western Reserve, even in pioneer days. Santa Anna had a long neck, and one who attended the school with little McKinley tells me that he had the largest Adam's apple that she ever saw. He could distend this Adam's apple until it looked like the pouch of a fish-eating bird. When he did this, it made the little folks stare with wonder and terror. Mischief grew in the school according to the teacher's suspicions, as it always does. He studied how to produce the greatest possible terror among the little ones in order "to keep order."

One day he hit upon a plan that he thought wise enough for a Solomon. A little girl had violated one of the rules, which were many.

"Now," said Santa Anna, "my little miss, I have found you out. I have eyes in the back of my head. I can see just as well one way as another. I saw what you did, and now I am going to swallow you."

The little offender must have shaken with terror. He took off his stock, or broad collar and cravat. How long his neck looked—like a cormorant's! The little ones stared at him with protruding eyes and open mouths. Some of them made strong resolutions never to violate the rules, and they wondered what the fate of the little girl would be.

The poor girl was crying, and seemed to think that her last hour on earth had come, when Santa Anna began to distend his great Adam's apple. It swelled out until it seemed almost large enough to take in the little offender, and we may imagine the scene that followed.

"Oh, don't, don't!" cried she. "I never will do so again—I am sorry—I will mind—don't—I'll kick!"

"No, you won't, you little sassbox; you won't kick when you get into my gullet."

He approached her with open mouth, his Adam's apple still swelling.

"Will you kick?"

"No, no—don't, don't!"

"I'm Polyphemus."

The little girl did not know who that was, but the word sounded terrible. "Adam's apple," too, had an alarming sound. Did Adam swallow an apple like *that*?

"If I will let you go this time, will you sit stock-still forever?"

"Yes," gasped the trembling child.

He turned away, and the victim's eyes lighted with hope. She sat in rigid terror all the day. When she told her parents what she had suffered, they laughed at her, and the father apologized for Santa Anna to the questioning mother—"He *has* to keep order."

It was considered a mark of virtue at that time to be very severe to children. For a teacher to practise deception in the interest of order was deemed permissible as an object-lesson in those rugged days when Pestalozzi, in his

schools in the Swiss castles across the sea, was training teachers for honest work in order to make soul-values.

Santa Anna called little William McKinley to him to learn the "a-b, abs" in the old, hard way.

"Now look upon your book, William. Remember that one only needs to learn the alphabet in order to be able to read everything. The Roman roads led everywhere. Letters were invented by a man of the name of Cadmus. He ought to have had a monument. Maybe he has. Now we will learn our A-B's. Now, that is A. What is that?"

"That is A."

"And that is B. What is that?"

"That is B."

"Good, good. That is progress."

"Now, what is the first letter?"

"B?"

"No, no."

"Progress," the boy may have said.

"No, no. You get letters mixed."

Santa Anna labored long with William, who finally came to learn A from B; but, when they came to H I J K, William found the way to learning "rocky and hobbly," as the term for difficulty was called. His head ached then, and his thoughts were confusion.

One day Santa Anna lost patience with William. He spoke sharply to him. William's heart was very tender, and the sharp words were like a thrust from the blade of a poniard. The tears would flow. The boy dropped his head on his desk to hide his tears, but the sobs would

come. Santa Anna was secretly sorry for what he had said. The boy had been doing the best that he could. Santa Anna walked about the room in a quandary. The pupils saw that he had hurt his own heart.

At last he approached William's desk. He slowly made a semicircle with his long arm, and touched William on the shoulder, tap, tap, tap. It was a very gentle touch.

"William, William," said he, "*never mind now; you may be President yet!*"

"Yet?"

This is a true incident, but how the school did laugh at Santa Anna! It was a funny thought. William? Little William McKinley sit in the seat of Washington, Madison, and Jefferson? That was about the funniest thing that Santa Anna had ever said, and he was held to be queer in his speech at times.

William lifted his head, his lips full of smiles and his eyes bright with tears, like the face of an April day. A vision probably shone through his tears—a suggestion. He would never dare to tell it. He could not expect to become President; but he would, yes, he would become *something*. Any boy may become a gentleman. He could make himself beloved by being useful to others. He could learn to perceive useful things. He could do that; he *would* do that. He went out from the school with a rainbow of hope on the cloud of his young life.

The people, young and old, all liked little William McKinley. His heart was always seeking the happiness and welfare of some one; it was happy when it was making some



"William, William," he said, "... you may be President yet!"

other heart happy; it overflowed into others' lives. If the cat was in trouble, he made her contented again. The pupils of the school wished secretly that he might become President, but the thought of such a place for the little favorite of the school filled them with mirth.

Old Santa Anna's touch seemed to linger on his shoulder. Would it still be there when some day he might stand upon the portico of the White House? We do not know. All things follow suggestions. "My mother's kiss made me a painter," said the greatest of American artists. There were people who thought that Phillips Brooks could never become a preacher. "But I can preach," said he, for he knew the overcoming power of a consecrated purpose in life. "You cannot talk in meeting," said one of the church committee to a boy named Moody. But he could talk in meeting.

The world's welfare has followed the secret purpose of boys who were laughed at. The creators of liberty were laughed at for the hopes of their youth. Pestalozzi, the founder of the free-school education of the world, was laughed at, and Froebel was called a fool for playing with children. Columbus, Balboa, Samuel Adams, Lincoln, Gladstone, were all laughed at in their early plans to lift mankind. Columbus saw a star in the evening heavens at Genoa, and said that the earth was a star. The children laughed at him in the streets. He lived to say, "It was God who made me the messenger of the new heavens and earth, and told me where to find them."

We know not how much Santa Anna's prophecy may have secretly inspired the life of William McKinley, but it

was a prophecy whose human kindness had its influence. It said, "You can overcome." How was it fulfilled? This is our story. The relenting love of Santa Anna was like a star in the memory of that hard old Ohio school.

Niles was a queer place in the days of primitive furnaces. It was muddy in the time of thaws, and the streets were paved with furnace coal. In the dry weather of summer this coal pavement became dusty, and clouds of dust would rise in the wood, blackening faces and clothes, and, when one perspired in such a black storm, the effect was comical. The whole body of a pedestrian would be turned black, so that one person could not be recognized from another.

One day the children returning from school fell into a dispute, and a free fight followed, with fists and angry words. It was dry weather, the coal-dust was blowing, and the little Spartans perspired freely as the battle was prolonged. An alarm was given in the town. The mothers of the children came running out of their homes, each one to seize her own child and to drag him away to punishment. The little Trojans were all black, both in faces and clothes.

"Which is mine?" exclaimed each mother. "He shall pay for this if I can only get at him!"

The voices betrayed each at last, and there were whacks and wailings and the free use of much water in the homes that night. The boys went to bed early after their battle, and they did not soon forget that angry passions bring into the field unexpected forces.

There appeared in the Reserve about this time a very religious young man some twenty-five or more years of age,

who had had a strange history, and possessed a musical voice. He was called Waltermere. He used to say:

"I must live under a cloud; I cannot preach, I must not, while any suspicion rests upon me. I must have the 'white stone' and the 'new name' first. I cannot be much myself, but I can be a cause of success in others. I can sing. I have tasted the 'hidden manna'; I am seeking the 'white stone' and the 'new name.'"

He was a Moravian, and as he wandered about "doing good," as he said, he was known as the Tunker, which name stood for a class of religious wanderers who "went about doing good." Such characters were not uncommon in the days of the Squirrel Hunters, as were called the early pioneers who had to fight against armies of squirrels that devoured every edible thing that fell in their way.

The words "white stone" and "new name," which he often used, referred partly to the "white stone" of victory which was given to conquerors at the gates of a city, and secured to them the freedom of the city, and partly to the same stone as it was presented to Greeks who had been falsely accused and then found innocent. The custom is also referred to in Revelation.

He talked in a strange language, full of allusions to Hebrew Scriptures. He had a passion for new songs, and sang them with wonderful beauty and pathos. His voice seemed to breathe from the soul. He carried with him a box of tuneful reeds, called a *lap melodeon*.

Two new hymns had come to his knowledge, and he sang them with an ardor that swayed multitudes. They

were "Nearer, my God, to Thee," the words of which had been written by a sorrowful and afflicted Englishwoman named Sarah Flower Adams, and "If I were a Voice, a Persuasive Voice," by Charles Mackay, the English balladist, who had written "Tell Me, Ye Winged Winds," a favorite poem of Abraham Lincoln's early years.

He had entered Ohio in a strange way. Some emigrants from Springfield, Mass., had met him on the road through Pennsylvania to the Reserve. He was found standing in a tree covert, wearing a torn robe, a *warmus*, as it was called. His eyes had a peculiar light, as if some inward terror were behind them. He stood almost motionless as the New England emigrants and their teams approached. He leaned over the way, holding on to a hazel bush.

"Who are you?" roughly called out the head teamster to the statue-like stranger.

He opened his mouth, but formed no words.

"You don't know who you are? Then how should we? Where are you bound?"

"To the lake country. Say, may I follow you?"

"We have no objections if you will provide for your keep."

"Why do you go to the lake country?" asked the team-driver.

"To gather ginseng. The herb is worth five dollars a bushel now. I also go to sing."

Ginseng was the magic herb of the times. In China it was supposed to confer the gift, not only of health, but of immortality; and it was there literally worth its weight

in gold. The ginseng on the bare Chinese hills had become exhausted, and American merchants transported the herb from Boston to Canton, and exchanged it for teas and silks. The Western Reserve was reported to abound in the miraculous plant, as also the Virginia hillsides. Ginseng was as good as a banker's note anywhere. So the man's purpose at that time was not a strange one. He dropped down from the bushes by the hillside, and joined the teamster and his followers.

"Are you not one of the Disciples?" asked the teamster, glancing at the traveler's strange dress.

"No," said he, "not now," and his lip quivered. "I am just what I am. I no longer cast lots with the brethren, but go by myself. I will live honestly with you; and, that I may cast lots truly, I must tell you that I am concealing something, and it is terrible. But I am as honest as you. My soul is white. Now I can cast lots. I am waiting for the 'white stone' of freedom. I have nothing more to say."

What did he mean by casting lots?

The Moravian Brethren were accustomed to cast lots after the manner of the ancient Hebrews and the early Christian Church. When they saw the need of direction they prayed and cast lots, as in the case of the sailors and Jonah, or of the disciples and Matthias.

He was accustomed to cast lots in a singular way. When he felt the need of direction he opened the Bible at random, placed his finger on a text blindly, and believed that some invisible influence directed his hand. He interpreted

the verse on which his finger rested as containing some hidden meaning, which like the Hebrew priest's breastplate revealed to him the "will of the Lord." He had once put his finger on the "white stone" in Revelation.

He had been instructed by the Moravians, but he did not seem to belong to them fully. They called him the Tunker, as the Tunkers, or "dippers," were wandering missionaries about the West at that time, especially among the prairie towns of Illinois. They were also Disciples. He sang Moravian hymns in a sweet voice and in a tone of mystery.

His singing voice soon found for him a place in the hearts of the emigrants. He understood Latin, and yet he acknowledged over and over again that he was a wanderer because he carried in his bosom a secret of mystery.

Surely he was an honest man. No face like his could cloak insincerity. What was the mystery of this young wandering life? Why should a man who could speak Latin become a gatherer of ginseng? He was often seen opening his Bible at random, casting lots. Who was he? None knew, but he himself felt that he was with honest people who were his friends.

The wayfarers said to him every evening, as they rested by the way, "To-night you must tell us your story." But he remained silent for a time. Then he would say, "I will sing you a hymn." He would sing "Nearer, my God, to Thee." The dogs in the company came to love him; the children gathered around him. When the women saw him

open his Bible and cast lots they would sit with wondering eyes.

"Hush," the Tunker would say. "God is about to speak."

"What did he say?" they would ask.

"It was for me," he would answer. Then his eyes would close, and he would seem to be lost.

Once he said, after consulting the Scriptures, "I knew that my Vindicator liveth. I have received the promise of the 'white stone.'"

Why did he need a "vindicator"? Why did he wear a torn robe? Why did he tremble when a wayside bush was stirred by foot of beast or wing of bird? What were the hymns besides "Nearer, my God, to Thee" that he sang in the weary evening hours? Let us give you two stanzas from one of them:

"'Forever with the Lord!'

Amen, so let it be;

Life from the dead is in that word:

'Tis Immortality.

"Here in the body pent,

Absent from Him I roam;

Yet nightly pitch my moving tent

A day's march nearer home."

He went with emigrants to the Ashtabula country in the Western Reserve, singing all the way. There was something peculiar in many of the hymns that he sang; they represented struggles.

This young man sought for ginseng, and began to teach

music along the way. When he arrived in the Reserve he conducted singing-schools in the log schoolhouses, and sang in the candle-light meetings in the schoolhouses.

One night at a candle-light meeting an inquirer asked, "Who is God?" There was silence. At last the leader said, "Singing-master, who is God?"

"The One to be desired."

"And what is the soul?" asked the inquirer.

"Waltermere," said the leader, "what is the soul?"

"Desire for good, or God," said the singer; "if it loses that desire, it is *lost*."

Another silence.

"Singing-master, why do you not preach?"

"My name is under suspicion, but I am innocent."

"But you could teach."

"How?"

"By suggestion. A poor man of spiritual wisdom once touched a young man on his arm after a meeting like this, and said 'Eternity.' That word carried conviction to the young man's soul. That young man is now a justice of the United States Supreme Court."

"I might sing suggestion," said Waltermere. "I will."

"Let your mission be one of suggestion," said the leader. "All good things follow right suggestion. 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' which you sing, no one ever more sweetly, is a hymn of suggestion—sing it now."

Waltermere rose and sang the now well-known hymn entitled "Nearer, my God, to Thee." He carried about with him his lap melodeon. It was a curious little instrument, a

kind of accordion, or reed organ, that could be placed on one's knees and the bellows blown with the arm. Many old-time homes on the Ohio have these lap melodeons among the furniture kept in memory of the old times.

The man who carried with him a lap melodeon was usually as welcome to a cabin as the organ-grinder is to country districts to-day. He played hymns of the wilderness and of New England, and Scottish songs that never die. Such persons were usually very religious, and preached or exhorted "as the Spirit," to use their own term, "gave them utterance." They were philosophical in their teachings. Spirit to them was the only reality; never to do anything that could not become a universal law was the social code; and that the consciousness of God in the human soul was eternal life as taught by Christ was the supreme voice of their message. So they wandered and wandered, "doing good" and "voicing the truth" as they conceived the truth. They became happy in this wandering life. The caves were their habitations as well as hospitable cabins; the trees and barns were their chapels. To them life was too short to lay up treasures; all that was worth gaining were the things that pertained to the soul, which outlasts this short stay of existence.

Such were the Tunkers in the day of the Squirrel Hunters in the wilderness of the Ohio—voices that cried out and were gone. Such was Waltermere.

Waltermere would soon cause thousands of voices in the Ohio wilderness to sing this aspiring hymn. He would make that hymn a suggestion.

A strange character indeed! But these lone preachers and singers in the wilderness, men who went "about doing good," having received, as they said, a "direct calling from the skies," and following Christ by direct inspiration of the Holy Spirit, were a part of the early Gospel of Good-will in the wilderness of Pennsylvania and Ohio. They lived alone much of the time; they traveled alone; they visited the poor, the bedridden, the people in distress and need. They suddenly appeared at house-raising; they did not ask alms, but only to work to supply temporary wants. They appeared to be perfectly happy if they could gather a few people to listen to their preaching of the Gospel, which was that the law of righteousness was everything and that the kingdom of God was about to appear in the world.

Waltermere often visited the McKinleys. He came to share the family joke concerning little William, and when the boy blundered he would say, "Never mind, William; you may be President yet!" He took up Santa Anna's prophecy, and repeated it whenever he had an opportunity.

Little William welcomed Waltermere because the wanderer could tell stories. The boy had but few story-books, and to listen to tales of the old times on the Ohio delighted him. The country abounded in "natural story-tellers," as they were called; these were the story-books of the firesides, and their tales of the times of the bears, Indians, and Squirrel Hunters gave a charm to the pioneers' firesides.

Besides the Tunker, Santa Anna, and traveling preachers and teachers, there were many men of roving trades, as coopers, tinkers, and clock-cleaners, who seldom passed an

evening by a fireside in the Reserve without having some strange and long-remembered story to tell.

William's first thought of a visiting stranger was of the story that the visitor would have to tell by the evening fire-light. He seemed to live the story as it was told. He thought that there was no story-land like the great timbers of the Ohio. The stories of the great Reserve gave him the history of the wilderness and of the parts of New England from which the larger number of the pioneers came.

The McKinley home, like the Sparrow Tavern at Poland, afterward became the resort of story-tellers, and these raconteurs gave the susceptible boy his early inclinations to mingle with the wider world.

We must give you, reader, some of the old tales of the Ohio, which picture the manners and customs of the rude and interesting country in these days of early development. But few of them have ever been collected, and they have value as pictures or interpretations of primitive life.

CHAPTER III

FIRESIDE STORIES



LET us return to the fireside at Niles.

Stories from life was the charm of the old Ohio homes. Let us picture old-time life by some of these stories.

One of the girls in the family was Annie, or Anna. She had that kind of purpose in life that makes character, which looked out from her face. Her heart was as full of love as of noble purpose, and the touch of her hand was as gentle as Santa Anna's had been when his finger tapped little William on the shoulder and said, "Never mind, now; you may be President yet!"

The children now felt free, and began to joke slyly about the prospects of young William ever becoming President.

"President of Catland," ventured one of them, drolly.

William's face fell and then lightened.

"I am glad," said he to Santa Anna, "that we are going to move, and I wish you were going with us."

"And why, my boy?"

"It is good for a boy to associate with his superiors," said Mr. McKinley.

"You speak of good things to come," said little William to Santa Anna; "that makes one want to grow; I do. I hope that we shall move to a place where we can all go to school. Father will do the best he can for us now, and we will do the best we can for him when he is old, and for each other. Mother, I will make you happy some day."

"So you will, when you get to be President," said the good woman. "We can wait."

A man who lived in the family came to the door with the milking-pail and milk. The kitten leaped from William's arms, and all arose from the table. Annie began to take the dishes from the table, and William touched her on the arm.

"What did you laugh at me before the schoolmaster for? It hurt me, and you, too, Annie."

"I did not laugh, William."

"But the rest did."

"I believe in you, William."

"Not that I could ever be President!"

"Yes. 'Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass.'"

"I would like to be that for the sake of such as you are to me, Annie; to everybody as well as me—O Annie!"

He threw his arms around her. She believed in him. He would try in some way to fulfil her hopes. Santa Anna began to "hem."

"Hurry up, Annie," said William, "and clear away the dishes. It may be that Santa Anna is going to tell a story." The sister's movements were swift and still. She prepared the room for the evening, while Mr. McKinley and Santa

Anna sat down by the fire and talked earnestly together, the former saying in a rising voice, "That is the best for me which will be best for my children."

"Yes," said Mrs. McKinley, knitting by the light of a tallow dip. "You're right, you're right. Intentions live in our children." She repeated a verse from the Wesleyan hymn:

"To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Maker's will!"

"A story," said William, putting his arms around his mother's neck. "You ask Santa Anna to tell a story, and he will do it. He knows lots."

"Santa Anna," said Mrs. McKinley, "William's mind is full of curiosity; he wants me to ask you to tell a story. You must have heard many among these wilderness cabins."

The usual scowl vanished from Alba Sanford's face. He was in a family atmosphere of love, and his better nature was active now. His face lighted. There was a momentary stillness, and the kitten leaped into William's lap again.

"After the story we will have some metheglin," said Mr. McKinley suggestively.

Metheglin is a drink sweetened with honey.

The atmosphere had been made for a story like that which made vivid a red-settle tale of old New England days.

"There are conditions in life that exceed our limitations, when things become complex," began Santa Anna

philosophically, in a confusion of words. "I board around in some places where I teach, and I sometimes meet very curious people who have queer stories to tell. The one that I will tell you by this hot fire, which seems to banish all the cold world from a cheerful imagination, is about the Widow Betsey and the bear. It is a story of complexity, as you shall hear."

The children crept close to one another to listen.

"The Widow Betsey had no children of her own, but kept a boy to do the choring who was called Zack, the bound boy," continued Santa Anna in a very simple way. "They spoke of him as the 'bound boy' because his parents, who were poor, had signed an agreement that he should remain with the Widow Betsey for three years; so it was arranged by the school board that I should board one week with the widow, and that at the beginning of the fall.

"The Widow Betsey—I never saw her like! She did her work, as it were, on the trot, and she used to boast of the day's work that she had stored up in her 'two fists.' One of the school board, whose grammar did not flow, said to me one day: 'The Widow Betsey is the smartest creeter in all the country round.' The air buzzed when she worked. Everything was all agitation at her paring-bees; her gardens brimmed with vegetables; and when she went out to knit along the pasture-ways the cows followed her, and she found patches of grass for the cows that made butter.

"She had a 'spatterdasher' churn. She lifted the dasher up and drove it down; and in the lively process the butter came. The churn was like a half-barrel; and if the top came

off when she was overactive the cream flew about, and she seldom churned without having some white spots on her nose and hair when the butter came or when the cream turned into butter. She seemed to scare the cream into butter.

"In the summer-time the butter came soon. She used to encourage the cream by saying:

" 'Come, butter, come;
Peter stands at the gate
Waiting for the butter-cake;
Come, butter, come.' "

"Who 'Peter' was I never knew.

"But in the fall the cream in the barrel-like churn with the dasher turned very slowly into butter. She sometimes found it necessary to churn an hour, and so the mysterious 'Peter' had to tarry long for the 'butter-cake.'

"There were bears in the woods. The widow used to see them at times when she went out berrying. The first conquest of the pioneers was in the war with the bears. The widow walked one way when she spied the bears, and the bears another when they saw her with her knitting-needles flashing. They edged away, and she did the same in a very respectful manner. Bears are very polite animals if you let them alone. They seem willing to leave the whole world to those who bear them no ill will. When I write a history I shall begin with the conquest of the bears.

"I returned from the log schoolhouse one afternoon in the fall. She met me at the bars in a very spirited way, saying:

" 'Santa Anna, I must tell ye: there is a pesky bear that

comes out of the woods every morning when I am churning. He stands up on his haunches, and puts out his paws, *so*. Looks just like a man in a fur coat. He seems to wonder at what I am doing.

“‘The butter comes slow now in these coolin’ days, and I have to leave the churn and attend to my dinner; and when I leave the churn near the open door he comes almost to the barway of the fence. He has done that two or three times.

“‘Well, listen now to a wonder. This morning that bear came into the yard when I was churning. I looked at him, and he stood up just like a judge in a court-room. Then I put my spectacles on, and he walked away in as much dignity as a judge after sessions. I think that he will come again. He bowed to me as he went away.’

“‘The next day, as I returned from the log school, the widow came running to meet me, crying, ‘Santa Anna! Santa Anna! There, now!’

“‘A terrible time I have been having,’ said she.

“‘What has happened?’ asked I.

“‘That pesky bear again. Come and see. Wonders!’

“‘I went in, and a curious sight indeed met my eyes. There lay the bear dead and stiff; around him was the churn all broken up; and the floor was white with cream, blood and bones and cream.

“‘What do you think that bear did?’ she said nervously. ‘I left the churn for a few minutes to attend to the fire in the Dutch oven, when I heard a queer gurgling sound and a noise of something rolling on the churning-

porch. I was all eyes and ears then. I ran back to the churn, when I saw such a sight as made my eyes almost start out of my head. The churn was bobbing about up in the air, bottom upward; the cream was all pouring out of it; it looked as though it had turned into a bear with a tall hat on his head.

“‘I was astonished—that is no word for it—when I first saw it; I couldn’t make out what it was. I had heard of bewitched churns, but this seemed to be alive. The churn-pot bobbed about, leaping as if it were alive.

“‘In a moment I saw what had happened. The bear had come out of the woods, and walked into the door, and put his paws upon the cover of the churn, and tried to get at the cream. The cover had tipped up and been pushed aside with the handle, and the bear had forced his head into the churn, which is small at the top and bulges out as it goes down to the bottom. He had pushed his head farther and farther down, lapping the cream, as I have no doubt; but when he had his fill he couldn’t get his head out of the churn. He was imprisoned; for if your head were imprisoned you would be imprisoned. Don’t you see?

“‘Well, what could he do? He bobbed up his head and lifted the churn into the air so as to bring down the handle over his back. He must have been very much surprised. The cream poured down over him.

“‘I ran for the ax. I did pity him; it almost broke my heart to do it, but I gave the wiggling churn a whack, and another and another, which must have been very discouraging to the bear, for he uttered a cry for mercy like a rabbit

in a snare. It was almost human, and he fell right over and died. He didn't understand things. A fat one, isn't he? Zack will have to make me a new churn out of a log, but we will fry bear steak for dinner, and I will have some oil to fry things in; bear-oil is very nourishing.'

"I helped the widow to clear away the effects of the disaster and to prepare bear steak. We had excellent meat the rest of the week, and the widow sent Zack with some of the steak as a present to the neighbors.

"She had a philosophical mind amid her business-like ways, and she often remarked to me: 'That bear interested me in more ways than one. I wonder as to what might have been *his state of mind* when he found himself imprisoned in the churn. I hate to disappoint any living creature; but I had to do it.'

"You see, my young friends, the bear encountered a very complex situation. Avoid complexity.

"There was a touch of feeling in the widow's heart in this case that drew out my heart toward her. I favor her ways of thinking. I have a kind of pity for all things in trouble, even a bear. A bear can't help being a bear. What would the city folks in old Connecticut say to such an experience as that? And what would your children's children say, should they be told this true story, when the count comes to be settled up? The history of this country, as I said, begins with the conquest of the bear."

The kindly manner in which the wandering schoolmaster had told this substantially true story in itself led the young folks who heard it to be sorry for the animal whose

intelligence had found such unexpected limitations, and some touches in the story had caused them to gather in a very sympathetic way around the arms of the chair occupied by Santa Anna.

After the story the man with the wammus served the metheglin.

A rap fell upon the door. It was a mystic rap, three times, and a voice said, "In the name of the Three."

They opened the door.

"A stranger," said a voice there.

"Come in," said the kindly voice of Mr. McKinley.

The stranger came in. He had a lap melodeon, but looked otherwise like a man of the wilderness. He was the Singing Tunker. They all had heard of him. They turned their eyes on the box of reeds, and desired to hear him play. This he presently did. How sweetly the reeds introduced his song:

"I'm a pilgrim,
And I'm a stranger.
I can tarry, I can tarry
But a night."

He ceased playing. A Methodist minister joined the company, and also a woman named Wetherby, Mother Wetherby, a woman who always talked against her own heart "for the good of others" in a queer way, of whom we shall have much to say. With them came an old negro who was much loved by the children. All wished to hear wandering Waltermere sing to the lap reeds again. But they waited before making the request.

Mr. McKinley told tales of the old times on the Ohio. The boys of the family asked their father for a story. Mother Wetherby did not tell stories; she "gave opinions," as you shall hear. So Mr. McKinley, the furnace-maker, told a story, while all was expectancy to hear the lap melodeon again. The fire blazed; the winds blew on the hilltops, and rolled through the night like solemn music. Mr. McKinley's tales were no fairy stories. They pictured growth. Listen, and we shall hear him:

"In the early part of the century there lived a live man by the name of Nicholas G. Roosevelt, who became absorbed in the idea that steam was to become the power of the western world. Wherever he went this thought went with him; it beckoned him; it haunted him; it was his waking dream.

"He was an intimate friend of Robert Fulton, who owed more to his ideas than has ever been duly recognized. He conceived the idea of placing the wheels of the wonderful river craft over the side of the boat. He saw the future of steam in his mind's eye.

"One day, as all the world knows, some idle people went out to the shores of the Hudson to see a crazy man named Robert Fulton try to propel a boat by steam. What fun it would be to watch his failure!

"That boat went."

("Never mind," said the Tunker to William, "you may be President yet.")

"After this successful experiment, which confounded skeptical minds, the question arose, Can a boat be constructed

that will go down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans? If so, the river world would be changed. People would walk the water, and one of the new boats was actually called *Walk-in-the-Water*.

"To the plan of constructing a boat that would master the great river system of the Mississippi, Roosevelt now gave his mind and heart. The river world became his world, and he felt that it was his mission to see whether the great Mississippi system of rivers could be so mastered.

"The first thing for him to do was to study this river system. This he did in a very curious way. He had a boat built in Pittsburg that resembled an ark. It contained a bedroom, a dining-room, a pantry, a crew-room, and a big fireplace. The top of the boat was flat, with an awning.

"He provided himself with a pilot for this curious river-house, also a cook. He decided to take his wife with him. If all went well they would touch at Cincinnati, Louisville, and Natchez, then only small towns or settlements.

"This was in 1809, in the autumn.

"He met with some strange adventures on this voyage as the boat moved near the shore.

"One night he was awakened by dark forms swaying in his room. He started.

"'Who?'

"'Indians.'

"'What do you want?'

"'Strong water.'

"'Leave the boat!'

“ ‘Not until we have strong water.’

“ They lifted their arms. He saw that he was at their mercy. They found the strong water and vanished. All the river world was a wilderness then.

“ He found coal on the banks of the Ohio.

“ ‘I shall need that,’ he said to a friend, perhaps the pilot.
‘I must provide for it now.’

“ ‘For what?’

“ ‘For the steamboat.’

“ ‘But it is not yet built; the keel is not laid.’

“ ‘But it will be built, and the keel laid, you may be sure of that.’

“ He engaged the coal while the wood to construct the boat was yet in the lumber-yard or waving in the air.

“ He returned to New York, met Robert Fulton, and said:
‘It can be done; I must do it.’

“ It was all like Kant’s philosophical theory of the moral imperative. When the time came for the new world to be discovered Columbus had to sail; and when the time came for the steamboat to rule the river world of the Mississippi the boat *had* to be built, and Roosevelt was commissioned by the unseen powers to build it.

“ So Roosevelt took up his abode in Pittsburg in 1811 to build his new boat to be propelled by steam, the plans of which had been made for him in New York by Robert Fulton. It was to be 116 feet long, with twenty-foot beams, and the engine was to have a thirty-four-inch cylinder, and the whole was to cost some \$40,000. The building was no small matter. The river Monongahela backed up into

his little shipyard one day, and set his buoyant materials afloat. The boat was at last finished and called the *New Orleans*.

"Would it ever reach New Orleans? People were doubtful.

"Mrs. Roosevelt resolved to accompany her husband on the trial voyage; her friends were filled with apprehension, and begged her to wait until the next voyage, if ever there were a next voyage. But she believed in her husband, and he in the *New Orleans*.

"In September, 1811, the river wonder, puffing and steaming, went up the Monongahela to the amazement of a staring multitude.

"'What made it go?' was asked.

"'What makes a bird go?' was answered.

"It went and went, and at last went out of sight, Mr. Roosevelt believing more and more in the boat and Mrs. Roosevelt believing in him. They were the only passengers, though there were four cabins. That voyage changed the destiny of the West.

"No one could sleep on that boat, and the people on the shore by which the boat passed were as wide-awake. The towns shouted, the hamlets cheered. The Newfoundland dog on board barked. The negroes ran from the cabins, and thought that 'debil had broken loose, for sure.'

"The *New Orleans* cast anchor off Cincinnati, and the people here joined in the long-continued wonder.

"'The boat will go *down* the river,' said many, 'but it will never come back again.'

"But the river leviathan both went down the Ohio and the Mississippi and came back again. The Western rivers were harnessed; they were conquered; they would henceforth become the servants of man."

William McKinley leaped to his feet and cheered the story, which caused all to recognize Alba Sanford's cheerful remark, and several of the company to repeat, "Never mind; you may be President yet!"

Santa Anna was not the only story-teller at Niles. There was the elderly negro there who told ghost stories such as would make people hurry through dark chambers and cover their heads after they went to bed. He probably told of "hoodooed" people, and possibly of the errant forester who carried his head under his arm.

"I tell stories," he claimed, "that make people pick up their heels." He did. "It makes people keep good hours," he said, "to listen to my improving tales." He was right in regard to the "good hours."

It was astonishing what quick time boys could make to their homes after they had heard one of the stories of this Sambo, who was probably a fugitive slave. As Mr. McKinley mentions him in after-years, we presume that the boy was one of the listeners to the old negro's stories that made the boys' feet so nimble.

He doubtless told tales of people who were hoodooed or haunted by evil spirits "down Souf."

We may imagine him in that group in the old house on the Mahoning river this night. The stream runs glittering

in the darkness without; the moon hangs over the still woods, and the owl shouts, "Hoo! hoo!"

"Hoo! hoo!" says the old negro; "and what do you say dat for? Owls are hoodooed. They know things that are coming, and when they see something coming, they say, 'Hoo!' That means, 'Who are you?' I am ready for a story now.

"Dar was a poor negro down Souf that was hoodooed. It was in Alabarm [Alabama], way down in Alabarm.

"Dar was to be camp-meeting down in Alabarm, on de river. They had a camp-meeting there every year, and the old man who was hoodooed limbered up his knees and went to that meeting in the fourth year of Zachariah, or some such reckoning as dat.

"There were great cottonwoods aroun' the camp-ground', and the owl saw the people all going to the meeting by lantern lights. He went, too, and sat upon the barn, but he had nothing to say; owls do not speak in meeting.

"The poor old negro knew that he was hoodooed, but the preacher whose prayer could cast out evil spirits was to be there, and he hoped that the haunt would leave him when the man began to pray.

"This old negro could understand the language of beasts and birds. Some folks can.

"As he was passing a hen-roost in a big tree near to the camp-meeting he heard the rooster say to the lady hens:

" 'The camp-meeting is coming again and when dat comes the fine feathered fowl almost always disappear. I hear them

squawk once, and then they vanish away. Then the people all sing:

‘And are we yet alive,
And see each other’s face!’

“But none of the fine old hens that had golden feathers are yet alive, and see each other’s face. O my fine birds, I would be loath to lose you all! Let us run to the barn in the dark and hide in the mow!’ De rooster, he say dat.

“And the owl, he say, ‘Hoo! hoo!’

“So the hens all run to the barn in the dark, their legs flying like drumsticks, and hide on the high rafters in the dark.

“The people all came to the meeting as before, and began to sing:

‘And are we yet alive,
And see each other’s face!’

“And the owl came into the barn, and was greatly surprised to find the rooster and his fine family there; and he said, ‘Hoo! hoo!’ and the rooster, he answered:

‘And are we yet alive,
And see each other’s face!’

“They had a shouting meeting, and amid the shouts the wicked spirit that had hoodooed the poor old negro fled into the owl swamp; and the old man became spry again, and he shouted, too.

“Now when the haunt had left him, and flown away to the owl swamp, he still remembered what the wise cockerel,

who was a kind of Solomon, had said. He listened on the first day to hear the cock crow in the morning, but no sound came from the barn.

"He went to the barn in the first streak of the next morning to see why the cockerel was so still.

"He looked up to the rafters. The cockerel was there and all the fine birds. The cockerel was speaking, as if at a sunrise meeting. What was he saying? It was dis:

'And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?'

"The owl sat on the roof, but had nothing to say.

"The old negro resolved not to tell on, nor to betray, these wise birds.

"The third day the people all went away; and when they were gone the cockerel got down from the rafters and came running out into the light, with all his gay birds around him; and he flopped his wings, and crowed, 'Cock-a-rural-hoo!' just like a trumpet of jubilee; and he pitched the tune, and the fine birds in their camp-meeting dress all sang together:

'And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?'

"The owl had flown away.

"But it is not always so when people get hoodooed. For example, now, when a boy gets to going wrong and stays out nights the hoodoo man can see a sly spirit enter into the heart of a bear, and show him the way to creep along, creep along, and stir the bush and leaf—leap down into the road

and up into the air—and he catches that boy. It is no use for him to holler. It is all up with him.

“The boy cries, but only the air hears him. The boy thinks it is a bear, but it is not; it is the hoodoo in the bear. The owl, he works with the bear. Didn’t you never hear him say ‘Hoo!’ on some lonely road going home? He asks who you are because something is coming.

“Now, I won’t tell you any more at this time. It is getting late, and the owl is in the tree watching for what is coming!”

Little William McKinley clapped his hands at the close of the story. He always treated negroes kindly. He pitied them because among white people they seemed to carry about with them hurt feelings on account of their color. When a negro boy was treated with neglect he would lay his hand gently on his shoulder. He would share his apple with such a boy. He did not do these things in a patronizing way, but it was his heart; all in need were his other self.

The company at Niles desired to hear the Tunker, if such he was, tell his own story.

“Not now, not now,” he said; “some day I will, if you wish. I’m a pilgrim.”

“What a day that will be!” said one of the company. “I want to hear that story; it would be like a living tale; there is something in the singer’s voice that makes me love his soul; he and the Spirit of God seem to sing together.”

There were suggestions in Waltermere’s tones that were not known to all voices.

There was one person there that night, as we have said, who was not regarded as much out of the common then, but to-day would be held to be a very unique character. It was Mrs. Wetherby, or Mother Wetherby, who traveled the country round, "up and down the world," as she said, nursing the sick and selling medicines—the "woman who went out nursing." There was one such in every township.

She was a widow—"a widder," as she termed herself. She said it was her mission to help people and keep people on a level.

She prepared a "balm of Gilead" whose name suggested wonderful virtues. She used to say that it would make people "walk upon their heads." She had never produced any visible examples of such people, but she insisted that there was invisible quality in her balm that was scriptural. In addition to this miraculous balm she had a plaster made from the gum of the cedar-tree that she claimed imparted a "resinous vitality," like the trees of the Lord in Lebanon of old. She also dealt in ginseng, which not only healed all diseases, but planted "the seeds of immortality in the soul." These medicines had an occult sound, and really some of them seemed to gain magic power through such suggestions. She had great faith also in the curative value of red-clover tea.

She watched with the sick and in the chambers of the dead. She always went to camp-meeting when "duty allowed," and she said at some such meetings that she was on her way "to the camp-meeting in the skies." Such characters were not uncommon in old Ohio days.

The camp-meeting was the one place of rest in the year

for many toiling people. Some queer people went, too, but the Gospel in its simplicity was proclaimed there, and these meetings made character, and laid the foundations of national faith. The country is better for them to-day. They awakened and quickened conscience and builded worthy men, and brought life nearer heaven.

The Tunker associated much with a class of interesting people, then passing away, known as the Squirrel Hunters. He gathered many stories from the old men of the squirrel-hunting period, and these he liked to tell at the Sparrow Tavern at Poland. Mother Wetherby often visited the Sparrow Tavern, for the taverner's wife was one of her relations. She got much of her living by going visiting, or "going *a-visiting*," as she called her social journeys, when she sought to prevent what was "slantendicular" from going too far out of the way, by proper correction—for which reformation she sought counsel of the neighbors.

Who were the Squirrel Hunters, our reader will ask, whose old men had very curious stories to tell? In the early days of the pioneers there were parts of Ohio where squirrels multiplied in literal armies, as the mice had done in Nova Scotia, or the rabbits in Australia. If a man planted a field of corn one day, he might find the corn he had put into the hills all gone the next; a troop of squirrels had fallen upon it and dug out the kernels with their little feet. So with grain. The squirrel plague baffled the pioneer for years.

The State offered a bounty of two cents apiece for squirrel-skins. Squirrel-hunting became a notable part of pioneer

life. Stories of the squirrel plague surpass belief. Squirrels in some places marched in armies. They could not only swim a stream, but could float a "squirrel-boat," or large chip, using their bushy tails for sails.

A man had landed at a certain place on the Ohio some thousands of shingles. He had intended to ship them to Cincinnati. One day a boy came running to him, saying:

"Mister, your shingles are gone—they have been stolen!"

The man mounted his horse and rode to his little shipyard. Surely his shingles were gone. Where? How? No, not all gone. He saw a few floating on the running tides. On each of them was a squirrel, with its bushy tail lifted to the wind, so as to carry him to the other side of the stream. The rest of the shingles, which had been used by squirrels for boats, were seen drifting down the rapid stream on the other side, where the woods were full of squirrels. The Tunker liked to tell the stories of the old men, who had been Squirrel Hunters, to the boys of the Poland country at the tavern.

One of these related to a hunter who climbed up the vines around the stump of a sycamore, some twenty or more feet high, to the place where the tree had been broken off, the better to shoot squirrels and gain the bounty. The tall stump was rotten to the core, and as he raised his gun to fire he suddenly sank down as into a wooden well formed by the tree trunk. He could not breathe through the wooden wall of the great tree. He was almost smothered by the powdered wood. He began to cry "Hel-up! hel-up!" Some

watermen heard him, and witnessed the broken tree calling out "Hel-up! hel-up!"

"Why should a tree be calling for help?"

They thought the tree bewitched, for a belief in witchery was common in new settlements. People then even thought animals bewitched, and they sometimes caused such animals—horses that kicked and cows that bellowed—to be burned. The men ran away from the shouting stump.

"But," said one, "the voice sounds human. Let us go back."

They went back and answered the voice.

"Where are you?"

"I have fallen in."

Then they understood that he was a hunter who had accidentally fallen into the wooden well, and they rescued him.

Strange days were these. The wandering hunters and schoolmasters were good men, but impostors claiming to have direct revelations from the skies brought these honest Gospels and Christian teachers to discredit. Howe, the historian, tells a tale of one of these impostors which one reads, under the title of the "Leatherwood God," by the aid of his imagination, with staring eyes. I give it here, not as fiction, but as real history:

At the village of Salesville there was built by the early settlers a hewed log church called the Temple, intended for the use of all denominations. In August, 1828, about two and a half miles northwest of the Temple, was held a camp-

meeting under the auspices of the United Brethren Church. It began on Wednesday and continued over Sunday.

On a Sunday afternoon a large assemblage was being addressed by the Rev. John Crum, P.E. He was about halfway through a sermon of great eloquence, which had produced a profound impression, when he paused, that the truths he had spoken might sink into the minds of his hearers. At this moment the solemn silence was broken by a tremendous voice, bursting forth like a clap of thunder upon the congregation, giving utterance to but one word, "Salvation," followed by a shout and snort, which filled the people with awe and dread. One of those present afterward said: "They carried with them, right through you, a thrill like that felt when greatly scared in the dark, and a dread similar to that experienced when we think of dying instantly."

Men jumped to their feet, women screamed aloud, and every cheek blanched. All eyes were turned in the direction from whence the sounds came, and there, seated in the midst of the congregation, was a stranger with solemn countenance, totally unmoved, dressed in a suit of broadcloth, frock coat, white cravat, and yellow beaver hat. How or when he had come there no one knew, although dressed in a garb differing from any seen in this community at that time.

After several moments the clergyman proceeded with his sermon, but the people gave no heed to it, for every eye and mind were centered upon the mysterious and solemn stranger. His large, black, flashing eyes, pale face, low, broad forehead, from which the long black locks were brushed back, reaching

half-way to his waist, and his melancholy, solemn aspect, seemed to inspire the people with awe.

After the meeting he went about representing himself to be God Almighty, who had come down into the midst of the assembled people in his spiritual body, and then assumed the corporeal one, with the name of Joseph C. Dylks; that he could appear and disappear at will, perform miracles, and, finally, that he had come to establish the millenium, and that whosoever followed him should never die in their natural bodies. He found many believers and followers. At first he was very cautious in his statements, but as converts became more numerous he grew more bold, claimed that his body could not be touched without his permission, and that with a shout and snort he could destroy the universe. His following increased and converts were made throughout parts of Belmont, Guernsey, and Noble counties. Three men from the vicinity of Salesville—Michael Brill, Robert McCormick, and John Brill—also a young minister named Davis, who had come to Salesville during the visitation, were appointed disciples. He preached in the Temple at Salesville and made many converts.

He addressed them as follows: "I am God and there is none else. I am God and the Christ united. In me Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are met. There is now no salvation for men except by faith in me. All who put their trust in me shall never taste death, but shall be translated into the New Jerusalem, which I am about to bring down from heaven."

The indignation of those who had not been drawn into

the delusion of the Dylksites finally resulted in organized opposition, and Dylks was called upon to prove his professions by the performance of a miracle. Thereupon he agreed to make a seamless garment if the cloth were furnished him.

The cloth was forthcoming, but the miracle was not accomplished. Dylks was arrested and brought before a magistrate, but there being no law provided for such offenses he was discharged. His accusers were not satisfied with this, and Dylks was obliged to flee to the woods pursued by a mob. After this his conversions ceased, but those who had accepted him still believed in his divinity, and among them he found a refuge from the unbelievers who sought to drive him from the country. He remained several weeks in hiding, and then assembled his converts and announced that he must go to Philadelphia and set up his "New Jerusalem." This was in the latter part of October, and taking three of his disciples with him he proceeded on foot to Philadelphia.

When about to enter the city Dylks and Davis separated from McCormick and Michael Brill, "to meet again," said Dylks, "where the light from heaven shall shine brightest within the city, for there will New Jerusalem begin to expand to fill the earth." They searched the city over and never found the "Light," nor Dylks and Davis, and after many days' wanderings, footsore and moneyless, with sorrow and weeping, McCormick and Brill turned their steps homeward. Notwithstanding that death removed the Dylksites one by one, the survivors still believed in the divinity of the Leatherwood God, and that he would some day return and set up his New Jerusalem. Seven years later the Rev. Mr.

Davis reappeared and preached a sermon, in which he declared he had seen Dylks ascend into heaven, and that he would return and set up his kingdom. Davis then left, and neither he nor Dylks was ever heard of again.

The mystery surrounding the method by which Dylks reached the center of that congregation was never divulged. When it is considered that his appearance was such a peculiar one, his attire differing from any ever seen in that community at that time, it is not surprising that many believed him to be a supernatural being, to have suddenly appeared in the midst of that large body of people without observation from any one.

The title, "The Leatherwood God," was given this impostor from the fact of the meeting where he first appeared having been held on the bank of Leatherwood Creek. Leatherwood is a peculiarly soft and pliable wood, with a tough bark that can be tied into knots. It was used by the pioneers for tying the meat of wild hogs, venison, and bear upon pack-saddles for conveyance to market at Wheeling. When green it is so soft and spongy that it can be dented by the pressure of the fingers.

CHAPTER IV

THE "DON'T" WOMAN



ONE day the McKinley children came bounding home from school. They ran along in a merry mood, and little William was the last of the procession of the hungry little folks whose appetites were prepared for the porridge-bowl.

As they whirled along in this lively way, the younger members of the family would turn around and point their fingers toward William and say, "Shame! for shame!" But the boy's face glowed and was lively; there were no tears in his eyes as he bobbed after them at a little distance.

"Shame! for shame!" said one after another of the brothers and sisters, except Anna. She carried a steady head that always seemed to point toward the polar star of unerring influence.

"We are going to tell mother of you," said one of the boys.

That brought a shadow into little William's face, but Annie said, "No tale-bearing. If any one tells mother about what has happened, let it be the teacher."

William's face lightened.

"Santa Anna will never bring any evil reports of me to mother," said he. "He likes me down in his heart. We will get along better to-morrow. My eyes wandered away from me; that was all."

"Keep your eyes to-morrow on your own side of the room," said Annie.

The children came to the door of the long, rambling house in Niles. The parlor of the house, or "keeping-room," is now, or was, a village store. They were about to bound in when William ran up to Annie.

"Say, Santa Anna is following us. Do you suppose that he will tell?"

"No, unless mother should make him."

"She will make him, sure, with her questions. Did you invite him home to tea?"

"No, but mother did. Don't you recall that she said, 'Come over on Wednesday night, and we will have a talk after tea'?"

"O Annie, I don't need any supper now! and I thought I was hungry."

Santa Anna followed the young McKinleys, and sat down with the family at the table as before. The boys and girls were happy, except William.

"Have you lost your appetite, my little son?" asked Santa Anna.

"My little son" sounded friendly.

"Has William been a good boy to-day?" asked Mrs. McKinley with a start.

"Well, yes, a *pretty* good boy."

A giggle went around the table, suppressed, but it disturbed the atmosphere, and aroused the suspicions of strong, watchful Mrs. McKinley that something had happened on the part of William that was not altogether commendable.

"'Pretty good'? Excuse me, master, but those words do not have quite the right ring to my ears. You would not like to have me offer you a pretty good egg. You would rather I should serve you a good egg. Something has happened; tell me all."

A shadow and a sudden curiosity passed over the young faces at the table, except over Annie's face, which had turned to an expression of tender seriousness.

"Nothing worth telling," said Santa Anna. "I do lose my patience too easy sometimes, and do things that are foolish."

"Did William disobey you?"

"No, no; his eyes wandered from his books; he has fits of imagination. That is all; we will eat now."

Little William suddenly stood up as if he had received a gift of new back-bone.

"I will tell all," he said.

"No, no," said his mother; "you may sit down and keep your place. I was not speaking to you."

She continued: "Master, where were his eyes wandering?"

"Away from his books."

"And where?"

"Toward the girls, as I thought; toward the girls' side of the room."

"Did you reprove him?"

"Yes, I reproved him. Was not that right, Mrs. McKinley?"

"Yes; but did you correct him?"

"Well, yes, I think so. I tried to do so. That is all; eat away, eat away, eat away. There are not many that make corn bread like you, Mrs. McKinley."

"I am glad that you like my Dutch oven, but *how* did you correct William?"

"Well, well, I changed his seat. It is not a pleasant subject, and now let us all eat away."

The good woman sat with lifted fork.

"But where did you set William when you changed his seat? Alone by himself? That would have been a very sensible correction, it seems to me."

"Well, no; I acted rather differently from that. I gave him a place with some studious pupils."

"Boys?"

"Well, no."

"Girls?"

"Yes, yes. If I must tell, I set him with the girls, just to shame him a little, as a lesson, so that he would remember that he mustn't let his eyes wander that way again."

Mrs. McKinley dropped her fork on her plate.

"Excuse me, master, but I have one more question to ask you. How did the change of seat affect him? That is the point."

"Ah, ah—well, excuse me—I thought, excuse me—it appeared to me that he rather seemed to like it."

A droll smile parted the serious face of the elder McKinley; the boys and girls tittered, except Annie.

"We'll all eat away now," said Santa Anna, looking sheepish.

William's face turned scarlet, and Mrs. McKinley quietly remarked: "Well, we will let it pass this time; but, William, you must never do so again."

The hired man snickered, and an irrepressible laugh went around the table, in which William himself joined. William afterward kept his eyes on the boys' side of the room, and Santa Anna's queer punishment—which was a common one, and a very unwise one, in the old schools—had the intended influence.

Queer punishments were used in New England schools at that time, and in those of "New Connecticut" as well. The punishment of seating boys on the girls' side and girls on the boys' side "for shame" was one that a Froebel would have condemned; it was a belittling influence. Old teachers used to put split sticks on delinquent pupils' noses, and compel such pupils to wear a dunce-cap and to stand on a "dunce's block"; and some of them used to throw ferules at mischievous youngsters' heads when they secretly caught the latter in idling tricks; this created a great surprise. A teacher would to-day be arrested by a public officer for some forms of punishment that were once common.

But Santa Anna, if not as wise as a Pestalozzi or a Froebel, was very relenting in his methods of discipline; and young McKinley probably always held the jolly pedagogue with the Mexican name in loving remembrance, as he had

cause to do. The teacher taught him his alphabet, and left only beneficent intentions in the boy's memory. William's childhood was happy at Niles.

Young William liked "poetry." Boys who are going to be something usually do. He liked also real incidents of boys who struggled.

Mother Wetherby also was present to-night; she was indeed a character. They called her the "Don't" Woman. She talked against her heart, as we have said, and eyed young William askance while she favored him. She did not tell him any fairy stories; not she, but she related facts, hard ones, and she met with many "facts" as she traveled up and down the Ohio.

She was a living negation. She took "people down" when she thought she discovered any tendency to pride, and she was always on the watch for any such false tendencies.

"It is a part of my calling," she used to say, "to humble folks, and to teach them the value of meekness."

She thought that she discovered in young William a rising ambition, and she said that she had a duty to do by him, and that "when she had a duty to do she always did it." She was indeed faithful in this respect wherever she wandered selling balm, and she took an especial interest in the hospitable McKinley fireside.

The "balm-of-Gilead" woman liked to relate stories of people that she had been called to *help*. She overvalued her services, perhaps, but she liked to relate incidents of them as they appeared to her.

"There is a young lawyer at Fremont, Ohio," said she

one day to the McKinleys, "whose mother I used to know. If he succeeds in life, even little William may have hopes in the prophetic soul of Alba Sanford. The young man's name is Hayes, Rutherford B. Hayes. The first years of his life were darkness, a darkness that might be felt. He was born a short time after his father died, a tiny babe with a great head, in helpless surroundings. His folks had moved to Delaware, Ohio, in carts or wagons, traveling forty days through the wild wilderness. What do you think of that, William?

"His mother was a reed of a woman when the boy was born in 1822. The neighbors came and looked upon the child, and they whispered to one another: 'What a mercy it would be if that child were to die!' What do you think of that, William?

"But the baby with the great head and sickly body did not die. He had a little sister two years older than himself; and when he became some twelve years of age the two used to read Shakespeare together. What do you think of that, William?

"There was something peculiar about Mrs. Hayes. While she lived in Vermont, a girl by the name of Rosina Smith was left an orphan without a roof over her head, and Mrs. Hayes took the poor girl into her heart and home; and mind you this, no one ever becomes poor by taking children.

"The boy Rutherford seems never to have seen a well day in his youth; but his great head was always at work, and he had a rich uncle.

"Now if a person takes a poor orphan into her home, as Mrs. Hayes did, some rich uncle always sees it. Remember you that. Well, this rich uncle adopted his brother's children and became a father to Rutherford, and helped him to get an education at Kenyon College and to go to Cambridge Law School, where he met the great orators and poets of Boston; and then he opened a law-office at Fremont, Ohio. They say that he is one of the most trusty young men in all the Middle States. He may become a Governor yet. What would you think if he did, William, after all people said on the day that he was born?"

The next day this curious old woman went out into the "bee-fields" to pick clover-tops, as she often did. But Hayes, Rutherford B. Hayes, his name floated in the air of the household; it may have formed a star in their memory.

CHAPTER V

THE CIRCUIT-RIDER



THOSE were thrilling times in the simple town of Niles. The spirit of heroes was in the country air. The flag shone bright in the sun; the names of Zachary Taylor, Winfield Scott, and Santa Anna were on the breath of men everywhere, in home, store, and the field.

For had not Winfield Scott ordered the American flag to be raised over the national palace of Mexico, in the purple air, under the snowy heights of Popocatepetl, and had not the same general appeared on a magnificent white charger in the streets of Mexico, proclaiming the American occupation, the military bands at the same time playing "Yankee Doodle"?

Another name was in the air; it was like that of a knight. It thrilled a boy's heart, for it had a romance in it, such as the poems of Byron used to awaken. That name was John Charles Frémont.

For had not this young explorer of French-American birth gone forth to find a pathway to the Pacific, a new Balboa, who declared as he rode that any one can accomplish

any grand achievement who thinks he can! Had he not ascended the highest peak on the Wind River, and planted the American flag there, and found a bee there? That peak was ever after to be known as Frémont's Peak, the young explorer's monument; and he would ever be known in the living pages of history as the "Pathfinder" of California. He was the liberator of California; civilization followed his young feet to the Pacific. Those, as we have said, were the days of the tales of living heroes in the little town of Niles.

The spirit of the times was so in the air—electrical, as it were—that the boys of Niles formed a military company, and with paper caps, gay uniforms, and wooden swords, paraded the streets daily. They even built fortifications and fought miniature battles.

Little William was a private in the ranks of these young soldiers. His spirit was always one that made for peace, and he declared afterward in his last great speech in the electric city that the true glory of a nation was not the victories of war, but the victories of peace. But he was one of the valorous little procession of boy soldiers who did valiant things at Niles. Each boy thought himself a future Scott or Taylor or Frémont.

The little soldiers marched proudly to and fro, in the spirit of the town.

An old "Tunker," as he was called, a German Baptist, a member of a sect who baptized people with face forward, used to visit the town, and we may fancy him one day standing on the steps of the store like a Daniel Webster interpreting the Constitution.

prayer was Pennsylvania. Father Wesley prayed, and his prayer extended; it lives in a hundred thousand souls. Prayer makes a day live again; it extends; it grows when the man who prays is dead. To pray is to create. Let us pray."

He would kneel down. Mrs. McKinley would fall upon her knees, with little William beside her. And the prayer that the elder would make was life; it seemed to open the very gates of heaven. We may smile at the rude lives of these old pioneer circuit-riders; but, my reader, not many to-day hear such prayers as little William heard in those days of the circuit-riders of the Western Reserve. The kingdom of heaven to them was a present reality.

Then the old circuit-rider would rise. He seemed to be clothed in the mantle of God. He would sing one of John Wesley's hymns to a tune that flowed like the streams among the ferns on a freshet day.

Let me give you a part of one of these hymns that led the singing in the old days when the Western Reserve was a hymn-land. It was written by John Wesley in middle life. The circuit-rider's face glowed as he sang this hymn. Study the hymn line by line. Mrs. McKinley would probably sing this hymn about her work after the "elder" had gone away; for all Methodists sang, and so did little William, even though he asked many questions that sent his teachers into a fright, and that none but his mother could answer. This fragment of the old circuit-rider's hymn, was often heard at this period in New Connecticut or the Western Reserve.

"How happy is the pilgrim's lot
When free from every anxious thought,
From every earthly fear.
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell;
He only sojourns here."

The singer's face lighted :

"The things eternal I pursue,
My happiness beyond the view
Of those who basely pant.
The things by nature felt and seen,
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want."

"No, no," said he, shaking his head as if throwing off everything that was temporary in the soul, the world and all its anxieties and allurements. Then in a gentle voice, flowing, unrestricted, free, he would continue the song :

"No foot of land do I possess,
Nor cottage in the wilderness;
A poor wayfaring man,
I lodge a while in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro
Till I my Canaan gain."

His face lifted :

"*There is my house, my portion fair;*
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home."

So the sacred song rolled on and on, and one would be followed by another. Did this man preach the Gospel?

Yes, and more; he *was* the Gospel. Then he and the family would exclaim together in some candle-light meeting:

"How happy are they
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!"

"And let this feeble body fail."

or,

"How happy every child of grace!"

It was a happy religion that these riding, visiting toilers for the souls of men preached.

Santa Anna, the teacher, gave place to Miss Maria Bolin in the simple primary school at Niles. She became Mrs. Ryle, and still lives at the age of threescore and ten. Mrs. Ryle in an original letter, which I have solicited, says in regard to her memories of these precious years:

"I, Mrs. Bolin Ryle, was McKinley's teacher, teaching with William M. Morrison, a clergyman who lives in Providence, R. I. [now dead]. That was in 1853-54, the McKinley family leaving Niles, going to Poland in 1854; he to college, then teaching, and from that to law. As a family I spent many pleasant hours with them, when young William went to school with his brother and sisters. I can't think of him only as a very smart little boy. It wasn't I that learned him his letters, but Mr. Sanford [Santa Anna] said once that it was very hard for him to learn him his letters; that once he cried, when, putting his hand on his head, he said to him, 'Never mind, he might be a president some day.'"

Those were beclouded days, but the clouds were glinting and twisting. We see a fair, broad sky through the rifts of the cloud. An iris hangs on the broken storm. A prayerful purpose in youth makes a man. It is those who

live in an early purpose who truly live; the world shall bring its events to such a one to be glorified and made immortal.

The circuit-riders were usually story-tellers. They told the tales of strange happenings by the way. Little William McKinley's mind was always restless for these peculiar narratives, which were like no others. One evening when the russet leaves were falling, two interesting visitors came to the house.

One of them was a circuit-rider, with leather bags. His horse was stabled by William. A warm supper was provided for him, and after a long talk about the welfare of the churches under his care, William asked him whether he would tell him some story of adventures he had met, or of others' adventures.

The circuit-rider had been a frequent visitor, and had come to like William for the boy's quick affections and lively mind.

"Yes, I will tell you a story of the slashing days, of the making of home acres," said he.

There was a rustle in the bushes outside the house. There came a knock at the door.

"That sounds like Mother Wetherby's," said Mrs. McKinley, rising. "I did not expect her. It may be that we will have to be a little discreet in what we say. She means well, but she carries things."

"Who is Mother Wetherby?" asked the Tunker, his curiosity excited by the cautionary remark.

"She is a good Methodist sister who came from Con-

necticut, and who gets her living by nursing and going visiting," said Mrs. McKinley. "She visits around amid the pioneers, nurses and peddles medicines from the Ohio River to Lake Erie. She says that she talks against her own heart for others' good. Tish."

Mrs. McKinley opened the door, when a queer voice fell upon the ears of all. Mother Wetherby pulled down her spectacles and gave vent to her surprise at meeting other visitors.

"Living? That's good. Thought I'd come to see ye all. 'Tis a long while since I see ye. How does all of your family do? And how is little William, too? The hour is late for me to call; but here I am, bandbox and all."

She courtesied, and, after this poetic introduction, swept in, bandbox and all, the "all" being numerous bundles. She stopped before the keeping-room door and surveyed the scene.

"Why, here is an elder, right here. I'm glad of that. I've been visiting the brethren and sisters all around about, making them twice glad. I always make it a p'int to stay long enough at a place to make it pay me for coming and going. I have heard that you were going to move, and I wanted to see you once more in Niles."

She set down her belongings.

Mrs. McKinley's face wore a serious look, and little William scattered glances around, then put one hand over his mouth and held his nose with the other. The good woman saw these doubtful motions, and seized him by the ear.

"I seldom speak ill of anybody, except it be for one's good," she said, "but, if I were to cast an adverse criticism

over any one, I know who it would be; but I will keep that in my own head. It is a certain boy, I won't say who, who is always reading. Books keep folks from thinking; good for people with feeble heads, who think second-hand. You just take up my things and set them in the spare room."

"I will, Mother Wetherby," said little McKinley.

"And be spry."

Little McKinley moved nimbly.

"And now," said the visiting lady, "how are ye all?"

William McKinley was a maker of friends; but this woman had formed an adverse opinion of him, though she said she still favored him, and during her visits he kindly kept out of her way.

"We were about to listen to the elder," said Mr. McKinley. "He was going to tell a little tale to the children before they retire."

"'Retire,' " said Mother Wetherby; "I used to retire with the chickens when I was William's age; but I will be glad to listen to the elder. I suppose it will be a tale of the clearings."

Before we give the circuit-rider's curious story let us answer a question that will arise in a young mind in regard to "clearings."

How were home acres made in Pennsylvania and on the Western Reserve during the first half of the nineteenth century in the days of rugged pioneers? The trees were giants; on rising grounds they were mountains. They were gray, and were mossed by the centuries; they showered the

earth with dead wood—wood-storms in the winds that followed the dry seasons. The heavy ax made the first clearing for the home acre. Then came a work for Titans—“slashing.”

The slashers studied a tract of land which they wished to clear. They chose a place of trees with bushy tops, a “windrow” of such trees. They chopped these trees half-way or more through the stumps. They then cut notches in the trees all along the windrow. They then waited for the coming of a high, roaring wind from the lakes. When they heard it coming, blowing as it were the trumpets of the storm, darkening the sky, mad, irresistible, terrible, they pulled over the first notched tree against its neighbor. There followed an appalling crash; tree after tree fell against the tree nearest to it in the windrow; the whole windrow toppled and fell like an avalanche. The storm in the sky passed, and the notched trees lay in an abatis that would have stayed an army. They lay there and seasoned. The next year when the dry season came they went up in flames that seemed to lick the skies.

Then the clearing lay white in ashes, and stout oxen drew the charred stumps from the ground. Corn-fields rose out of the ashes, and hay-fields and level meadows. Those were the days of the reaping of the trees.

Then a log house arose on the home acres with the outside for a cupboard, and a fire out-of-doors. The houses of the new settlers were visited by Indians. Wolves howled around on winter nights, and rattlesnakes crawled out on the rocks near them in the spring and summer sun. Prizes

were offered for the destruction of the rattlesnakes, and parties were formed to hunt them. A rattlesnake-hunt was an exciting episode.

The snakes lived in underground villages. They were very democratic, black snakes and copperheads and rattlesnakes dwelling together, and coiling about one another.

As poisonous as were the rattlesnakes, it was found that many settlers carried in their mouths a more deadly poison. The settler would sometimes "fork" a rattler by putting a forked stick over his head; the serpent would then open his mouth, displaying his fangs, when his tormentor would eject a stream of tobacco juice into it, and let the creature go free. The serpent would hardly crawl its own length before it would become convulsed, and it would soon die.

CHAPTER VI

JOHNNY APPLE-SEED



HIS was the Tunker's story:

There was born in the year 1775, near Springfield, Ohio, a curious man who thought his own thoughts, uninfluenced by others, and who pursued his own way in life. He was destined to fill the Western Reserve of Ohio with apple-blooms. He early grasped the idea that the value of a man's life consisted in the good that he could do in the world. Soul-value was his view of riches.

He wore bags and like fabrics for clothing, carried his books inside of his tunic, and used his stew-pan for a hat. Thus clad, he went forth into the wilderness of the world, or into the mighty forests of Pennsylvania and of the Ohio River.

He thought it wrong to shed blood of any kind. All life, as to a Brahman, was sacred to him. He surrendered all of his own comforts to the happiness of others, and sought so to live as never to cause any creature disappointment. His hair was dark, his eyes black and sparkling; he went barefooted, even in snowy weather, leaving the prints of

his bare feet in the snow. The earth was his bed, the rocks his table, the starred sky his temple, and the birds his choir.

One summer evening in his simple wanderings he built a fire for cooking purposes. The smoke curled up probably amid the giant oaks and pines. Clouds of mosquitoes were in the air, glimmering in the slanting rays of the after-glow.

The wanderer saw that the smoke of his fire was disturbing the mosquitoes. The airy insects were being driven into the flame. To him the insects were a little world with a right to live. Their destruction sent a pang of pain into his heart. A stream was flowing near in the deep shades. He hurried with his bucket toward it, and quenched the fire. He said, "God forbid that I should build a fire for my comfort that should destroy any of his creatures."

He was a student of the works of Emanuel Swedenborg, and he used to distribute the works of this philosopher among the wayfarers whom he met, leaf by leaf. To him the world was peopled by living souls, visible and invisible, and the passing clouds were celestial messengers. The world was to be filled with love by the human heart, as it overflows with light from the goodness of God.

I must tell you other Western Reserve stories of this mysterious man to illustrate his view of life, before I speak of his self-appointed mission, which proved a blessing to the land of the blue lakes and the rolling Ohio.

He was once traveling in the regions of the giant trees. Here and there some patriarch tree of the forest, possibly more than a hundred, and possibly more than several hun-

dred, years of age, would be found lying prostrate on the ground, its hollow trunk as large on the inside as a hog's-head, the home of little animals, squirrels, and ground birds.

Our pilgrim of Nature used to make a camp-fire near one of these natural log houses, eat his meal, and crawl into the log to sleep. The little animals that he found there he did not disturb, and they did not disturb him; he had a heart formed for Nature; and kindly thoughts make peace everywhere.

But one winter day he met a situation that tested his view that he must not cause disappointment to any creature. He lit his camp-fire by one of the fallen trees that had a hollow like a cavern, ate his meal, it may be of roots, meal, and apples, and prepared to enter the log for the night.

It was growing cold; the snow was on the ground, and the stars rose clear of the murmuring shelters of the branches of the trees. He crawled into the cavern of the tree, sat down, and moved along out of the draft.

Something was in the log, something warm. He smelled a bear. He heard a growl. He found that the cavern was occupied by a she bear and her cubs.

He did not shoot the animal. He did not go to a gun for his defense, but to his tranquil philosophy. He reasoned: The bear and her family had the right of the law of nature to the hollow log. It would be selfish for him to break her peace, and deprive her of her comforts, and break the unwritten and universal law of justice among all creatures.

How warm and snug she was! How quiet and com-

fortable were the little bears! What should he do? He crawled out of the log, built a fire, cleared away the snow from the dead leaves, and made his bed at the other end of the great log, under the moon and stars; and the bear and her cubs slept in peace, and he with conscience free, in harmony with the universe, and both he and the bear parted unmolested to follow their own occupations.

He was once bitten by a rattlesnake, when he hastily set the heel of his scythe upon the animal. He went away to get relief from the poison in the wound, and when he returned to the place he found the reptile dead.

"Poor fellow!" he said. "He only touched me, when I, in ungodly passion, put the heel of my scythe upon him."

He made a cloak of a coffee-bag, saying that it was just as comfortable as any other. So, with a heart tuned to nature, trying to make happier all created beings, he sought to find how he might do the greatest good and fulfil all that was best within him. He saw his duty, as he believed it was, revealed to him in his own soul.

One thing that the new country needed was apple orchards. New England had become a region of apples. How they bloomed there like gardens of airy roses! How their fragrance filled the May time! How they fed the people! What luxury of life was like the New England pandowdy or pork-apple pie? How the apples roasted before the open fire! Barrels of apples in the deep cellar, where it never froze, what treasures were they! The gift of New England's Garden of Eden was the apple-tree.

What a blessing he could make his life to the pioneer

lands on the lakes and the Ohio if he could plant apple-orchards there! When he died, he would in that way leave his memory in bloom and blessing. He could travel alone from Springfield, Mass., to Lake Erie and the Ohio River, and find food by the way without killing bird or animal, but how could he get apple-seeds?

There were cider-mills in the Connecticut valley and along the valleys of New York and Pennsylvania. He could go to them and gather up the apple-seeds on his back and transport them from place to place. He would do this; he would travel from place to place and plant apple-orchards in the night. What mattered it whether men saw him or not when engaged in this good work? His thoughts should bloom, and bear their fruits after him.

He met strange people along the seven-hundred-mile way from the deep, narrow Connecticut River to the broad, forceful Ohio. There were hermits in the deep, silent forests, men who fled from the busy world to live alone. Some of these had money; some were educated; most of them were philosophers like himself. One of these hid his gold in a gate-post, and it was found there after his death. What a folk-lore, red-settle story that would be—"The Golden Gate-Post!" There were robbers in the deep woods, even in these primitive times. Indians, friendly and unfriendly, lurked everywhere. There were bears in the caves, very friendly if one did not disturb them.

The blue jay hailed the new pilgrims from the Connecticut to the Ohio, crying out in surprise, laughing, making fun of the white comer—the friendliest, merriest

bird of all the giant tents of the woods. Wherever the pilgrim rested, the blue jay came to wonder, and to eat the meal that was left scattered about the ground.

The little quail ran and hid before the new feet, and the oriole fluttered in the blue sky over his nest which hung pendant from the mighty trees. And all along the way from the Connecticut to Lake Erie and the Ohio people were making home acres. This was at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

CHAPTER VII

"O RAREE SHOW!"



HERE were traveling exhibitions in the palmy Ohio days that made a boy's imagination glow and grow. In them were elephants, apes, lion-tamers, splendid horses, nimble and cunning ponies, birds from the tropics, and boys that could turn wonderful somersaults. The band-wagon went with it, and in whatsoever village it entered boys ran after it, dogs barked after it, and old people stood with arms akimbo in the doors. Old men of ninety looked out at the windows. If ever there was a time when everything was astir, even the roosters, geese, and ducks, it was then.

The fences bloomed with advertisements of the coming wonder.

Such came to Niles at times by the way of Warren or Youngstown. There was great excitement in all these places when the bill-posters came.

Such a show was coming to Niles when McKinley was, to use the not uncommon term, "a little shaver." It was to bring with it the wonders of the world, if the posters were to be accepted as true.

One day little William came running to his stately mother to tell her that the marvelous things of the Orient and the ages were to be exhibited for the benefit of Niles for only fifty cents. His appeal to her was made in three words: "Can't I go?"

It would be hard to have the world's wonders come to the town and pass him by.

"How, William? How will you obtain the money?"

"Let me have the new-laid eggs for one week. I will look for hens' nests."

"Well, William, yes; I will allow you to take that way to get the money for the raree show. I hope the hens will lay well. I do not care to go to the menagerie, but I would not have you disappointed by not seeing all the advertised wonders. I will stand in the door and listen when the band goes by."

William looked out for eggs. He watched the hens that stole their nests. At the beginning of the egg-hunting he found what he thought was a great treasure. It was a stolen nest full of eggs near a fence that divided the McKinley garden from the land of a neighbor. There were a dozen or more eggs in the nest. He ran with a part of these for the house as on feet of air. His heart beat fast with joy. These eggs with others would almost bring him the required fifty cents.

One day he watched the hen to which the nest belonged. She approached the nest, laid her egg, and cackled in a way that filled the sunny air with triumph.

But a terrible thing happened to him, as when a hawk sweeps down from a clear sky on a brood of chickens.

The hen flew upon the fence, and flew down on the *other* side into the neighbor's field. She did not belong to the McKinleys, but to their neighbor.

Then William's face fell and his heart shrank. The eggs were not his. What would he do now? And the elephant and camel and dancing ponies coming to town in a few days!

But his Scottish and New England blood rose. He approached the house slowly, with firm face, but one full of disappointment.

"Mother," said he, "I cannot go to the show."

"Why, William, what has happened?"

"The hen that stole her nest is not ours. The eggs that came from the stolen nest are not ours; they belong to the gardener over the way. I must carry them back."

"Yes, William, you must carry them back; but the honor you have shown is worth all the raree shows in the world. You shall go to the show. You shall have my money to go."

"There aren't many boys that have such a mother as you."

"Yes, there are; but it isn't every mother that has such a son as you. This is a bright hour to me. I've more than fifty cents that I can spare; here it is laid up in the china teacup. Put the eggs in your hat and take them over to the gardener."

The story is substantially true. Mr. McKinley acknowledged that it was founded on fact when he made a reputation for honesty in the wide world and was Governor of Ohio. He is said to have remarked to one who told him the story, "Never appropriate your neighbor's eggs; honesty will not

prevent you from seeing the show," or like words, implying that honor is never disappointed.

This incident furnishes a key to his whole life. The honor of it was repeated on larger fields, as we shall show. It was a rising start that grew. Mrs. McKinley thus pictured to a reporter the life in these rugged days:

"We were Methodists, though we never went to the extent of curbing the innocent sports of the children. William was taken to Sunday-school about the same time that he began his studies in the village schoolhouse. He continued a faithful attendant every Sunday till he went away to the war. I brought up all my children to understand that they must study and improve their minds.

"My ideas of an education were wholly practical, not theoretical. I put my children into school just as early as they could go alone to the teacher, and kept them at it. I did not allow them to stay away. As you may imagine, I had little time to help in their studies, though I kept track of their work in a general way through the reports of their teachers. I did most of the housework, except the washing and ironing, and made nearly all the children's clothes; but I saw that the children were up in the morning, had breakfast, and were promptly ready for school.

"That was the way the days of every week began for me. Ours was a hard, earnest life. My husband was always an early riser and off to his work. I am now speaking of our life at Niles. At Poland he was away from home most of the time, and the whole burden of the family cares fell on me.

"We moved to Poland when William was about eleven years of age. We went there because the schools were better. My husband was a foundryman, and his work kept him at Niles.

"William was a great hand for marbles, and he was very fond of his bow and arrows. He got so that he was a very good shot with the arrow, and could hit almost anything that he aimed at. The thing that he loved best of all was a kite. It seems to me I never went into the kitchen without seeing a paste-pot or a ball of string waiting to be made into a kite. He never cared much for pets. I don't believe he ever had one.

"We did not own a horse; so he never rode or drove. He was always teasing me to be allowed to 'go barefoot' the minute he came home from school. In 'going barefoot,' when he stubbed a toe or bruised his foot he was as proud as a king in showing the injury to the other boys. When summer came he always had a stone-bruise. His shoes came off before the snow had left the ground."

Mr. McKinley was a man of intuition. His view of life was to obey the laws of the spirit of God in the soul, and that course of conduct is the best which will produce the most good. For the good of others his furnace burned red. The content of faith was in his soul, and the vision of the future.

"It is a far better thing to help make a good neighborhood than to make money," said the furnace-builder of Niles one day after his family had made their supper of porridge,

and were seated again around the fire. "And it is better for a man to give his family an education than to leave them property. He who overprovides for healthy children takes away their opportunity. Nothing develops life like overcoming obstacles. The able children of a family should wish to give up their part of a property to those who are unfortunate."

These were the views of the rugged furnace-builder.

"I favor your ideas," said a visitor, Mother Wetherby.

"There was Reuben North, for example," said she. "He inherited all that his father gained by scrimpin', and he didn't leave money enough to bury him, when he might have left enough to have buried us all a dozen times over. Ben Franklin used to say that a good kick out-of-doors was worth more than all the rich uncles in the world."

"Franklin said some hard things and some selfish ones," said Mr. McKinley, "but in the main he was right. I cannot both leave much property to my children and give them an education. I have decided to give them an education; and I think that they will acquire property, and be the stronger for earning it with their own hands. A manly young man desires nothing that he does not earn."

The queer old nurse who traveled about sat rocking and knitting. The fire blazed fitfully. A bell rang out in the crystal silence of the air.

"Benjamin Wade is coming here to-morrow to lecture," said Mr. McKinley. "It was a hey-dey in midsummer when I invited him to come. He had returned from Washington, and was out in the field barefooted, turning new-mown grass.

What a giant he is! A man and his wife came to visit him while I was there, and he was so glad to see them that he held them up by his hand, and out at the end of his arms, in the air. I am bringing lecturers here, the best I can find, for young people must live in the atmosphere of noble spirits if they would grow."

The bell rang out again.

"I shall never lecture; the bell will ring for Wade tomorrow, but it will never ring for me. It may ring for my children. What a man desires to be lives in his children."

"That is so, father," said little William.

"What did you speak up for before your elders and betters?" said the nurse indignantly. "Do you think that Santa Anna's prophecy is ever likely to become true? A boy should keep his thoughts to himself."

William was hurt again. He began to wipe his eyes on his jacket-sleeve, and the visiting woman was sorry for what she had said, like Alba Sanford.

"But why not?" said William.

They never knew. The man of iron and steel sat there thinking. And the bell rang out, then struck three times in succession; and the air was silent, and the world seemed to stand still.

"Shall we move?"

Mr. McKinley and his good wife discussed this question at Niles in the happy home of their children. Over and over again Mr. McKinley reasoned that it was his duty to make a home where his great family could best secure an education. The thought haunted his conscience, as we have seen, and it

was growing and growing, like his own red forge by the winding river at Niles.

"Shall we move?" That question was asked in the families that gave birth to three Presidents of the United States on the Western Reserve of Ohio.

"Shall we leave the land of our birth, old homes, old friends, and the old graves?" The answer in these families, and such as these, had been: "That is good for us which will be best for the welfare of our children. They honor the old graves the most who accomplish the greatest good in life."

"Shall we move?" So asked the family of James and William McKinley in the north of Ireland. They had already moved from Scotland to the Emerald Isle.

"Shall we move?" asked the same Scotch-Irish emigrants in Ireland. They came to America in a sailing-ship. James was twelve years old then. He was the father of David McKinley, who was the grandfather of William McKinley, the President.

His family thought that America would offer a better opportunity for a happy life than Ireland. It did.

James McKinley settled in Pennsylvania. In May, 1755, a son was born to him in York County who was named David. This David McKinley enlisted as a private in the Revolutionary War, and served in the ranks.

"Shall we move?" asked the patriotic father. "Does Westmoreland County, Pa., offer the best opportunities for our family?" He lived in Westmoreland County fifteen years, and then moved to Columbiana County, Ohio.

"Will Columbiana district be the best in Ohio for my

family?" asked David McKinley. He thought Crawford County would be better. He moved there, and after these endeavors to leave the best that he could provide for his family, he died there. So, from the land of the heather, Ohio became the permanent home of the emigrating McKinleys.

It is running water that fertilizes. He that seeketh findeth, and the family that seeks the best for its children usually comes to influence and eminence. Ohio, like old Virginia, has had a period that produced men and women of national and international fame.

Look at a part of the record: President Grant, President Garfield, President Hayes, President Harrison, President McKinley, General McClellan, General Rosecrans, General Sherman, General Sheridan, General McPherson, General Mitchell, General McDowell, General Buell, General Schenck, Secretary of War Stanton, a man of iron; Senator Benjamin F. Wade, the head of the committee on the conduct of the war for the Union; Salmon P. Chase, the financier of the same war; Senator John Sherman. We could fill many pages with the names and records of lesser lights.

Nearly all these family names are associated with emigration. They were people that moved, seeking some new land of promise. They seemed to hear the old voice, "Up, get thee out of thy own country; and I will make thee as the stars of heaven for number."

The most illustrious of these Ohio families came from New England. They led or followed the emigration from Connecticut to the Western Reserve. They were lovers of justice and liberty. They made morality the armor of their lives.

They were great in themselves, and the honors which came to them added only recognition to native worth.

Some of these walked from Connecticut to the Reserve beside the wagons that contained their goods. They made their homes with their own axes. They raised their houses on the foundations where the log cabins that first sheltered them had been.

The McKinleys now fully resolved to move to the place that would offer the best advantages for the education of their children. This is a right decision for any family to make. That place for the McKinleys was Poland, some six miles away; for there was the Academy, one of the best schools in the Reserve.

There are people who *must* do their best for their children. This is their life stream. Mr. McKinley, of the furnaces, was one of these, and such, too, was Mrs. McKinley. They both saw life; they both regarded everything after soul-value; they both had come to the view that a man's worth is in himself, and that there is no higher value. A man must prepare his family to be and to do their best.

The guide-post pointed to Poland. The academy at Poland was great for the time. It was beautifully situated among river-banks, with grand old trees. The virgin forests with singing birds surrounded it. The earth was full of life in summer-time. Here was a place full of the joy of existence.

Mr. McKinley had studied schools. William was approaching his teens. So the family began to look upon Poland as their future home, and upon the academy as the school home of the children.

CHAPTER VIII

MOTHER WETHERBY AND THE QUAIL



BOB WHITE!” It was a spring morning. The woods were dripping with dew and the sun was breaking through a thin cloud of misty air. There was the sound of a quail in the clearing. Little McKinley and his sister Annie ran to the door and listened. Suddenly it sounded again, that love-note of the little brown-headed New England quail: “Bob White! Bob White!” Mother Wetherby was there on one of her visiting tours; “the woman who got her living by going visiting.”

“That is a good sign,” said little William to Annie.

Annie was his source of inspiration. She believed in him. She inspired him to fulfil his high ideals. She believed that every effort for good has in it the seed of some future harvest, and that all deeds of welfare for others were as certain to produce ripe harvests as obedience to spiritual law is to bring fulfilment.

The two listened to hear the quail repeat his love-note. Mother Wetherby came to the door and sat down, her lap full of her work.

"What is it that you hear?" asked she. "I've come out to hear it, too."

"The quail," said William; "it is a good sign to have a quail come close to the house."

"What is it a sign of?" asked Mother Wetherby.

"It is a sign of good-will," said William.

Mother Wetherby had felt it her duty to keep the little boy humble ever since she had heard what Santa Anna had said—that he "might be President yet."

"You are always thinking that good will somehow come to you," said she. "But there goes over a crow—Caw! caw! Do you hear it? It isn't all birds that prophesy good."

"But Santa Anna, he said that I might be President, and it was just good of him to say that. Although he didn't mean that I would really become a President, he did say something to make me try to grow, and to become something that would make mother's heart glad. I shall always like Santa Anna, for his good heart led him to expect something of me."

Mother Wetherby stopped in her work. "Now you just stop there, my boy. There are crows as well as quails in this world. I can hear the crows laughing at you now. Don't you hear them? There goes one now, black as night, with his Caw! caw! caw! *You* President, little McKinley, who wouldn't even scare away the squirrels that devour the corn crop when it is first planted! Think of you at the head of the army and navy of the United States, and surrounded by foreign ministers and holding receptions in the White House with Miss [Mrs.] McKinley there! Here, come here, you little snip of a boy. If you were President now, would you invite

me to one of your receptions, where all is gold lace and bobbery? Eh, now, tell me that."

"Yes, yes; when I get to be President I shall never forget those whose influence gave me a rise. I shall always be true to my mother, and Annie, and to you and all."

"Why to me? You don't count me among your particular friends, do you?"

"Yes; our enemies often prove to be our best friends. They tell us the truth—so father says."

"Oh, my little boy blue, I hope that you do not reckon me among your enemies. I only like to keep your head on the level, and not let Santa Anna and your sister Annie and your mother lift you off your feet and hang you up in the air. I don't wish to see a likely boy like you all run to tops, and produce nothing of real value in life. You never would do to keep the squirrels off crops. You are too chicken-hearted; but you might get to be fence-viewer, or pound-keeper, or something like that. You would be a good pound-keeper, because you would not let the neighbors' cattle suffer there. You have a good heart."

"But a good heart wins favor. Men who have good hearts run ahead of any party vote; they say that is why they nominate men like Judge Folsom for office; he's good to everybody. But I suppose I should never hold any office at all, but just follow my better heart and grow natural?"

"William, though I say it as shouldn't, I wouldn't wonder if you should come to some office after all. I have always noticed that it is people who are willing to just help others

that get on fastest in the world, and I wouldn't be at all surprised if some day, when you become old, they elected you to be a justice of the peace, and if you should have written on your tombstone, 'William McKinley, Esq.' There, don't you say that I never encouraged you, if you ever rise high. I want you to remember me as one of your friends. But President, or Governor, or anything like that—pshaw! Why, you would lack the force to keep a country school."

The woods were full of squirrels, and little McKinley pitied them. There were so many of them that the people had to keep boys to watch their fields of corn and grain.

The woods were also full of quail. These little brown birds were a delight to the settlers from the East, for they would come and say "Bob White!" near new houses, and their friendly love-calls sounded like old home voices on the New England farms. They were true-hearted birds, and the young people and old received them as such. It was considered a good omen to hear a quail call, as it was regarded as good luck to have an osprey build her nest in some great tree near the house on the New England coast. The people told stories of the quail.

Little McKinley probably liked to have the quail come near his own home at Niles. There was something in the heart of the bird that appealed to his own heart. He loved birds and animals, and it made him sorry to have the squirrels shot because they increased too fast. He loved everybody, and especially the unprotected animal world.

So he studied the bush, and he learned there many things that make the heart more human. He may never have heard

of Pestalozzi or Froebel, but he learned from the wild birds and little animals that such men *ought* to be.

He was too much devoted to his books to have home pets, but the woods were full of voices to him. His little heart beat in sympathy with everything that needed him. He pitied everything that cried out for help.

CHAPTER IX

THE "DON'T" WOMAN'S PROPHECY AND THE TUNKER'S STORY



HE McKinleys prepared to move to Poland, Ohio. It was not a long journey, as we have said. We recently passed over the way between the two towns on a snowy Sunday, in Ohio mud, that we might visit the Methodist church that young McKinley attended, and where he began to "speak in meeting." We left, on our visit to Poland, the great furnaces of Niles blazing in the air on that snowy Sabbath day, with the wind of the far lake roaring around them. The country was beautiful even amid such sights and scenes. The remnant of the once mighty woods lined the rushing streams and broke the storm.

It is said that the town was named Poland because the word was easy to spell. Easy? "Is it Poland, or Polland, or Poleand?" a new schoolboy might ask. It is somewhat away from the railroad now, but the trolley will probably soon be there (1905).

The people there still hold to the old ways and traditions of the New Connecticut. They not only make a living, but live to lift. Spiritual foundations stand and suggest. There are in the world two classes of people: those who see good in

every one, and those who prophesy evil. As Wendell Phillips said: "There are two kinds of people: those who go ahead and do something; and those who show how that thing ought to have been done in some other way." The young Tunker with the beautiful voice began to prophesy good of little McKinley. He saw an earnest desire to serve others in the boy's heart; it was genuine. It was a dawning star.

On moving-day Mother Wetherby, the "Don't" woman, suddenly appeared again on her rounds, bandbox and all.

"I thought I would come to see ye all, and help ye move, and make little William stand around. William, I've come to be a mother to ye in these busy, hurrying times, little bundle, great bundle, cap-box, and all. How many does that make?"

"Three, ma'am."

"Right, and right smart ye are; and I make four, and I haven't got anything agin ye. There are some folks in this world that are not quite so bright as others, but it isn't for me to say who. But ye mustn't snicker when I am talking to ye for your good. How old are ye?"

"Eleven, ma'am."

"Well, you are old enough to be older. Going to Poland to be educated at the academy. And Annie, she's going to study to be a teacher. *Annie* has some sense, and *she* may come to something some day."

What the good woman did not say somehow sent a chill over little William, who was very susceptible to the hidden meanings of things. He wished that the much-visiting woman had postponed her visit just at that time.

She was rather "hard," as she used to say, and "near"; but she loved to hear the Tunker play his lap melodeon, which called forth her finer feelings. At such times she would say: "Now, young folks, whatever ye do, be good to everybody; or to nearmost everybody. Help every one, and hinder none; that is the way I feel now, but sometimes I feel as I hadn't ought to."

She always felt as she "hadn't ought to" when any one excelled others. She believed, as she said, in keeping all people on a level, and that level was herself.

And yet, with all of her distrust for people who did something, she had very kindly impulses. She grew very tender toward the young singing-master; but the earnestness of little William, as she said, privately set her heart not "agin him" but "agin his notions." Almost every one knows one woman like Mother Wetherby.

One day, as the McKinleys were about to move, Santa Anna, the singing-master, and Mother Wetherby sat down under the great trees near where the Niles bridge is now, and near where the early house of William McKinley, in the park, may be seen and visited. They talked of the McKinleys.

"The furnaceman is going to move his family for good and all," said Mother Wetherby, "so as to educate his children. Well, Annie, she will do well; but the boys, they are doubtful in my mind. Alba Sanford [Santa Anna], you once told little William that he might be President yet. He acts as though he thought so himself. Never you put high ideas into young folks' heads. Boys follow suggestions; and don't you know that but one boy in a million can be Presi-

dent? What is to become of the other 999,999? I vote for them. I am a democrat, I am. Don't ever put false notions into heads with feathers."

"But why should not a boy of the people become President?" asked the Tunker. "The boy in this country who is going to be a President has an earnest soul now. I can see promise in the boy in the way that he treats his mother and sisters and all who feel the need of help. I prophesy that he will come to good. The past is in him, and men are the product of their ancestors. Look at his father; he purposes to remain at his work at Niles while his children study at Poland. Isn't that good heredity for little William?"

"Yes, we shall see," said Mother Wetherby; "and may I live to see what there will be to be seen."

Interest in the wandering Tunker with the celestial voice grew in the neighborhood, and he became a wonder. Some thought him a prophet in the wilderness, but the old negro story-teller, whose stories made people pick up their heels in a lively way, and especially in the dark, said everywhere in a deep voice, "He is hoodooed-hoo!"

One day lusty Benjamin Franklin Wade rode over to consult Mr. McKinley, the elder, in regard to the new school districts of the Western Reserve. For the population of the Reserve was growing, and a demand was being made everywhere for new school districts and schools. The sentiment was that the time had come for the log schoolhouses to disappear and for better structures to rise on old sites, and new schoolhouses to be established everywhere.

With the lusty law-student seeking clients came the mys-

terious singing-master, with tuning-fork and oblong book. The people ran to the windows and doors when he came marching, as it were, along the highways.

Another evening was spent by the McKinleys with their guests like that with Santa Anna, the schoolmaster, at Niles. The old negro who told ghost stories that made people's feet lively in the dark was there. The family talked long at the table about the new school districts that were needed in the growing country. The young children were not greatly interested in this most valuable conference; but they whispered to one another, "By and by the Tunker will tell his story and sing."

The thought of hearing this wandering minstrel sing and tell his own story filled their young minds with delight: a Jenny Lind could not have made for them an atmosphere of brighter expectation.

At the end of the talk in regard to the school districts Mr. McKinley said suddenly, "Singing-master"—there was a firm tone in the words that made a silence—"Singing-master, they tell me that you have had a strange history somehow, somewhere; that you once somehow and somewhere fell under suspicion, and that you are innocent. You have promised to tell us your story. You now are among friends; why not tell us your strange story?"

"I would be reluctant to withhold anything in my life from any one," said the singing-school master; "but I owe it to myself not to put my innocence in peril now."

The old negro's eyes enlarged.

"Singing-master," said Wade, "I have clients who have

never asked me to serve them. You are one. I have never doubted your integrity. But I have found out where you formerly lived. I know all about you save one thing, and that one thing staggers me: not that it casts any suspicion of wrong-doing on you, but because it is a mystery, an impenetrable mystery."

The singing-master's eyes glistened.

"It is a greater mystery to me than to you. You never thought me guilty of a crime?"

"Never."

"Did you ever think that I might have been temporarily insane?"

"Never."

"Then, what is it?"

The old negro opened his mouth.

"I do not know, but there is a cause for everything—always."

"But why should you, a young lawyer, take such a deep interest in my case?"

"Justice."

"But you have received no money for your investigations, and you looked for none."

"None; a true lawyer will serve the cause of justice whether he receive money or not."

That was the spirit of Frank Wade.

"Lawyer Wade, what have you discovered?"

"That you have no cause to fear anything."

"Why?"

"I have met the sheriff who accused you and arrested

you, and he has made an affidavit to me that you are innocent of any crime. I obtained this affidavit to set your mind free. The men with whom you were supposed to be associated in dark deeds have been arrested; they all declared on oath that they had never so much as heard your name before the night that you appeared among them. You are now at liberty to tell your story."

"My friends," said the singing-master, "the weight of the earth seems lifting from my shoulders. It is terrible to live under suspicion; it darkens the air; it blots out the sun of the morning. It makes one tremble at every bush; it makes one start at every footstep; and if that be the condition of an innocent man, how must a guilty man suffer! *He* must be in hell. Send your children to their rooms and I will tell you my tale, all I know of it; time may tell more. Time reveals all things.

"I prepared to be a missionary among the brethren, and made missionary journeys to the towns near to the settlement, with other missionaries. They preached; I sang.

"Crowds followed me wherever I went to preach and teach by myself, on account of my voice.

"There began to be great excitement in the valleys near the settlement at this time over the robberies in the woods. Travelers disappeared. Three drovers who had sold their cattle suddenly vanished from human sight. The sheriff of the settlement armed a body of horsemen to search the woods."



The boys and girls lingered by the fire, absorbing the story.

Presently there was heard a knock at the door, and the circuit-rider of the former visit appeared, interrupting the tale.

Mrs. McKinley said to the children in her firm, kindly voice, "You must go to your rooms now."

"We wish to hear the story," said all, protestingly; and said one, "We want to hear *him* sing."

"Yes," said the circuit-rider, "and I wish to hear the singing-master sing one of the old Moravian songs—the one whose music came out of the Temple service."

"It is not strange that the children should wish to hear me sing," said the wanderer, "so much is said about my singing. I will sing for them, so that it may be easier for them to go away."

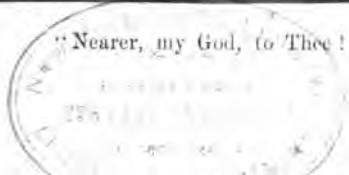
He stood up and cast a loving heart-look on the children, and sang a favorite Moravian hymn, to which was attached the legend of having been set to music from the Jewish Temple service:

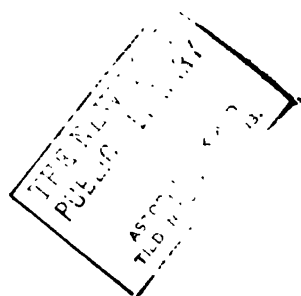
"The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
The almighty God of love;
Jehovah, Great I Am!
By earth and heaven confessed:
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
Forever, ever blessed."

"Sing it again," said little William McKinley.



"Nearer, my God, to Thee!"





"I will sing you another, my little boy." His voice rose in a bird-like sweetness :

"Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,"—

then his flute-like voice seemed to soar, to wing the skies :

"Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee."

"Step by step, step by step," said he, "onward we go."
Then his voice seemed, as it were, to darken :

"Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,"—

the tone here rose again :

"Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee."

"Step by step," he repeated, "I have put my finger on the promise of the 'white stone,' the 'new name,' and 'victory.'"
More beautiful grew the voice and the words :

"Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee."

"Step by step," he repeated. "My children, unknown ways lie before you. If you would go up, you must go step

by step, and every day must be a life; and then it will always be better for you farther on."

He seemed to be the hymn that he sang. How beautiful he looked! The boys and girls saw the soul of faith in his pure face. They willingly retired to their rooms after the marvelous outburst of song. The old negro went into a dark corner of the room alone, and was all ears now. The singing-master was seemingly alone with discreet and trusted friends. He resumed his story:

"The whole country was filled with alarm after the three drovers disappeared. It was believed that a band of robbers inhabited some secret cave in the mountains, and traveled in disguise by day and met together at night. People went with arms, and avoided unfrequented roads, and kept within doors at night. Alarming tales were told in the road-houses. It was said that false lights to lure travelers appeared in the forest-ways, that a moving window and window-light had been seen at night; that he who followed that light was lost.

"I did not share the general alarm. No robber would be likely to molest a missionary. The traveling preacher carried no money; he was a character such as a man of criminal intentions would avoid.

"One day in midwinter, as I was making a journey over the mountain alone, night overtook me. There was a thin snow on the ground that obliterated the path; the mountains rose white around me, and clouds scudded over the moon.

"Suddenly I heard the cry of a timber-wolf. It caused me to hurry. I hoped soon to come to some road-house, farm-

house, or cabin. As I was hurrying on, singing hymns as always, I saw a light in a cluster of dark firs in a little valley near a cliff. I instantly turned toward the place. In the middle of the firs was a large, open clearing; and in the middle of the clearing was a log house, two stories high, like a blockhouse.

"I heard the sound of a fiddle there. As I drew near, I could hear voices of men carousing. I listened for a time under the pines. A dog barked, and I went to the door and knocked on the splint panels. A man came to the door. He had an ugly look and burning eyes. He started back.

" 'And who are you?' he asked.

" 'An evangelist,' said I.

" 'What brings you here?'

" 'I have lost my way.'

" 'What do you want?'

" 'Food and lodging.'

" 'Ha, ha, ha! Food and lodging. You are a spy.'

" 'I am no spy, my friend.'

" "My friend," now that sounds fine. Let me tell you now, this is no place for you. If you lodge here, you die. Fly! I tell you this because I may have a soul. Who knows? I may have a soul, after all. Fly!'

"I knew not what to do. I was about to turn away and trust to the mercy of the wolves when two men with desperate faces appeared, each saying:

" 'And who are you?'

" 'The preacher.'

" 'Have you come to us to preach?'

“ ‘No, I am lost.’

“ ‘Come in,’ said one of the two.

“I entered the house. The very atmosphere of it seemed to savor of crime and death.

“I was pointed into a room where were a dining-table and dishes, and left alone. I felt that I was somehow in a haunt of robbers.

“Presently a colored man appeared. There was something wild and strange in his face.

“ ‘What will you have to eat, sar?’

“ ‘Anything—something hot, if you have it.’

“He went out. While he was gone, my eye fell upon some half-charred papers in a barrel of ashes. I fumbled them over. They were bills of sale, and on one of them was the signature of one of the cattle-dealers who had disappeared. I put the papers in a leather pocket which I wore.

“I thought I knew the place now. Should I run away? I would be followed and overtaken. The men had dogs. No; I would eat my supper that was preparing, and try to escape in the night. Thin clouds were scudding over the moon, as though more snow was about to fall.

“I ate my supper, and while doing so heard rough talk, sharp discussions, and oaths in an adjoining room.

“After I had eaten, the colored man said: ‘I will show you to your chamber, sar—up-stairs. Do you go away early, sar?’

“ ‘As early as I can get away; I have an appointment to preach to-morrow. Can you direct me to the main road?’

" 'An', faith, that I can, sar; but you will need no direction by the morning.'

"He gave me a peculiar look. I shall never forget that face. *It wore a scar.*

"I went up some rude stairs, and was shown to a room where was a bunk on some split timbers. There was a window at the end of the room with oiled paper. The house seemed old, as if abandoned; it had no chimney.

"I felt that I must escape at once. I barred the door with some blocks of wood, and lifted the oiled paper and dropped down the side of the house, and ran to the pines, and thence to a logging-road.

"A river ran near, frozen. My tracks would not be followed on the ice. I looked around to mark the cliff that overhung the little grove and clearing. I could be sure of the place if I were called upon to identify it.

"I glided along the ice until I came to the main traveled road. It began to snow. I at last found a road-house near morning, gained admittance, and sank down exhausted, and asked the landlord to call together the selectmen of the town as early in the morning as possible, as I had a matter of importance to bring before them without delay.

"The selectmen assembled at the inn in the morning. I told them my story and showed them the partly burned papers.

"They examined the parts of papers.

" 'Cattle bills,' said they; 'and they belonged to the lost drovers. You must be our guide to the place.'

"I spoke of my appointment to preach.

“ ‘You must give up your appointment in the interests of the public safety,’ said one.

“A posse gathered, with the sheriff at their head. I led them back, but I was not able to find my own tracks beyond the river on account of the new snow. But I saw the cliff. I was certain of that. I led the men up the cliff, and we looked down into the little valley of the pine grove and clearing.

“*There was no house there.* New snow covered the valley. We could see everything there; but no house was to be seen, nor any human being.

“The sheriff arrested me and placed me in the lockup of the town. I knew not what I was, who I was, or what to do. The next night I escaped and made my way to the road that led to the Reserve. You cannot tell what I have suffered since that hour. A hundred questions ran through my mind. Ought I to have done this or that? Ought I to have escaped from the lockup in the town? Had I had an hallucination on the evening after I became lost? Were the house and the men in the valley a real house and real men? Had I dropped down from fatigue by the way and dreamed? What did it mean? What did it mean?

“Since then I have wandered as one pursued. Mr. Wade, lawyer, what does it mean?”

“You have told a true tale, but I do not know what it means. Only this, that the charred papers show that you found somehow, somewhere, the belongings of the robbers. All else is mystery, and I have questioned the mystery a hundred times. I wish some day to go with you to that

little valley myself in the interests of justice to you and to every one.

"Yes, we will go. Nothing ever happened, no matter how mysterious, without a cause; and I shall never walk with free feet and an open heart until this mystery is disclosed." He added, in a voice that bespoke his soul:

"I cannot preach while suspicion rests upon me, *but I can suggest good*. My conduct can suggest, my voice can suggest, and my song. And suggestion is a seed of good. Johnny Apple-seed suggested; Lorenzo Dow suggested, and Peggy Dow, with her hymn, which I love best to sing. I can suggest and travel on, and leave the harvest to the heavens. The value of a man's life is his influence, and no experience in life can come to us that we may not glorify."

He looked noble as he spoke these words. His faith caused his face to glow like a lamp in a vase of alabaster.

"I can suggest thoughts to such boys as William McKinley."

"Why have you so much faith in little William?" asked Mr. McKinley.

"*He is receptive to spiritual suggestions*; a soul that is receptive to such suggestions will grow; so will a town; so will the Reserve. Soul-value is everything. He who listens to spiritual things will prosper."

The old negro who could tell stories that made people lively nights had, indeed, a strange story to tell now—a story of the house that disappeared.

"Folks disappear," said he. "Ghosts disappear, but I

never did hear of a house that was here to-day and gone to-morrow, and that was cut down in the night like a cucumber of the ground. No fire nor hurricane, no nothing; that house just up and went, like as it were there came a vacuum into the air, and it rose up to the skies, like Jack's bean-stalk. That beats the hoodoo stories that they used to tell in the old cabins down South afore I run away. The house that disappeared and left nothing but air! And a colored man was there, too; where do you suppose he went?"

He never ceased to wonder. When people asked him to tell hoodoo tales he would say: "But I know of one story of a haunt that would make the chickens go to roost at noonday, and that would make you all afraid to live in the worl'." Then he would relate the tale of the house that disappeared.

As wild as was the old negro's imagination, he set the people to wondering how that house could have disappeared. Mother Wetherby thought that a vacuum in the air came along like a waterspout and took it up to the sky, and that it was likely to fall again in some "wood-thrashing" tornado. The wonder grew.

Mother Wetherby spread the tale, which had a serious side to some people, but a comical one to men like sturdy Ben Wade.

Men like him said heartily: "It is all like Johnny Appleseed. We all know how the ghost orchards came. Life is self-revealing, and time will make it clear how the house disappeared. I notice that the singer's conduct in life is full of

good suggestions, and that these live; a man is known by his harvests."

There was a long silence. Then Mr. Wade rose to go. A dark form came out of the corner of the room.

"Massa Wade, I's knows it all. Hoodoo-hoo!"

The door opened. There came a gust of wind. The old negro had disappeared.

The pilgrim liked to study young McKinley. One day he spoke kindly of the boy to Mother Wetherby.

She shook her head and waved a balm sprig which she usually carried in her hand under her nose. She formed the habit after she had left off taking snuff for moral reasons.

"Now," said she, "I want you to tell me what makes you pick out that boy and set store by him, for you do. I might as well try to see the last planet through a tumbler as to see anything aforehanded in that little shaver. You see something. What, now?"

"My good woman, he has a heart that is happy only when he is making others happy. He is restless and ill at ease out of that atmosphere. Now it is a law of life that when one thinks of others first and himself last, the time comes when people want him to serve them."

"Of course everybody wants other people to serve them, to scrub floors and wash dishes for them. There's more in picking up than in digging."

"No, no; you do not get my meaning. The public select such people to serve them in office."

CHAPTER X

A FATHER WHO COULD TELL STORIES



McKINLEY'S father, though a man of simple habits, was really one of the notable men of the Western Reserve. He could *perceive*, and he thought the faculty of perception one of the most valuable of gifts. He could tell many stories of perception. Columbus cultivated the same gift, and out of it came his great discovery. Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, all cultivated the gift of perception, and so did Franklin. Perception in these men changed the course of the world.

Mr. McKinley established furnaces in different places on the Reserve, or worked in such. He wielded the hammer of a Thor. But he was not a mere pioneer in the iron industry. He saw, too, what these forest forgers were likely to become. William sometimes had gone with his father to such forges before the family removed to Poland. The continual fires and great bellows and roaring chimneys awakened his curiosity. But he saw that the work-people with black faces had kind hearts.

He loved to watch the ironmongers. These men were

helping to belt the continent with rails; they were making swift roads that would change the industries of the world. They were to cause Ashtabula to become a wonder, and would fill Lake Erie with steaming ships.

When the forest fires went out, a hundred forges, always growing and glowing, were then to take their places. Northern Ohio would one day blaze with industries and call for help to the work-people of the overcrowded world.

Mr. McKinley, the friend of schools, sought to impress his own mind on William and to train him to perceive. He sat down one evening with the boy by a stream in the cathedral-like timber. The birds were moving east toward the great lake. The afterglow of the sunset glimmered in the silent trees. Suddenly the forge blazed up; a sheet of red flame colored the shadowy air, and seemed to lick the sky.

"I must build a larger furnace," said the father. "The demand for iron grows, and will grow; and, my boy, I want you to study, to perceive, for in iron there is something more than iron."

Little William McKinley was restless for stories, especially for those of pioneers on the Western Reserve. His father's interest in schools and forges had led him to know these heroes of the wilderness well. One night, as the father and son sat together in the timber, and the stars were coming out in the steel-blue sky, William asked for some account of one of the old pioneers.

"The Wades?" said his father; "have I ever told you of them?" The furnace-builder then gave an account of this family of the forest with a very touching story at the close:

"There was an old rocky, woodsy place near Springfield, Mass., called Feeding Hills, where a very poor couple named James and Mary Wade began their hard struggle in life in a simple home.

"They had a large family of children; and as the parents grew in lusty worth, the children, as they came to them, increased in mental and moral endowments, and the tenth and eleventh of them were destined to become famous. The successive worth of the children of a household grows as their parents grow in moral resolution and character.

"There journeyed, probably walking much of the way, about the year 1821, a strong-willed, all-powerful young man, whose 'yea' was 'yea,' and whose 'nay' was 'nay,' and whose heart, like his sinews, obeyed his soul. Poor? His family were among the poorest in western Massachusetts. They had been able to give him but seven days' schooling. He studied *ahead* of some of them.

"And yet he had read the Bible through in a single winter by the light of pine torches, and he had mastered Euclid! He read so many strong books that a school was entrusted to him; he kept it and studied as well as the pupils while he taught. He was an original thinker, and he could declaim almost like a Greek orator. His name was Benjamin Franklin Wade."

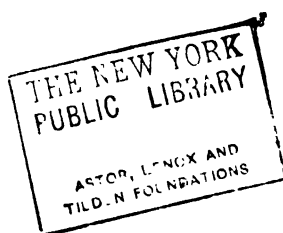
When others were going to the Western Reserve of Ohio to better their condition for their families in the future, this young man felt that he ought to go for his parents' sake.

He *must* go; he could not stay; and he must take the



Pioneers on their way to the Western Reserve.





old people with him or bring them after him. So he faced the West from Springfield, Mass., or Feeding Hills, working by the way.

That young man, Benjamin Wade, was destined to be, as it were, a hammer of Thor. He was born October 27, 1800. He had royal blood in him, royal in the sense of worth. He was descended from the illustrious Dudleys, Bradstreets, and Uphams of the Massachusetts Bay colonies. Benjamin Wade used the ax and felled trees. He made a cabin, and sent for the old folks, as true as Æneas. The family went, it may be in ox-wagons in part, or partly on horseback and on foot.

Mary Upham Wade, the mother, had a high ambition: it was that her boys might receive an education. This might have seemed impossible in the modern sense of the term, but she could give them excellent reading, and what a boy reads, he is. Benjamin read Milton and Lindley Murray, and mastered Euclid before he became of age.

James Wade, the father, was becoming an old man when he moved to New Connecticut in Ohio in 1821. He went for his children's sake. The road to Ohio was by way of the New York river valleys; to Buffalo, and thence to Cleveland or Ashtabula, a distance of some six or seven hundred miles. It was through a dense forest most of the way. The boys of the Wade family settled in Andover, Ohio. It is said that they walked all the way. They were axmen.

The family first built a log schoolhouse, then a grist-mill with millstones ground from native boulders; they made roads, cleared land, toiled early and late.

Young Frank Wade was a kind of forest Jupiter, broad-

shouldered, supple, virile, with a purpose in his face. The old people "kept the fire going" in winter while he swung the ax and prepared to study law.

He became a drover. He knew the roads leading back toward New York and New England. He drove cattle from Ohio over the mountains to Philadelphia.

He studied law in Albany, returned to Ohio, and entered a law firm with Joshua R. Giddings.

The story which Mr. McKinley told of the old emigrant and of the cattle road from Springfield, Mass., to the Western Reserve by way of Buffalo, Pittsburg, and the forest towns of the Reserve, was touching, and it pictures the past and the heart of vanished days:

"The elder Wades were full of desire to emigrate before they left the East; and when the older boys went away they waited anxiously in their barren home on Feeding Hills for their report of the country on Lake Erie and the Ohio River.

"The report came at last: 'Come one, come all; we will make here a home for the future. The land is full of promise. It is a paradise.' James Wade, the father, was seventy-one years of age when the report of the new country came. The family had lost two children, Nancy and Charles, whose graves were in the family graveyard.

"'Let me go and look at the two little graves of my children,' said Mary Wade, the mother, 'for the last time; then let me close the door of our old home with my own hand, and I will never look back again.'

"She closed the old door with her own hand, and the aged couple started in the team that had been sent for them. They passed by the orchard and hill. The scenes that they had loved moved away as they went on. They reached Buffalo. On they went. 'Woods, woods; it is all woods,' said the old man.

"The forests seemed endless, but to the Ohio Andover they found their way at last, two spent and aching people, cared for by young Frank Wade, whose voice would one day thunder through the halls of the national Capitol. But after the journey the old couple began to fail.

" 'Let us go back,' said the old man at last to Mary.

" 'How shall we go?' she asked.

" 'We can walk.'

" 'Six hundred or more miles?'

" 'Yes, so that we may see the old New England home again.'

" 'I can stand it if you can,' said Mary.

" 'Yes, let us go; our children were all born there.'

" 'I will begin to prepare for the journey now,' said James.

"But Mary was too feeble to prepare to go then.

" 'I am not strong enough now,' she said.

" 'Then I will have to go alone.'

" 'Wait for me,' said Mary. 'Hand in hand, let us go together.'

"They talked, during the winter of 1826, of their going back to the old orchard farm where their children had been born. Spring came, and the hermit thrush sang in

the wood. Mary was losing her strength; her life was fading away.

“‘I will have to go soon on my last journey—home,’ she said.

“She died when April was purpling the earth.

“‘Now I will have to go alone,’ said the old pioneer.

“‘Where?’ was asked. ‘To Feeding Hills?’

“‘No, no, not now—to *Mary*.’”

This is a simple, true tale. But such were the old pioneers. They gave up the past for the future of their own. They made the men who builded the nation. William McKinley was schooled by such tales as these. Heroism was in the air of the great timbers and streams. It was an atmosphere in which to grow.

The interest that the boy took in such stories as these led the father to perceive that he was attracted to the lives of public men. Benjamin Franklin Wade was a lawyer, Joshua R. Giddings was a lawyer. Both were interested in schools.

One day, after a meeting with these men by Mr. McKinley, William said to his father, “Why might I not study to become a lawyer?”

“You could if you could get the money for your law studies.”

“I could read law with Mr. Giddings or Mr. Wade.”

“Or go to the Albany law school,” said his father, who now began to perceive his son’s probable future. “But how will you get the money?”

"Mr. Wade and Mr. Giddings earned the money for their law studies," said William. "Can *I* not earn the money for my own education?"

"I do not know—that depends upon you. What would I not give, what would I not sacrifice, to see you become a Wade or a Giddings, or a man of public worth! Go on, go on; the ways of life open before a purpose. Go on, go on!"

CHAPTER XI

OLD-TIME CAMP-MEETING DAYS



THE early times on the Ohio were less associated with social gaieties, horse-races, and county fairs than with camp-meetings, which were held yearly under gigantic trees. They influenced the country for good. Ohio owes much of her characteristic development to her camp-meetings, which, with some crudities and emotional excitements, were yet so spiritual that they seemed to be tenting-places of heaven among the trees. Their message was, "God may be revealed to you and known in the soul." A single ray of the light of the Holy Spirit in the soul had more worth to these forest expounders than all philosophies. A seeker for light might suddenly know more than Plato. They took the view of Kant—though few of the expounders had ever heard of the great philosopher—that "spirit is the only reality."

These camp-meetings among the trees were begun by Lorenzo Dow, a singular but good man, who felt that he was called of God to wander and preach where preachers never went and where preaching never was heard before.

He did strange things, but the scattered people believed

him and loved him, and many of them named their babies for him. "Lorenzo Dow" is still a familiar name in Ohio.

He welcomed hardship, and would accept of no money that tended to riches. A story is told that a man gave him a cottage and some land, but that after a time he returned it because it destroyed the comfort of his favorite hymn, beginning,

"How happy is the pilgrim's lot!"

and declaring,

"No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in the wilderness,
A poor, wayfaring man;"

and

"The things by nature felt and seen,
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want."

He presented a singular appearance. His hair flowed over his shoulders and his beard over his breast; and he would come riding into a new settlement, dismount from his horse on a rock or log, and deliver his message, which could usually be summed up in the Scriptural words: "This is eternal life—to know God."

He had a remarkable wife, Peggy Dow. The world and human knowledge were nothing to her. Soul-value was all. Lorenzo Dow frightened her by offering himself to her as a husband almost as soon as his eyes fell upon her. She thus tells the story of his queer courtship in her "Viciissitudes":

"About this time 'camp-meetings' began to be introduced into that part of the country, and were attended

with the power of God in the conversion of many precious souls.

“At this time there was one about thirty miles from where I then lived, and my brother-in-law attended it, where he met with Lorenzo Dow on his way to Canada, and invited him home with him to preach at our preaching-house, and sent on the appointment a day or two beforehand, so that the people might get notice. And as he was a singular character we were very anxious to see and hear him. The day arrived; he came, and the house was crowded; and we had a good time. I was very much afraid of him, as I had heard such strange things about him.

“He was invited to my brother-in-law’s, but did not come for several days. He had appointments to preach twice and thrice in the day. However, at last he came, and tarried all night. The next morning he was to preach five or six miles from our house; and little did I think that he had any thoughts of marrying; in particular, that he should make any proposition of the kind to me; but so it was; he returned that day to dinner, and in conversation with my sister concerning me he inquired of her how long I had professed religion. She told him the length of time. He requested to know whether I kept wicked company. She told him I did not, and observed that I had often said I had rather marry a preacher than any other man, provided I was worthy, and that I would wish then to travel and be useful to souls.

“By this time I happened to come into the room, and he asked me if I had made such a remark. I told him I had. He then asked me if I would accept of such an object as him.

I made no reply, but went directly out of the room. As it was the first time he had spoken to me, I was very much surprised. He gave me to understand that he should return to our house again in a few days, and would have more conversation with me on the subject, which he did after attending a meeting ten or twelve miles from where I lived.

“He returned the next evening, and spoke to me on the subject again, when he told me that he would marry, provided that he could find one that would consent to his traveling and preaching the Gospel; and if I thought I could be willing to marry him and give him up to go and do his duty, and not see him or have his company more than one month out of thirteen, he should feel free to give his hand to me; but if I could not be willing to let him labor in the vineyard of his God, he dared not to make any contract of the kind; for he could not enjoy peace of mind in any other sphere.

“He told me I must weigh the matter seriously before God, whether I could make such an engagement and conform to it, and not stand in his way, so as to prevent his usefulness to souls. I thought I would rather marry a man that loved and feared God, and that would strive to promote virtue and religion among his fellow mortals, than any other, although I felt myself inadequate to the task without the grace of God to support me. Yet I felt willing to cast my lot with his, and be a help, not a hindrance, to him, if the Lord would give me grace, as I had no doubt but he would if I stood as I ought; and I accepted of his proposal. He was then on his way to Canada, and from thence to the Mississippi Territory, and did not expect to return in much less than two years; then if

Providence spared, and the way should open for a union of that kind, when he returned we would be married."

Peggy married him and their work became one. She went with him to England. A religious experience was held to be the greatest thing in life at that time, and Peggy had had a very remarkable one which it was her joy to relate. Dow was a poet and so was Peggy. Let us give you a specimen of her poetry, which pictured her inner life and views:

"Though outward war and strife
Prevail from sea to sea,
I've peace in inward life,
And that sufficeth me.

"Though clamor rear his head,
And stalk from shore to shore,
My food is angel's bread;
What can I covet more?"

In these stanzas, though written by Peggy Dow, is a deep well of wisdom. Dow would leave her alone anywhere, and go off suddenly to preach in parts almost unknown, where the voice of the Gospel had not been heard. She did not complain; it was in her compact of marriage that she must not hinder him.

Dow was a singing pilgrim, the first of the many camp-meeting singing pilgrims. He gave a model of the singing mission to all the singers of Ohio, who ended in P. P. Bliss. He sang Charles Wesley's hymns and also hymns of his own. Would you read a selection from one of the wandering preacher's hymns?

"One evening pensive as I lay
 Alone upon the ground,
 As I to God began to pray,
 A light shone all around.
 These words with power went through my heart :
 'I've come to set you free;
 Death, hell, nor grave shall never part
 My love, my son, from thee.'
 "Hail ! brightest Prince, eternal Lord,
 That left the blazing throne ;
 Eternal truth attends thy word,
 Thou art the Father's Son.
 When on the brink of hell I lay,
 Enclosed in blackest night ;
 Thou, Lord, did'st hear the sinner pray,
 And brought my soul to light."

Peggy Dow loved to sing, or cause to be sung, a very beautiful hymn, as her a hymn of the pilgrimage in the wilderness. It was the hymn to which Waltermere had referred when he told his strange story. It was so full of suggestion to the sorrowful and those struggling against the hardships of the wilderness, to all weary souls, that it found eager ears everywhere. Waltermere loved to sing it as a seed of suggestion. The hymn, which may be found in Peggy Dow's journal, is as follows :

"How sweet to reflect on those joys that await me,
 In yon blissful regions, the haven of rest,
 Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me,
 And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest !
 Encircled with light, and with glory enshrouded,
 My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
 I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
 And range with delight through the Eden of love.

“While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise;
Then songs of the Lamb shall resound through heaven,
My soul will respond, ‘To Immanuel be given
All glory and honor and might and dominion,
Who brought us through grace to the Eden of love.’”

Dow had been the voice in the wilderness, and his suggestions had lived. His coming had been a joy to new places, and the people were always more happy when he brought Peggy with him. He was tender toward her, except when the Lord called him away on some special mission. Hundreds of stories were told of them both in Ohio.

Waltermere entered into the spirit of the hymns that Dow loved and left as a legacy to the camp-meetings, the great assemblies under the trees, where people “experienced religion.” He was a second Lorenzo Dow in song, and he rejoiced in his mission until a sudden darkness one day came to him. A preacher met him.

“My friend, do you not think that you ought to confess?”

“What?”

“That you told an untruth about the house that disappeared? That story is impossible.”

“I would confess if it were untrue. I would long to confess and be soul-free. But the story that I told is a true one, or so it seemed to me. I cannot do otherwise than I have done, and I suffer, I suffer, and I pray constantly that God will reveal the truth of that strange night to the world. ‘I know that my Vindicator lives.’”

"You are deceived. The false story, false as you told it, proven false, stands between you and your usefulness in life. The people all know it, and yet there is a soul-tone in your voice that makes people penitent or joyful when you sing."

"My soul has been honest from the first, my brother."

"It is impossible, impossible."

Waltermere was to sing that day to a wilderness assembly. He chose one of Dow's hymns; and as his voice was poured forth as into the branches of the surrounding trees the people wept. God seemed to be in his voice as it said: "One ev'ning pensive as I lay." He became melancholy; yet when he began to sing his soul would glow and his face shine.

He met in his wanderings at Lower Sandusky a man of a very benevolent spirit, a well-nigh perfect man, who in every relation of life bore himself as a Christian gentleman. It was the man of whom, when he was born to a lot of poverty, some people had said, "What a blessing it would be if that child were to die!"

But the child did not die. He grew up in frail health. His father died. A good uncle pitied his brother's widow left helpless with a family of children. We repeat some words here, for this is a book of analysis.

This good uncle saw his duty. He had means; he would become as a father to these children, adopt them in his heart as his own, and live for them. It was a noble resolution, and it brought to him the great happiness of his life.

For his brother's boy, so bereft of health and of means to a livelihood, was to become a President of the United

States. He did for his brother's family what Father McKinley had done for his own. That boy was Rutherford B. Hayes. He had a feeling heart. He sought nothing for himself. "I never sought promotion in the army," he once said. "I preferred to be one of the good colonels rather than a poor general." His uncle's example was the seed-thought of his life, his ideal.

He pitied prisoners and all who lapsed from the right way. To restore such a one was his delight. After he had been President of the United States he became the prisoners' friend. "We must get rid of fixed sentences against criminals," he said. He was a temperate man, and his lovely wife came to abolish wines from the state dinners at the White House tables.

Waltermere saw this man's spirit. He saw the seed of sacrifice that had produced the flower. "Garfield, Hayes, and little McKinley," he said. "The three will become leaders of the public, because they are not seeking their own. I can see. I can see. They are my spiritual boys. They love others more than themselves; that is the way men rise. The world needs them; it wants them; it must have them. It is not wealth but sacrifice that enriches the world."

He loved to go to Lower Sandusky, for there was a warmth in the hand of Rutherford B. Hayes that expressed confidence and personal love, and bade him Godspeed in the mission of his voice.

"God loves Ohio," said Hayes.

"And God loves you," said the sad and wandering Tunker. "For such a man as Hayes let me sing as I never

have done before. Garfield, Hayes, McKinley, they are all endeavorers."

Camp-meetings multiplied just before the war. He was called to sing to them. Sometimes he was slighted on account of the story of the house that disappeared. Then he would turn aside, and pray alone with a trembling lip, and say, "I know that my Vindicator liveth."

CHAPTER XII

QUEER TALES OF THE WESTERN RESERVE



HE "Ohio country" embraced the lands along the shores of the great river and its tributaries. The Western Reserve, that part of the glorious State of Ohio which was granted to the New England colonies by Charles II., has a comical history.

When the shrewd Governor Winthrop visited England to ask for new charters for the colonies, he found the merry king in good humor, and he said to him: "Your father, his Majesty, Charles I., bestowed upon my father a ring. That ring I have brought to your Majesty, and I have come to supplicate from you some royal favors for his colonies in the New World."

"That ring brings me tender memories indeed," said the king. "It makes my heart open to your wishes. What would you have?" or words to that effect. It is said that the sight of the ring affected the king to tears.

Winthrop saw that he had the king's heart, and he was not modest in his requests. Among other things that he would have was a charter for Connecticut, that conferred

upon that colony some remarkable privileges. King Charles did not understand American geography very well.

So the tearful king agreed to grant Connecticut a charter that would give the colony the rights of self-government, and, wonderful to relate, a territory that should extend from Narragansett Bay to the Pacific Ocean. Winthrop, we are sorry to say, had almost as limited a view of American geography as the susceptible king.

The charter was written, and brought to the king for his signature. "From Narragansett Bay to the Pacific Ocean?" asked the king. "How far is the Pacific Ocean from Narragansett Bay?"

"I do not know," said Winthrop, "but I think that the ocean can be seen from the tops of the mountains to the west of the Connecticut colony."

Winthrop seems to have so seen it in the eye of his mind, but no one has ever found these remarkable mountains. After the Revolutionary War Congress reaffirmed the spirit of the king's charter, and granted Connecticut a large tract of land in Ohio; and a part of this territory, which received the name of Trumbull County at first, of which the city of Cleveland became the head in population, before the subdivisions, and was settled largely by people from Connecticut. Cleveland is in Cuyahoga County now.

King Charles's liberal charter was the one hidden in the so-called Charter Oak, the story of which is known to every schoolboy. The merry king, with all his faults, stopped the persecution of Quakers in New England, and secured to Connecticut the beautiful region of the Western Re-

serve, on Lake Erie, two things that we may recall to his credit.

The early emigrants from Connecticut and elsewhere met with some curious experiences in pioneer days. One woman found a rattlesnake on her new hearth, and another a bear at her churn. But they sowed their wheat and reaped harvests. There were some queer marriage ceremonies. One of them was ended by a new justice of the peace with "I pronounce you husband and wife, and may Heaven have mercy on your souls."

Queer stories are told of those rude times. There were some odd preachers there, among them followers of Mother Ann, and Joseph Smith, the Mormon elder. But for the most part the settlers were people of clear consciences and real worth.

The cattle-roads, as usual, followed the post-roads into the new settlements. It was not a long way from Pittsburg, and like places of new enterprise, to Cleveland on Lake Erie. Post-houses arose along the way. Over the new cattle-roads went the drovers, sleeping in barns and sheds, their cattle at times frightened by bears, and their travel impeded by stumpy places. The journey lasted for weeks. Turn to your atlas and you may see the way.

From the drovers little McKinley probably collected stories. One of these stories will serve as a specimen of those queer old memories.

There had recently been a great religious excitement among the new settlers at the time of the Cleveland journey.

One William Miller had prophesied that the world would come to an end April 12, 1843, and went about preaching this doctrine, which gained much credence in early Ohio.

In the cattle-roads, a drover chanced to meet an odd character who called himself "the old man of the woods." He came to the post-house, where the cattlemen were stopping, one day. This man was not Merriman, the "old man of the woods" of an earlier day, but one who lived like Merriman in some remote hermitage. He had come out of the woods on the prophesied twelfth of April to see the world come to an end, and of this he had a curious story to tell.

After the cattle had eaten their fill and had lain down to rest in the shade of the great trees whose tops flamed in the sunset, this solitary man sat down on a log among the cattlemen and related to them his queer tale of the days of Millerism on the Ohio.

"I came out of the woods at times," said he, "to hear Mr. Fitch, the Millerite, preach, and I went back to my cabin to wonder whether these things were so. His preaching disturbed me not a little, I will confess. So I thought I would come out of my solitude on the twelfth of April, to see the people go up. The day was bright and splendid. In the afternoon a long line of people approached the church and churchyard to attend the final meeting. They expected to ascend at midnight. The men were dressed in black, and some of the women in white. The children were crying.

"Somehow I couldn't force myself to go into the church. I am a solitary soul. I had lived alone; and, if the world was going up, I would go alone, after the rest.

"There was an old haystack in sight of the church, one that had been left over from a former year; so I thought that I would go there.

"I'm a master hand to smoke, and I lit my pipe and climbed up to the top of the stack, so that I might have a clear view, and I lay down to rest for a while.

"I was pretty tired. I had corded some wood in the morning, and a drowsiness came over me, and things seemed misty-like, and everything began to move away from me.

"I don't know how much time passed; it may be half an hour, or it may be an hour, when I seemed to feel something biting my hand. I jumped. Something had happened; the world seemed to be all on fire.

"I heard people crying 'Fire! fire!' and I saw such a cloud of black smoke curling up above me that I could not tell whether the earth was here or had gone. But the people were here, even Miller's followers.

"I slid down that old haystack pretty lively, wondering what had happened, when I was seized by the arm of one of the leading Millerites—a deacon. I was pretty scared now, you may believe.

"'Deacon,' said I, 'where am I now—in this world, or in the other?'

"'You are where your idol is,' said he, 'your old clay pipe that set the stack on fire. The stack will have to go, and you will be obliged to pay the damages.'

"'I will throw away my idol,' said I, and I flung the old pipe as far as I could send it, and followed the people back to the church.

"What a night that was! The clock struck nine. It was clear; the heavens were beautiful with stars. The room was still. The people were so full of joy or terror that they did not dare to move.

"Ten.

"The minister rose to preach his last sermon, and declared that he was ready for the signal.

"Eleven.

"The good people rose one by one to give their testimonies for the last time.

"Midnight. They went out into the churchyard.

"The earth seemed to stand still. All eyes were uplifted; you could hardly have seen a flutter or heard a heart-beat in that solid assembly.

"One.

"'We have made some miscalculation,' said the elder. 'Let us retire to our homes.'

"I was ready to retire. I, at least, gained something that day which I shall ever remember; I had thrown away my own idol, the clay image that had made me lazy and hindered my life, and that will make it all the easier for me when the day does come."

The old Indian tales were as strange and queer. One of them related to a certain Capt. Robert Bernham, "the lost boatman," or, as the story was called, "The Armless Man and the Legless Man." It was as follows:

"It was autumn, and the leaves were glowing; the water was calm, and the boats drifted on under the command of one Major Rogers.

"They came to the Licking River, with seventy armed men. The voyage had not been eventful, when suddenly the major was surprised to see some Indians, probably plumed warriors, on the shore.

"He wished to know their purpose, and he landed his men there. A war-cry rent the air. An army, as it were, suddenly arose around him as out of the earth. The Indians fell upon the boatmen and killed nearly fifty of them. Some of the others escaped in various ways.

"Among the wounded boatmen was Capt. Robert Bernham. He had been shot through the hips, and would never walk unaided again. His bones were shattered, and he fell to the ground a ruin, so far as his body was concerned. He saw how helpless and seemingly hopeless his case had become. But hope never dies. He crawled into the bushy top of a fallen tree. What could have been his thoughts there? He could get no water or food.

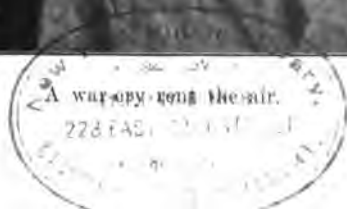
"The Indians passed and repassed him without discovering him. He became faint from loss of blood and want of food; and though a river rolled in view, not a drop of water could reach his fevered tongue.

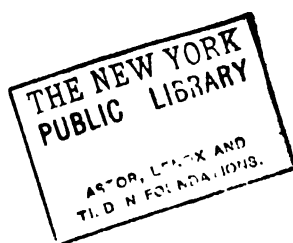
"He had dragged his gun after him. Toward the evening of the second day, when the Indians had gone away, he saw a raccoon at the foot of the tree. He seized his gun, hoping thereby to get a morsel of food, when a cry arose on the air— 'Help!'

"It was an English tongue. He listened.

"'Hallo! help!' The voice was nearer.

"He listened again.





“ ‘Whoever you may be, for Heaven’s sake answer me.’

“ ‘Who are you?’ asked Bernham.

“ ‘My arms are gone!’ was the answer. ‘Who are you?’

“ ‘My legs are gone.’

“ ‘Then we are made for each other. I will be legs for you, and you shall be arms for me. These are days of need.’

“The two men met. Wounded and broken as they were, both were recovering.

“ ‘I can load a gun,’ said Bernham.

“ ‘And I can get the game,’ said the other. ‘I can make hands of my feet.’

“ ‘I can dress your wounds,’ said the legless man, or the man with shattered hips.

“ ‘And I can bring you water in my hat in my teeth,’ said the armless man.

“There were wild turkeys and quail in the woods, and the two captured them and fed upon them. The armless man could do what the legless man could not, and the legless man what the armless man could not. So the two became brothers in need and in heart, and each learned how to serve the other.

“A large part of mankind are in like condition, if they did but know it.

“The armless man and the legless man built a house. The Indian summer came on, with red and russet trees, and the two men in their cabin watched for a boat to come down the stream.

"It was seen coming one day. The two men set up a signal. But the boat passed by. The boatmen thought it might be an Indian signal.

"'Hallo! hallo!' cried the armless man and the legless man.

"But the boat passed down the river..

"'Hallo! hallo!'

"The boat stopped, a canoe put off from her, and came to the shore.

"'Who are you?' called the boatmen.

"'I have no arms,' said the foremost.

"'I have no legs—none to speak of,' said Captain Bernham.

"'Take us on board,' said each; 'we are but one. We have escaped from the Indians; have you heard?'

"The boatmen had probably heard.

"Captain Bernham hobbled out into the boat on his crutches, and the two were carried to Louisville, Kentucky.

"Never be discouraged, boys, whatever may happen to you in life. Captain Bernham recovered in part the use of his legs, and his brother in misery the use of his arms. Time wrought wonders in both.

"And the same Captain Bernham did many notable things for the country in those old pioneer days. He was elected a member of the Territorial legislature and a county commissioner, and he suggested many improvements that made Cincinnati grow and thrive, for the world is created by suggestions. He helped bring about the last-

ing peace with the Indians in the days of Mad Anthony Wayne.

“When I become despondent, and the horizons of life seem to shut in, I think of *him*. You cannot tell what may happen; hope has outward ways that we cannot see. Don’t put out that light, ever.”

CHAPTER XIII

ANNIE McKINLEY AND HER FATHER



YOUNG William McKinley, in his Christian influence of religious waves of thought, or home at Poland, Ohio, was brought under the "revivals," which quickened religious feeling in New England towns once in about ten years, and as often in the towns of the wilderness of the Ohio, but were more often associated with great camp-meetings here than there. The leaders of this movement, if not unique, were very interesting characters.

Poland to-day is a quiet inland town, of beautiful trees, clear streams, an educational atmosphere, and noble associations. The old Sparrow Tavern, of war fame, remains with its turret-like chimneys and crumbling walls. Some society might buy it and make it a museum in memory of the young heroes and martyrs who enlisted there.

The new academy stands on the site of the old one in an embowered enclosure, and one of the houses in which the McKinleys lived is to be seen near it. The town is wholly different from Niles, with its gigantic furnaces that blaze against the heavens on the still night.

In the old academy days people gathered on the veranda of the Sparrow House after work and school, joked and told stories, idled and played games. There was nothing especially objectionable in this merry idleness, for with many it was rest. In those hours of rest, when sunset and shadows were in the trees, young McKinley used to be seen sitting on the door-step of his own home near, reading. His companions would hail him and he would look up as from a dream.

"Reading, always reading," they would say. "Come over to the Sparrow House and have a good time with the folks."

"I must study," he would say, and would seem to sink into his book again as into a magic cavern.

"But one cannot study all the time," they would answer.

William's mind must come out of his cave again. "No," he would reason in substance; "if I am to amount to anything later on, I must study. People rise according to their preparation for what they do, and I must prepare. Leave me alone; I must read; I am happy here with my book; leave me to it; all that I can learn will serve me some day."

"Must"—that word was the key that opened to him the noblest halls of life. "Must"—it was this sense of necessity that made him a recluse, and every new acquisition of intelligence brought him happiness. The young people laughed, joked, and played games on the veranda of the castle-like tavern. He neither saw nor heard them; he was gathering treasures for the grand temple of life.

In books the great world opened before him with one sure pathway which led to the heights. He was given in his

boyhood to see that intelligence is power and the intelligence that makes eminent life he would, he *must*, have. One must study if he would perceive.

Only one thing would move young McKinley from the shadow of the door. It was the coming of some person like Mother Wetherby. We may fancy her coming upon him suddenly on one of her visits, with: "Shiftless as ever—trying to read some sense into you! Boy, real horse-sense does not come out of books. Get up, and be nimble and spry, or you will never amount to shucks. I have my opinion of such boys as you; but I am very close-mouthed—it isn't for me to say what I think. I am a very observing woman; I live by observation. I always hold my head up high. I should do that if I were on my way to the poorhouse. Why shouldn't I carry my head high? I never did nothing to nobody."

This was nearly true.

"Always dress as well as you can, and show the world your self-respect," she would counsel the children. "It is those who dress well, and improve their minds in every way they can, that succeed best. The world takes people at their own value. I make my cap-borders tall, though I ain't no queen, but I am just as good."

Every studious boy meets a Mother Wetherby in his early development. His struggle singles him out from others, excites the envy of some one, and makes him a shining mark. But to contend against such an influence makes one strong. McKinley made no enemies; even Mother Wetherby secretly liked him and would do him a favor; in her criticism she was only using her "smoothing-iron."

The boy had asked his Sunday-school teacher so many questions that no one could answer that he was regarded as rather skeptical. One night, at a meeting which students attended, he rose, to the surprise of many, to request the prayers of Christian people. I have heard hundreds of requests for prayer, but I do not recall any which in a single sentence contained so much meaning as his.

It was: "My friends, pray for me, for I believe religion to be *the best thing in all the world.*"

That was a decisive hour of his life; in it was the direction of his own soul. He was sixteen years of age, and the decision of that hour not only made a Christian character, but gave suggestion to the whole of his life. Free Cuba was in it; a true Christian life at the White House was in it; and America's future was influenced by it.

His soul struggled for spiritual light. One day, or evening, he arose and said, "Christ has become my Saviour," or like words. This simple experience grew to the last luminous hour of his life. He once said, in mature life, addressing an assembly of young people: "Side by side with education must be character. Do not forget that. There is nothing in this world that lasts so long, or wears so well, as good character; and it is something that everybody can have. It is just as easy to get into the habit of doing good as it is to get into the habit of doing evil. With education and integrity, every avenue of honor, every door of usefulness, every pathway of fame and favor, are open to all of you."

His "testimony" in the conference and prayer-room at Poland is worthy of being made a motto by young people's

societies: "*I believe religion to be the best thing in all the world.*" It showed reflection.

There were two schools in Poland, a Presbyterian and a Methodist, which became united in a literary school. The prosperous farmers sent their children to this union school from the wide country around. The near pupils came with their dinner-pails; the pupils from far new roads or from distant pioneer farmsteads boarded in town at a cost of two or more dollars a week. Those whose family incomes were small secured rooms and bought food from the baker, or brought it in baskets from home, and lived very frugally and simply. They thought little of how they lived, but only of their progress in their studies.

Young William McKinley soon became the leading mind in the school. He loved poetry—Longfellow, Bryant, Tennyson; he read Mrs. Browning; he was a student of the orations of Edward Everett.

At Poland he was what as a little boy he had been at Niles. It made him happy to have a yielding heart. But, yielding and loving as he was, the old Scotch blood was in him. He came to love Burns's great ballad "*Bannockburn*," the song of the freedom of Scotland. He caught the note of universal liberty in it, and it sung itself in him.

The Fourth of July was the great holiday in Trumbull County. The boys and girls shouted as the long July day broke in fire, and ran to Youngstown, where were "great doings" from daybreak to the deep night of stars and fire-flies. The morning birds were put to flight in their songs by powder-crackers, and the nimble squirrels ran out of sight

into the walls, fences, and hollows of trees. Bells rang, cannon boomed, and the flag bloomed over the green trees in the dewy air.

Mrs. McKinley took boarders, and the "girls" helped her to do the work. She toiled for the education of her family, as her husband lived apart from them the better to help his boys and girls to acquire an education.

Young McKinley loved his toiling mother. When the holidays came, with their hurrahs, picnics, crackers, barking dogs, and scampering cats, he was not moved from his heart's plan by the jollity. He loved fun, and was popular with fun-loving people, but he loved his mother and sisters more.

"William," said his mother on more than one Independence Day, "we cannot go to Youngstown to-day; the girls and I must stay at home, there is so much that must be done to keep my family at school."

"Then, mother, I will stay at home and help you do it. It may be that father will come home from the furnace. If so, it would make him happy to find me here."

"No, you are young; go and enjoy yourself with the boys. It is your right to go as a boy. I do not wish you to stay; go to the training."

"But I do not want to go; I would rather stay with you."

When President, that boy wrote to his old mother every day.

The academy was full of lively boys and girls. They formed a literary society there, and William became their natural leader. Among the subjects that they discussed was, "Which is the greater poem, Owen Meredith's 'Lucile,' or

Mrs. Browning's 'Aurora Leigh'?"—a topic that not many students of Vassar, Wellesley, or probably Harvard or Yale, would be fully competent to discuss now. Time seems to have decided in favor of "Aurora Leigh," but we can imagine some brainy girl of Poland quoting with an air of triumph the magic and noble lines from "Lucile,"

"No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

The girls of this society planned to beautify the room where they met. They purchased a carpet of very attractive colors and pattern; but one of them said, "The boys will spoil it, in muddy and snowy weather, with their hob-nailed shoes."

What were they to do? They resolved to make slippers for the boys. Some bad weather arising before the slippers were made, the boys entered the room in their stockings, and young William McKinley presided in his.

The school loved Longfellow, and his poems, as they were then appearing, were an inspiration. Annie and William shared such lines as "The Psalm of Life" and "Excelsior." It is a growing influence for lovers of poetry and music of the same family to share these arts together.

Annie McKinley delighted to see her young brother's mind so promisingly unfolding. One day she said to him:

"I am about to teach school. You have helped me to prepare to be a faithful teacher. If I gain success and

money, I will give you a part of what I earn toward your higher education."

It became known to the family and to their friends that Annie expected to teach, and that one purpose of her teaching was to get money to help her favorite brother to study law.

Mr. McKinley lived for his family. He toiled alone at the furnaces at Niles that his children might be better educated at Poland, six miles away. He could visit them weekly, and it was the joy of his life to note the progress they were making in an education that promised a larger influence in life than could come to him.

Annie McKinley caught her father's spirit. She believed that what one did for one's own family tended to larger influence in life. Annie, in one sense, made William McKinley the great personality that he came to be; she was the good angel of his life. Was he in sorrow, he sought her companionship; was the fever upon him, he found rest, comfort, and hope in the touch of her hand.

There are people in northern Ohio who still recall her as a noble and notable woman; as one who sought the good of every one, and who held character-building to be the highest mission of life. She seemed like one who had been closeted with the Unseen. She obeyed spiritual law in everything, and so gained a larger consciousness of life than others. She became a teacher, and one of the characters who made men. She molded the character of her brother for a high destiny by her own example of sacrifice. She felt that what she did for him she did for life.

He returned from a school that he had attempted to "keep" when a mere boy, broken in health, disappointed and discouraged.

"My sister, it is your hand that must be strength to me now. Let me feel your hand upon my forehead, and I can wait. You do believe in me?"

"Yes, brother, I believe in you."

"And you pity me?"

"I believe in you, and pity you, but you must believe in yourself, and not pity yourself, to rise up. 'With God all things are possible,' means more than that God can do everything. It means that *with Him* we can do much. Every sacrifice that we make for others gives us new power, and brings us new consciousness of what life is. It has become my joy to give myself to others. You will get well again, and there awaits you some destiny in life that is worthy of your heart. I feel that this is so. I will help you in every way I can. As father lives for us, so I will try to do my best for our family. I love and honor father."

"If I should ever become anything worthy, I would think of you in this way—that you believed in me more than anyone else. To think good of one helps one to grow; we struggle to fulfil the best that true hearts hope for us. The purpose of life is to grow, and to help others to grow."

"Yes, William; and in helping others to grow, we grow ourselves."

He dreamed of the splendid careers of Wade and Giddings. He read of how these two men were molding public opinion in the halls of state. What they had done, any man

might do, or might rise to the best that was in him, according to his own ability. He himself might not fulfil Santa Anna's prophecy, but he might make the best use of his powers. Every boy has his hero. He began to aspire for an education in the law, after the manner of Benjamin Wade.

When Mother Wetherby heard that Annie McKinley had resolved to devote a part of her savings as a teacher to the education of her brother, little William, she felt that she had a "duty to do," and she resolved to do it. She accordingly approached the McKinley house at Poland one Saturday, when Annie was likely to be at home, with a sprig of balm in her hand and a message in her soul to deliver to the "misguided Annie." She found herself and Annie by themselves in the evening, and she approached the subject of her mission prudently and cautiously.

"Annie," she said, "I have something to say to you. It has been on my mind for a considerable time now. I am a woman of experience, as you know, and have seen much of the world, and have come to the conclusion that a man's best friend is his bank account."

Annie looked very much surprised, and said, "Why have you come to that conclusion, Mother Wetherby?"

"Oh! because I have seen so much. There was old Jacob Bently, for example; he put out his money on the education of that son of his, and the boy set up in lumber dealing, and failed; and when Jacob came to be old he must have felt that a man's best friend was his pocket-book."

"The young man failed," said Annie, "but he was honest, and his failure taught him how to avoid future mis-

takes. He is now one of the most successful lumber dealers in Michigan. He carried in his heart the greatest gratitude for his father, and that was more than money. There is money that does not enrich. Young Bently offered his father one of the best homes in the lumber country on the lakes."

"And so you think it will be with little William; but don't you do it, Annie; don't you do it—now I warn you. The time will come when you will need your money for your own self. And, here, you listen to me now: you cannot make a silk purse out of a pig's ears, as the Scripture says."

"You have heard, it seems, that I am going to lend money to William to help him in his law studies."

"Yes, 'twill all amount to nothing, and the time will come when you will need your money for your own use and that of your family. Think of your father's slaving himself in Niles, that his children may attend the academy in Poland; think of the poverty that is likely to come to him some day. You will need all your money in that day, Annie, and then you will think of how I warned you, and of what I said, that a man's best friend is his bank account."

"But what father is doing for us makes me wish to help William. What father is doing for us has led him to see the needs of education in the towns and country, and to live with a purpose. I would rather die in the almahouse, after a life of good influence, than to fail to do my duty in life in any respect. I am resolved to become as useful a teacher as I can, and even if William should not become an eminent lawyer, what I do for him will help *me* to become more

efficient in my service to the cause of education. 'A high aim is curative.' It little matters what becomes of me if I do my duty, and that I am resolved to do. I must do by William as father is doing by us: live for the future. I shall share my earnings with little William."

"Well, do as your mind is bent, but when the day of cold poverty comes, remember that I warned you, and tried to make you see that a man's best friend is his pocket-book." She waved her sprig of balm silently, and looked wise and far-away. "There are days that return again," said she at last. "This will be one of them. Annie, you mean well, but you lift your bow too high. What is it that you say about your aim?"

"'A high aim is curative,'" repeated Annie, quoting. "A person who seeks what is best, that he may possibly attain little, concerns himself about that which is small, unfruitful, and unworthy. I am resolved to do my best in every way I can; to help my own family, and others, in everything that promises to make them better; to live every day as if it were a life, and to leave the final events with God."

"Well, we shall see," said Mother Wetherby. "But, Annie, whatever may come, you are a noble girl now, and I have warned you."

They sat in silence, Mother Wetherby passing the sprig of balm now and then before her nose, as if wondering.

Mr. McKinley had returned home one day from his forges at Niles. His wife had gone to a Methodist meeting at

Poland, and William and the children had gone with her. Mr. McKinley and Annie were left alone.

"Annie, I wish to talk with you, since we are left alone," said Mr. McKinley. "You have promised to help William in his law studies. I think that you have done right, and have acted wisely. Annie, you are a noble girl."

"Don't say that, father. It will help me to become a better teacher, to use greater exertions to give William a law education. It will relieve you from larger expenses. You sacrificed much to place us here at Poland, and you did much for the cause of education in northern Ohio by setting such an example. You say that I am a noble girl; you are a noble man."

"It is but little that I can do for my family or for others, but I do love Ohio, and hold education to be her greatest need. I toil to bring about the best results in my furnaces, and I can set a right example to my family by giving up my own comfort for their good. I am happy and content if I can make the future better. He need not lack happiness who has bright prospects. What do you think of the promise of William as a student?"

"I only know that he has an honest nature and a good heart. He thinks of himself last. It is less the head than the heart that wins favor and influence. Men who live for others make others, absorb others. He would become an honest, right-hearted lawyer."

"That is saying much; but Mother Wetherby has views of life that are worth considering, and critics are often our best friends. They tell us the truth. She but expresses the

opinion of many people when she says that it is our duty to provide for ourselves first; that a man's best friend is his pocket-book; that a man thrives best on the education that he has wholly earned himself. Did William ask you to help him in his new education?"

"He did not. He has a spirit too independent. It is good for a family to help each other. It binds the ties closer; it leaves a memory full of gratitude. Whether it helps our own to become eminently useful or not, it helps us to help. Father, I wish to become a model teacher in northern Ohio. I wish to make myself a model by doing for myself the best I can; by becoming the best that I can become. I read Longfellow with William to help him, then I persuaded him to accept money from me for his education in the law, in order to help you."

"Annie, this pays me for all my loneliness at the forge. I thank God for you. I am a happy man."

This happy man went back to his lonely forge with happiness in his heart. Annie went to her work with a high purpose in her every effort. She became the model teacher of northern Ohio. Her father lived a life of content, with a future brightening his smoky face. The two hearts were in union with each other, Annie's and her father's. What would be the effect of this silent education on William?

CHAPTER XIV

GARFIELD, THE YOUNG EVANGELIST



AFTER the family moved to Poland, Waltermere disappeared from the Mahoning Valley. Many people talked of him, and wondered where he might be singing his "suggestions." None would ever forget him who had heard him sing the song that patient Peggy Dow had so loved, "The Eden of Love."

One misty night there was a gathering in the Sparrow Tavern to meet a natural story-teller, a drover who had arrived there. He told his stories, and the guests were discussing them.

There fell a rap upon the door. It was a gentle rap. People did not often rap on the door of the common room of a tavern.

"Come," said the innkeeper, in a hospitable voice.

The door slowly opened, spreading a shadow, when there appeared a tall young man in a wammus, whose face drew to it all eyes. He had no traveling-bag, but he had in his arms a lap-melodeon.

"Waltermere," said the innkeeper, "you are welcome. I hope you bring to us a new piece of music in your heart and voice."

At that time a new piece of music which caught the ear of the country, and was sung everywhere, and whistled by men at work, on wagons, in lonely ways, appeared nearly every year. Foster, the author of "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Dog Tray," and the like, was writing them; and the blind poetess, Fanny Crosby, had written for Dr. Root's cheerful music, "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower."

The popular ear waited for like new tunes, which were one of the charms of a period of minstrel days. The music of these airs had a heart quality, but was not always intellectual; and the poetry had a certain genius of interpretation of what was human, and was seldom perfect. But these songs came to the people for half a generation like the purple wings of the swallow on the glowing spring air. The heart knew them when they came, and the home people sang them, and everybody hailed the new tune.

The people in the tavern room were in expectancy.

Some of them had never met Waltermere, but they knew, from what the innkeeper had suggested, that he could sing.

The innkeeper said to Waltermere: "Come into the supper-room. After supper you shall cheer us up with your latest song."

Waltermere spread out his hands, and to the surprise of all said, "Let me say grace before I eat, and tell you who I am."

He sat down on a bench in the middle of the floor and

began to play on his lap-melodeon, closing his eyes and lifting his voice:

"I'm a pilgrim,
And I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry
But a night.
Do not detain me,
For I am going
To where the fount of life
Is ever flowing.
I'm a pilgrim,
And I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry
But a night."

His voice was beautiful and tender to-night, with gladness in it.

"That is a man of mystery," said a taverner, as Waltermere followed the innkeeper into the supper-room. "Who is he?"

"He has answered you—'a pilgrim,'" said another taverner.

"A singing pilgrim," said another. "I think that he is a Campbellite preacher."

"We will ask him who he is when he comes back."

Waltermere soon came back.

"Who are you, may I ask?" said the last speaker to him in a respectful tone.

"I'm a pilgrim."

"A singing pilgrim?"

"Yes, I am one of the singing pilgrims that go about

singing the gospel with the evangelists. I sing for suggestion. Young Garfield, of Hiram College, is coming to preach in this country, and I am here to make appointments for him."

"Who is Garfield?"

"One of the brethren, a Campbellite."

"Are you a preacher?"

"No; I would that I were. I am only an endeavorer. I sing new songs. God grant that I may have the hidden manna, the white stone, and the new name, and sing the new song at last."

He held out his hands before the fire.

He seemed like one who dwelt in a spiritual atmosphere apart from the world.

"Are you preparing to preach?" asked one.

"Not until I am free. A cloud hangs over my name. I am as one accused; but 'I know that my Vindicator liveth'; and when I am made free from suspicion and my garments are clear, then will I preach."

The people who had not met him before were intensely interested.

"Have you any new song or hymn?" asked the tavern-keeper.

"Not one that is quite new. I am led by the Spirit as to what I sing, and the Spirit leads me to sing my pilgrim song, 'The Shining Shore.'"

This song was written by George F. Root, in his old country home at Reading, Mass. His good mother came into his room one day, where he was composing music, and,

stealing up behind him, put over his shoulder a paper in whose "poet's corner" were the words beginning, "My days are gliding swiftly by," and said, "George, I wish you would set those words to music."

The tune came to him at once, but he did not understand the words, only their inner suggestion. The words had been written by a clergyman while fleeing from a political mob and hiding in the early evening in the river woods of the Mississippi. Across the river was a free city, where the lamplighter was lighting the lamps, and the shore shone. Here the shining shore suggested the hymn, which he wrote out after crossing the river. The hymn came to be sung at nearly all social meetings, and in England and Scotland, and on the ships of the sea.

Waltermere sang, to his lap-melodeon,

"My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,"

or the "Shining Shore." Afterward he began to speak to the people in the room.

"There are many young men here," he said; "and as I travel up and down, I try to find young men who may become 'gospel lights' in the world. Garfield is one. He is endeavoring. A young man of the name of Stanton is one; he is holding meetings with the boys; the future light is in him, but he knows it not. He is endeavoring. I wish I could find one such boy among you here, one who is endeavoring."

"That must be William McKinley," said the innkeeper,

laughing. "He sits on the step and studies all the time, and is determined to become something, sure. I never knew a boy to study so."

"'Seest thou a man diligent in his business,'" said Waltermere, "'he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.' Old Alba Sanford—Santa Anna—once told McKinley that, although he was hard to learn, he might be President yet."

The people now laughed as did the scholars in the old school at Niles.

"Well," said Waltermere, "I have great hopes in boys who are laughed at. They generally have better purposes than others that make them seem queer. Columbus was laughed at by the schools and by the great council of Salamanca; Romulus was laughed at; they were all laughed at, the boys whose secret high purpose led them to study, who had a consciousness of the future."

"But who is this young Garfield?" asked the innkeeper.

"I met him at Hiram, and I do believe that the prophet's light is in him. I can see spiritually. If you will listen, I will tell you about him, and of the wonderful experience that he has had. He is one of the boys who are endeavoring. I treasure up experiences like his for suggestions; to tell a religious experience is a suggestion."

The innkeeper opened the stove-door, and the fire gleamed red. The men and boys gathered up close to the singing pilgrim, for his loving atmosphere and earnest face drew them to him; and he told them the story of the young

man Garfield, whom he had found, and for whom he was making appointments to preach in the country.

Just as he was about to begin his story about the young Campbellite preacher, James A. Garfield, Mother Wetherby, who was visiting in Poland, came into the common room, knitting with glittering needles. She bent her eye on the flying needles and said: "I hope I don't intrude; but I used to travel over to Cuyahoga County, and I knew Mrs. Garfield, the widow, and what a hard time she had, picking over coal, and bringing up her boys, and all; and I want to hear the singing pilgrim as well as you; so if you'll let me sit down here, beside little William McKinley, I'll drop my knitting into my lap and will not take up much room."

"You may have my bench, mother," said William.

"What did you say that for? I ain't your mother. But that is just like William; he always thinks of himself last."

The pilgrim's eyes immediately turned on William.

"It is those who think of themselves last that the people wish to become first," said the pilgrim. "Perhaps William, like Garfield, will become an endeavorer."

"Well," said Mother Wetherby, "William and I do not agree always. He is too smart. But he is the best boy to his mother and his sister Annie that I ever saw. Why, he would give up his seat to the cat or dog. He thinks of the comfort of others all the time. I don't wonder his sister Annie sets store by him."

The pilgrim bent his dark eyes again on William. He began his story in a very simple way.

"A pioneer had died leaving a widow with two children. One of these boys was called Tommy, and the other Jimmy. The two loved each other.

"When the widow's meal-chest was full, the family had three meals of pudding, or porridge. When there was little meal in the chest, they went to bed without their suppers.

"Jimmy wanted to go to school. He hungered for learning, but he had no shoes, nor had his good mother money to buy him any.

"Winter was coming on. The meal-chest was poor in its bins.

"'I will go out to work this winter, mother,' said Tommy, then nine years of age.

"So he hired himself to a farmer, and left home, and parted from his younger brother Jimmy, whom he loved as his own life.

"The trumpets of the storm-winds began to sound the coming of winter and the snow to fall. But Jimmy had no shoes. The district school opened, but Jimmy could not go to school; he had no shoes.

"Tommy worked hard fourteen hours a day at the farmer's, and one Saturday night he came home and brought to his mother his wages, six dollars in half-dollars.

"'You may have it all,' he said, 'only buy Jimmy a pair of shoes, so that he may go to school.'

"I think that pair of shoes has started Jimmy on a long way of life. He is preaching now, and I have been singing with him."

He told the story of the young life of the preacher, which was in part as follows:

In 1851 there came to the Eclectic Institute at Hiram, Ohio, a young man by the name of James A. Garfield, who was the "Jimmy" of whom the singing-teacher had spoken. He was broad-shouldered, with a bushy head of hair and a face with iron in it. He was rather plain in his manners, but he had the instincts of a gentleman. He had a lofty religious faith that made him appear in an assembly like a noble man.

He must pay for his own education, so he offered the school his services as a janitor. That simple service made him manly and independent. He built fires and recited to himself the lessons when building them. He swept the floor and did the work well, while his studious duties occupied his mind.

And he rang the bell. He loved to hear its hammer-like music echo over the hills. He did not think less, or aspire less, because he had to work. He went to the bell-rope from the prayer-room, and so prepared his soul for destiny. One of his college friends said of him:

"My first distinct recollection of him was on seeing him within a day or two after the opening of the term, 1851. He stood in the hall grasping the bell-rope to signal the change of classes. His clothing was of Kentucky jeans, and his arms to the elbow were protected by sleeves of calico."

O boy of the Western Reserve, in blue jeans, ringing out the bell over the windy hill, little did your companions

think that you would one day return here amid the waving of banners and roll of drums! Nor didst thou dream of such a scene. To thee, soul-value was everything in those healthy, hearty, manly days.

He taught a district school in 1852, and on returning to Hiram he uttered these ringing words: "O that I possessed the power to scatter firebrands of ambition among the youth of the rising generation, and let them see the greatness of the age in which they live and the destiny to which mankind are rushing, together with the part that they are destined to act in the great drama of human existence!"

He began to see that destiny, and prepared for it like a giant, with money earned by his own hands. He was his own master and he owned himself. In his dire poverty his soul grew. He did to-morrow's work to-day. He saw the real worth of life even at this early period. Listen to the young philosopher:

"Knowledge is only an increase of power, and is only good when directed to good ends. Though a man have all knowledge, if he have not the love of God, he will fail."

He studied almost unceasingly. If he allowed himself a social hour, it was to listen to music. Simple ballad music rested his brain. He loved such popular ballads as "Ben Bolt" and the "Blue Juniata," "Lilly Dale," and the passing song, for that period every year, as we have said, brought some new pleasing household song. Suddenly it became known to the college that he was an orator. One of the first thrilling outbursts of argumentative oratory was brought out in an unexpected way.

In May, 1852, there came to Hiram a lecturer against the Bible and Christianity, a man with such views as Ingersoll came to represent on the platform at a later day. People flocked to hear him, for he was brilliant in sarcasm. He invited learned men to debate with him, and he seemed to vanquish them all. Few saw the force of the scriptural teaching that if a man accept Jesus Christ he shall receive in himself the witness of the Holy Spirit. This lecturer had confused men of learning and he became very self-sufficient and proud. People thought him a prodigy of culture.

One night he gave a lecture on the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures, and claimed that these had been corrupted by priestcraft. People seemed to be influenced by what he had said, for they could not read Hebrew or Greek, but they thought that he could, and that he spoke from original knowledge.

The soul of young Garfield burned with indignation at the falsity of some of the charges that he made. When the lecturer closed, he said, "I challenge any one to answer this indictment."

Garfield arose. "May I ask the lecturer one question?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Will you kindly tell the audience what is the present participle of the verb 'to be' in Greek, the simplest word in the Greek language?"

The lecturer stood dumb. He was no Greek scholar, and he did not know the simple Greek word.

"I do not know, sir."

Then young Garfield turned to the audience, and defended the Bible as the revelation of truth and the book of righteousness, that had received the sanction of the largest honest scholarship of the world. His words flashed, burned, and glowed, and he began to feel and friends to see the gift that was in him. He afterward went to Williams College, and after graduating there, returned to Hiram to teach.

Then he began to preach as a Disciple. There were many Disciples at this time who went out to schoolhouses and byways to preach. They were not ordained, in the usual use of the word; they had the inward calling; they simply claimed to be Disciples.

Garfield, as a Disciple, married people, baptized them in living streams of water, preached funeral sermons, and wherever he went he towered above the multitude, and taught the witness of the Spirit as the evidence of the Gospel. He became the favorite preacher at yearly meetings. His name drew a crowd wherever he was announced to appear. Right living and hard study had lifted him above the people. They accepted what he said, and those days were among the happiest of his life.

The singing-master went to hear young Garfield lecture, and sang to his lap-melodeon. He met the latter after the lecture.

"You are a Disciple?" he said.

"My commission to preach comes from within," said the orator. "You sing beautifully. I wish you would learn my song."

"What is your song?"

"'Ho, Reapers of Life's Harvest.'"

"I will learn it. I wish to preach."

"Then you can. '*With God, all things are possible.*' Mark how I quote that passage. Why do you not preach, if you have the inward calling?"

Waltermere had told his story.

"You sing the gospel as well as you preach it. Song is divine suggestion."

Waltermere resolved now not to preach, but to sing the gospel to the pioneers in the lone places of the wilderness. He had read the story of Francis Lyte, who wrote "Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken" and "Abide With Me"; how he consecrated his life to work among the sailors who came and went, and could leave him nothing for his message except the good wishes of the spiritual life which he was the means of awakening in their souls.

Lorenzo Dow, who was not a buffoon, but a really wonderful man in his native ability and in what he did, had sought to preach where no one else had found a way for such service. So Waltermere resolved to sing where no gospel songs had before been heard. He felt that, while others were singing the gospel on the world's great platforms, he should go to the homes of the poor pioneers.

The conviction grew. Into the wilderness places he went, to the lone cabins of the pioneers. Here he sang and planted the seeds of churches. He sought no fame, coveted no one's money. Like Dow, he sang freely,

"No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in the wilderness,
A poor wayfaring man."

Beautiful was his rendering of the hymn, "How Sweet to Reflect on the Joys that Await Me!" or the "Eden of Love." Toilers listened to it with bated breath. What were all their hardships, if they could have a hope like that? He thrilled all hearts when he shouted out the words,

"My soul will respond, 'To Immanuel be given
All glory, all honor, all might and dominion.'"

There was a rising of religious interest in the country. It was the time of great camp-meetings in Ohio. Some of the great groves where these meetings were held are summer resorts. They were beautiful then in late midsummer, after haying and the wheat-harvest, with young birds and nimble squirrels in their sunny boughs.

The shadowy coolness of fall gave a sympathetic tinge to the rowened meadows. The wild asters and flowers of purple tinge lined the waysides. People came to these meetings from miles around the consecrated groves. The wilderness people came, those who dwelt apart from the rest. The pupils of the school of Poland went to these meetings from their many homes, and in these influences the McKinleys shared.

One day a poster was nailed to a guide-post at Youngstown, which caused the marketmen coming into the town to rein up their horses.

MEETING

SUNDAY—UNDER THE GOSPEL TREES

GARFIELD WILL PREACH

SINGING BY THE PILGRIM

It was a great day under the Gospel Trees. It opened with a hymn which the Singing Pilgrim sang as a solo. The hymn was one by Newton, a man who was once profane and who had engaged in the African slave-trade:

“In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight
And curbed my high career.

“I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood;
He turned his dying look on me
As near his cross I stood.”

It was afternoon. The shadows of the great trees were lengthening along the meadows green with rowen. Shocks of grain with sparkling golden luster stood on the hillsides. The migrating birds were gathering in flocks, and blue jays on the maples answered the loud tone of the preacher.

The sermon had been preached, and then Waltermere, with his lap-melodeon, was brought forward to sing again. He sat down on a high platform. He touched the keys, working the bellows with his elbows. The first chords of music announced to the people the hymn, “The Eden of Love.”

A silence came over the assembly. The people all wanted to hear that hymn. They were about to part, many of them not to meet again for a year. Their hearts were tender; many eyes began to moisten as soon as the lap-melodeon gave the suggestion of the words to be sung.

Waltermere lifted his eyes, and his lip quivered with emotion as he saw people weeping even before he began to sing.

Suddenly there fell under his eye a face that well might have paralyzed his hand. A negro, swaying to and fro, "weaving Christian tape," stood just outside the assembly. His face was scarred. He was the negro that he had met on the night when the house disappeared.

Joy thrilled him. "Now the mystery will be made clear," thought he. His face beamed and he began the song,

"How sweet to reflect on those joys that await me,
In yon blissful regions, the haven of rest!"

The glimmering beams of the departing day were sprinkling the woods. The audience sat silent. Some one arose and said: "Singing Pilgrim, we are soon to separate, and it is the desire of all our hearts to hear that song again."

Waltermere beckoned to the negro and said to him: "Wait until after I have sung the hymn again. I wish to speak with you."

An anxious, frightened look came into the negro's face, and he said reverently: "'Fore Gord, I have seen you before. Don't ever mention it: Oh, massa singer, give me the mercy of silence!"

Waltermere repeated the hymn with greater tenderness. Even the horses seemed to listen, and a preacher shouted: "This is heaven's own camp-ground!"

He ceased singing; the assembly began to dissolve.

Waltermere looked for the negro, but the man was nowhere to be seen; he had gone. No one seemed to have known him or to have noticed his disappearance. In the intensity of feeling awakened by the song he had vanished. The heart of Waltermere sank. Would he ever see this man again?

CHAPTER XV

FOUR BOYS WHO WERE TO BECOME PRESIDENTS



THE story of the lost inn, as told by the Tunker, Waltermere, had become a mystery of Western Pennsylvania and Northern Ohio, and was repeated at household fires. It was one of those tales that take hold of the popular imagination and grow. To the new people whom he met the Wanderer seemed to be an inoffensive, blameless man, with a heart full of song and a beautiful voice for singing "suggestions." He wore a robe without buttons; but this was not peculiar, as many members of the German religious orders did the same. His conscience was sensitive; the shadow of life that rested on his mind was the reflection that people must suspect him of being either a dishonest and untruthful man, or else one with an unbalanced mind and subject to illusion.

How could it be otherwise? Had he not alarmed a village with the tale that he had been led by his necessities into a house of robbers, and had not the sheriff and his posse found no house on the place to which he had led them within a day after the alarming events that he had described? Was

it ever known that an inn vanished in a night and left no trace behind?

His story had become known to many people, and it followed him. He was not accused of dishonesty; his life forbade that; but people said, "There is something strange about that man."

Some one had given him an alert little animal full of instinctive intelligence. It was a Scottish collie, and a wonderful creature in all his ways. He seemed almost to possess the faculty of reason. He was called "Little Faithful." This nimble dog followed his master's feet everywhere. He was on the watch for expressions of affection from his master. A word from the latter made him happy, and sent him bounding along the way. He begged for affectionate notice as for a bone. To do things to please his master was his life. He was a beautiful creature. Once Little Faithful disappeared. His master wandered about for him in vain.

But one night his master came to a forest inn, and, to his great surprise, found Little Faithful there. The dog rolled over with delight on hearing the voice of his master.

"Where did you get that dog?" asked the Tunker of the landlord.

"I raised him from a pup."

"There must be some mistake," said the Tunker. "He is mine; but since the claim for him is disputed, I will buy him of you. For how much will you sell him?"

"I do not care to sell him at all," said the landlord.

Little Faithful seemed to understand these words. He slunk away, turning back his head doubtfully.

"Let him decide to whom he belongs," said the Tunker. "Leave him loose when I go away. I will not call him after me. If he stays with you, he is yours; if he follows me, he is mine."

The Tunker went away. The dog did not attempt to follow him as he started. The landlord called after him, "You have lost your claim."

The Tunker wondered at the conduct of the dog. Was he Faithful, or were there two dogs exactly alike? If so, how did this dog seem to know him, and to be overjoyed at meeting him? He went on his way for some miles until nightfall, his mind reverting to the dog. Toward evening, when the air was still, something stirred the wayside bushes in the tall timber. A cry of pent-up joy rent the air, and Little Faithful came leaping upon him. So thrilled was the dog with joy that he leaped up to his master's neck. His body bounded with delight. Why did he not follow him at first? Did he reason that the hotel-keeper would call him back? Did he plan his way of escape?

The two wandered together over the Western Reserve and down the banks of the Ohio River. They were like comrades. Wherever the Tunker slept, the dog lay at his feet. The Tunker's strange tale was repeated on the tavern settles. A common theory was that "he was a little touched in mind."

"He is an honest man," said Father McKinley, who could see into men as well as into iron, "but he is not quite all there; he is a little off, or else the inn did disappear, as he said. Perhaps it did; who knows?"

"An inn never vanished in a night," said the people at the inn who heard this theory.

"But it may have blown down."

"And left no timber behind?" asked they.

"It may have burned down," said the clear-sighted furnace-manager.

"And left no coals?" asked they.

"No, but somehow that man tells the truth; I can read the truth in his voice, in his look; truth has only one tone and expression."

Benjamin Wade was a lawyer who had not only a sense of justice, but a will to get at the truth of any case when a man was falsely accused. He was a rough-speaking man, but he had a true heart.

"Were I ever to go to Pittsburg," he said, "I would investigate this case. I sometimes think I will do it as a mere matter of justice, or send one of my law-students to do it."

The wonder-tale grew, but the Tunker led such an honest, kindly life that suspicion of any intentional deception departed from him. His dog believed in him; so did every one.

At this time a new song thrilled the nation. It seemed to be caught up by the winds; it was "Old Dog Tray." The Tunker made it a mission to sing such new songs at his singing-classes and in halls, and crowds of people began to follow him wherever he went—he and his faithful dog. Singing-conventions multiplied under the inspiration of Dr. Root, whose "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower," with words by blind Fanny Crosby, had won the hearts in Western homes.

The Tunker attended these singing-conventions with his

tuning-fork and lap-melodeon. It was his delight to sing a religious ballad, which was a song long afterward liked by President Lincoln, "If I Were a Voice."

He was taken into the hearts of the people on such occasions, and sometimes after being much applauded he would go out into the leafy woods, among the birds, and shed tears and say, "Oh, that I were free from suspicion!" and would pray that his innocence might be proved.

At one of these conventions a startling message came to him. It was from the young lawyer who was reading law at the Giddings and Wade law-office. It simply read:

"I have been examining your case. There *was* a house in the glen into which you went that night."

How could that have been? There was no house there on the next day at noon; the snow lay white in the glen, and the hemlocks around it were clothed in snow. The rocks were covered with snow. It was the same glen, and there was not so much as a beam of the house which he visited in the evening.

"But the negro!" he said. "I can never forget that face. It wore a scar on one cheek, and his eyes, they carried a mystery. I may meet him again!"

The young lawyer had not sent him his name. He had acted in the spirit of Giddings and Wade, a spirit that sought the public good as a law supreme. Waltermere wrote to Jefferson, where Wade lived, but for some unknown reason received no answer. He could himself go to Jefferson when he had the means.

It was known that he was wandering in search of his honor, and the hearts of the people followed him. He went to Jefferson, but at that time several law-students had gone away, and the firm personally knew nothing of the matter. So the poor man was again a wanderer in search of honor.

He aspired to become a Disciple, but he wandered on and on with his lap-melodeon and his little dog, never losing faith in the supposed prophecy of the white stone of revelation, and of the acquittal and "freedom of the city" at the "gate of victory."

Waltermere had a lively interest in young students of genius, and it grew. He liked to form singing-classes in colleges, and to help students who must make their own way in college life. To this end he became an agent for two books then very popular in colleges: Rev. John Todd's "Student's Manual" and "Index Rerum." Dr. Todd, the author of these and other books, the friend of Mary Lyon, had made a strenuous effort to secure an education. He was born of a mother who became insane; his father had died while he was a child; and he had been left to bitter poverty. A strong purpose to acquire an education rose within him. He walked all the way from Boston to New Haven, to enter Yale College. When he was born, people said, "What a mercy it would be if this child were to die!" But he lived to fill all Christian schools with the influence of his books. He was like the father of children's literature.

Waltermere gave agencies to poor students for the sale of these books. "Why do I do this?" he would say. "Because the example of the author goes with the books. 'He

can who thinks he can,' say the works of this man, while they furnish means to the poor student by his selling them to his fellows. Books are suggestions."

For years the singing-master did this work, and among the promising poor students that he came to know was one in North Bend, one at Hiram College, one at Kenyon College, and one at Poland, all of them destined to be presidents of the United States. He could not see then what characters he was helping to form. He thought that he was doing little in the world, but his view was perverted; he was a builder of men; he was helping the young to grow. His wandering life was no flight of a bird through the air; he was doing mentally and morally what Johnny Apple-seed did, sowing orchards to enrich the poor man's farm.

The people everywhere loved him more and more, and all hearts wished that the secret which so depressed him might be discovered, and that he could feel free from all suspicion, as he desired. They sang with him heartily when he sang, "My Brother, I Wish You Well."

In the course of his years of wanderings he went to North Bend, Ohio, and he there found a poor student with an historic name.

There were five homes along the Ohio River counties, or their adjuncts, where five boys were preparing by hard labor to become presidents of these United States. The world never before witnessed a yeomanry like that. Five Cincinnati-suses! The conditions were common in all these homes, and in them lies a secret of success. First, all these boys were helping their parents to create a home in the wilderness.

Second, the parents of them all held the education of boys to be of higher importance than to gain wealth. Third, all of these boys helped to earn their own education. Fourth, all had honest souls. I never read of a trick in the early life of one of them. Fifth, they were all helped by the prayers of one or both of their parents. Sixth, all were taught to follow the counsels of the Bible. A study of the Bible in youth makes great careers, or gives the ideals of the best life.

Who was this boy, of an historic name? It was Benjamin Harrison. General Lew Wallace, with a graphic pen, describes the home in which Benjamin Harrison was developed. Read it, boys who think that a plain, homely life debars you from anything.

“Extending southward from the old Harrison homestead at North Bend there is a tongue of land quite five miles in length; its lower extremity touches the Indiana boundary line; the north side is swept by the Miami River; upon the south side the Ohio rolls its placid stream. On this promontory, or backbone, as some might be pleased to call it, is what was the farm of John Scott Harrison.

“It answered to cultivation generously; corn grew there in abundance. The wheat was good. It furnished the family all the staples of life. Seldom, if ever, had they to go out to market. From it the cellar was well supplied. The cattle and horses that ranged it were always fat and sleek. The proprietor was, in fact, a good farmer; he might have been nothing else out of the ordinary, but that he was in fair degree. He gave himself to the occupation patiently and

successfully, at least so far as the blessing of plenty to eat and wear is concerned.

"The poverty that overtook him in his later days was a consequence of his generosity and a judgment too easily cheated by people who wormed their way into his confidence. He put on no style. If his disposition had tended that way, he had not the means to indulge it. One thing he was determined upon: whatever else happened, he would educate his children. His residence fronted the Ohio River; between the river and the door was a small, plain, old-fashioned, log schoolhouse. On account of the distance to any other schools, it was impossible that his boys should attend them.

"Very early in the life of Benjamin his father was in the habit of employing private teachers. Their salaries were light, as they were called upon only to impart the simplest elementary instruction. His nephews very often were accommodated in his house and placed under instruction together with his own children. Boys of his nearest neighbors were also attendants there. The teachers were sometimes men, sometimes women; and they were not employed all the year round, but generally in the winter.

"The cabin was, as is usual with such buildings, of the very plainest. The floor was of puncheon, the windows few and small. In one end was a great fireplace, habitually filled with logs in the morning to burn all day. The benches were slabs raised above the floor by sticks fitted in through auger-holes. They were without backs, and the little fellows, through the hours of session, dropped their legs without touching the floor with their feet. Altogether it was weary

employment for them. But as their studies were spelling, reading, and writing, they were not put to much mental effort. At recess they ran wild, and made up for lost time at play. In that humble structure Benjamin began his education.

"In seasons when crops were being planted and harvested, he was, as a farmer's boy, given employment suitable to his years. He fed the cattle; he did the milking, though he has since confessed that at this latter labor he was never a success. There his isolation from the world was complete. Visitors from the city came in flocks, always stopping at the old mansion above. Seldom, if ever, did they extend their journey to the farm on the peninsula. His own visitations to his grandmother's were frequent, for he was always a favorite with the old lady. She made much of him, and many times, upon his setting out homeward on the horse or the wagon, she came to the gate, and in giving him a parting kiss slipped a piece of money in his hand, of which he was duly proud. In later years, when he came to understand that she herself was not overblessed with riches, he appreciated the mark of affection all the more. At such times he had opportunities to see strangers. In most instances they were objects of wonder to him.

"Of Sundays, with his father and mother and all the family, he attended church at North Bend. As it had been the custom of the first General Harrison when at home to make tender of hospitality to the congregation, after his death the custom was perpetuated by the widow. The board at which the guests found themselves upon such occasions was

broad and profusely covered. Not seldom there were plates for fifty or more. If there were not three kinds of meat for the company, the aged hostess was unhappy. It is to be remarked, however, that everything constituting the menu was produced on the farm."

What homes were these! We have now had a glimpse of them all in the light thread of our story—McKinley's, Hayes's, Garfield's, Grant's, Harrison's. What rude surroundings, what rugged struggles, what poverty, what piety, what grand purposes, not for wealth, but for intelligent and noble character! What hammer-strokes in red furnaces! what ax-swingings! what beating of bare feet upon the tow-paths! What bared arms in the tannery! Noble souls were they all on the rolling Ohio.

What did these boys read? As a rule, the Bible, Shakespeare, Scott, Pilgrim's Progress, Plutarch's Lives, and like books. One needs only to read a dozen books to lay the foundations of an education. What are they?

1, the Bible; 2, Josephus; 3, Plutarch; 4, Homer; 5, some translation of the best of the Vedas; 6, Shakespeare; 7, Scott; 8, Macaulay; 9, Irving; 10, Tennyson; 11, Longfellow; 12, Whittier.

These boys had only some of these books, but the ones they had laid the foundation of solid structures. To be ennobled is noble, but to be self-ennobled is greater than all. These boys were sir knights of the forests and the field. They knew the worth of the scriptural text, "Owe no man anything." "These hands have ministered to my necessities,"

said St. Paul grandly. That was the Ohio spirit. In this spirit and atmosphere the lad McKinley was growing, and to grow was his life.

The Tunker's popularity as a singer alarmed poor Mrs. Wetherby, who said one day: "I, too, have found my mission in life: it is to keep all people equal. If I find folks down, I talk 'em up; and if I find people lifting their heads high above the level, I take 'em down. Now, the Tunker seems to be rising; how can we know but that he burned down that house in the forest himself and put the key in his pocket?"

Her antipathy toward McKinley grew. She talked with the Tunker about him one day.

"Mr. Waltermere," said she, "they do say that McKinley boy overtops all the scholars in the school. Did you ever think that he would amount to much?"

"Yes," said Waltermere.

"Well, why, now?"

He related to her the story of the hen that flew over the fence. "I think that the soul of a boy that would do as he did that day has honor that might make him a ruler among men."

"A ruler!" shrieked the old lady. "Why, you are as bad as was old Santa Anna with the poucher's neck. His mother told you that story, now."

"But she herself is the soul of honor."

"Yes, she is a good woman, as human critters go; but did you ever know any mother who tells the exact truth about her own children? There, answer me that, now."

"Yes."

"Who?"

"Mrs. McKinley."

A beautiful influence behind young McKinley's life in the days of his education, as we have said, was his sister Annie. She loved to toil that he might grow.

I have seen a picture of her calm, beautiful, forceful face. One of her friends said, "Annie McKinley was one of the noblest women that I ever knew."

She became a teacher first at Poland, and went away from her home to teach; and wherever she taught she created character. She brought strength to doubtful resolution. People found the right path in life when they followed her almost unerring instincts and yielded to the sympathetic touch of her hand.

It was so with little William, and William the boy and student. She saw the promise in him, and continued to give to him the courage of her own high resolution.

They sat together, one day, under the roadway trees at Poland. The deep streams flowed by—the Yellow Creek, which was bridged by boughs of stately and beautiful trees, almost as old, it may be, as the discovery of America. Violets were there, bluebirds, and the robin's notes rippled in the shimmering air.

"William," said Annie, "I have been thinking of you. You must prepare to go to college, as I have said."

"I wish to go. I dream of it all the time. But how? Father toils at the furnace day by day, year by year, to get food for us all. His muscles have become like iron from the work he has done."

"His one purpose in life is to educate us, William; to found forges; to make better forges; to study as to what may be wrought out of iron; and to school his children, as he says, to lead some larger life than he has been able to do. I pity him, William; we ought to do something worthy, be something of use in the world, to fulfil his hopes. The hopes of a good father's heart come up again in his children. No good ideal ever is lost. No right prayer was ever unanswered. Sometimes an ideal that seems to fail is fulfilled in one's children; sometimes it is answered in a better world than this.

"William, I repeat, you must go to college. You are poor, what of that? Dr. Livingstone, on graduating at Glasgow, said, 'I never had a dollar that I did not earn.' He studied Latin at the loom. What he did, any boy with spirit may do. I may not be able to be a Mary Lyon, but I will do the best I can. I can teach, and I can put the spirit of Mary Lyon into a country school, and, William—" she paused.

The sun shone bright like a shower in the old decaying trees. A redbird flashed through the shadows.

"And, William," she repeated, "I am willing to share my earnings with you. I will help you, for I can see that you are growing." Her true soul rose into her face, as she added: "The purpose of life is to grow, to build. It little matters what becomes of me if I make better those who come after me. Father has done his best for us all; think of the hammer-strokes that have made up his life! William, you must meet his expectations, if you can. You *must* go to college. I will help you."

Her words entered into his soul. He would go to college.

It was decided to send him to Alleghany College, Meadville, Pa. He had studied so hard and read so much, and the overstrain on his nerves had been so great, that he became pale and thin.

When he was examined for admission to the college, the professor said, "Your preparation is so complete that you can enter the junior class."

His heart throbbed with high hope. It was the heart in Annie's voice and the touch of her hand that had thus placed him in his first week at the front of the college. The halls of the college were beautifully situated in native woods. The campus was not yet wholly cleared, and the Cussewago purled and ran through native wilds.

He again yielded to the force of his ambition, but fell sick; and it was decided by the professors that he should go back to Poland and work out-of-doors for recovery. He went to Annie again. There is nothing like the uplifting of good words from a true heart.

"I will be true to you. You can succeed; what you have done shows that you can. You have proven yourself already. Get a country school to which you will have to walk. You can get well. The best doctors are the sun, the open air, and exercise for a purpose. You are growing."

He found a school at some distance from Poland, and began to take long walks to it in the morning and from it at night.

The birds sang for him on the way; the flowers seemed to bloom for him. The sun benignantly looked down through the great trees. The place was called the Kerr district. He

received twenty-five dollars a month, and "boarded round," and Dr. Sun, Dr. Air, and Mr. Exercise-for-a-Purpose made him a well young man again.

But it is the inner faith that builds. Those words of his sister Annie were the hidden power—"I will help you." That woman lived for her schools. She was a Margaret Fuller; she should have a monument. "I will help you," followed the spirit of Waltermere; it was suggestion.

In an atmosphere such as we have pictured, partly by fiction but largely by fact, and by much analysis, young McKinley was growing with a heart receptive to all good suggestions.

CHAPTER XVI

SINGING CONVENTIONS AND SPARROW TAVERN TALES



THE Western Reserve on the shores of Lake Erie produced out of farmers' families men whose character gave the nation a new ideal and force. This was because they were developed by struggle. They fought their early battles for an education in homes associated with the farm or forge—Garfield, Hayes, McKinley. They were boys of hard hands. They spent no time at the vaudeville or in the billiard-room; they knew nothing of saloons. They were poor, to study was not their task; books were their sources of delight and recreation. They studied by open fires whose wood they themselves chopped, and by tallow candles that their thrifty mothers dipped. They all attended religious meetings as often as they could go. Their parents were Methodist, Baptist, or Campbellites; the Campbellites were sometimes called Tunkers, or Dippers, for they baptized their followers by immersion in water. The name "Tunker," however, was only a nickname when applied to the Disciples.

But this Western Reserve on Lake Erie and the neighboring country, on the Lake and the Ohio River, were the

scenes of the boyhood struggles not only of these Presidents and of many statesmen, but of men of a profession who never have been conspicuous in story-books, the pioneer musician, the troubadour, the minstrel, the natural singer and composer who wrote or sang from the heart.

For the new towns on Lake Erie and the Ohio not only had singing-schools after the manner of New England, but held musical conventions whose influence filled the middle West. The annual delight of the towns of the middle West was the musical convention, to which most of the singing-school pupils of the new districts came, and changed their home songs into the cantata or oratorio. Nearly all the leaders of these great musical conventions—musical brigades, as it were, made up of many simple companies of singing-schools—were born, or had lived in early life, between the blue Lake Erie and the rolling Ohio.

These convention-leaders, or captains of song, came to furnish not only the singing inspirations of the evangelical churches of the United States and of the English world, but the songs that led armies to victory and death, and their heroes to national halls. The father of these conventions was Dr. George F. Root, who wrote "Shouting the Battle-Cry of Freedom," which came to him as an inspiration one Sunday afternoon, in the words "the Union forever."

This man was too conscientious a Christian to write for money on Sunday, but he felt that this battle-song came to him from heaven; and he rushed to the piano, or organ, and wrote it down. He also wrote "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," which led armies. "Shouting the Bat-

tle-Cry of Freedom " is said to have turned the tide of battle at Chickamauga.

A pupil of Dr. Root, Henry C. Work, wrote "Marching Through Georgia," a tune that will ring forever as a picture of a sublime episode of the war. It was the young composer's first strong effort to write a liberty song. He showed it to Dr. Root and said, "I want you to publish it." Dr. Root glanced at it, saw the genius in it, and said in substance, "Boy, you have written the song of the war!"

But why do I speak of these things in association with the life of the farmer-boy, forge-boy, schoolboy, working-boy, William McKinley? Because the boys who became Presidents, and the many grand Ohio statesmen, and their wives, nearly all of them attended singing-schools, and the schools assembled in the great conventions; and the conventions were patriotic inspirations, and at some of these conventions in the towns on Lake Erie and on the Ohio nearly all these remarkable people who came to occupy the White House or the government offices met together, and sang some of the choruses of Handel's "Messiah," which have in them the haunting inspiration of the noblest life.

This region produced at a later time Mr. McGranahan and Professor Case, whose names are household words. Near by, in Pennsylvania, P. P. Bliss was born. The Ohio poets chiefly arose in the middle or western parts of the State; the minstrels, on the shores and rivers of Lake Erie.

The Christian world came to sing the songs of P. P. Bliss. Yet he was so poor before the sympathetic beauty of his voice was discovered by Dr. Root that he used to go barefooted in

summer, and to work for thirteen dollars a month. When he first heard a piano, he was as one enchanted. He crept into the room where it was, and was almost crushed in heart when the player turned around, saw him, and said, "Out of here, with your bare feet!"

These conventions were a part of the atmosphere of Ohio in the days of young McKinley. Like the camp-meetings, they were full of suggestions that tended to build life. The conventions furnished new hymns to the churches. The McKinleys were singers. They were familiar with the hymns of the Wesleys.

We have heard one describe Mrs. McKinley's appearance with her family in church. As she walked into the church at Poland her young family followed her. She sat down at their head in the pew, and one look from her was sufficient to keep an orderly silence there, to stop any restlessness or movement of the lips.

The family would rise to sing like a class in a training-school. When the people sang the common hymn so much used at that time, even dear "Old Hundred," orderly Mrs. McKinley did not comprehend *all* that it meant. One hymn had a line of suggestion to them all:

"To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!"

The solemn import of this hymn Mrs. McKinley felt in the depths of her soul, although she could not have known

that she had a future President of the republic in the pew. He probably was the most restless of all her family.

There were not as many lectures and lecturers in the Reserve then as afterward, though the Reserve has been for two generations noted as a lecture field. But the Sparrow Tavern had many story-telling visitors whose tales were like lectures, for they pictured life. Drovers, travelers, and ministers stopped here, sailors from the great blue inland seas, and many craftsmen, and occasionally Indians.

The students at Poland were improved by the Tunker's stories at the tavern. They pictured old-time struggles and hardships, and led them to see the worth of the country.

Patriotism sprang up in the academy. Abraham Lincoln, a man of Western heart, was rising into view. The students read his speeches on human freedom, and took them into their souls. He became their hero.

Then Greeley came to love the Reserve, and lectured there; and he caused patriotism to grow. They felt that their fathers were heroes of the soil; they were ready to defend with arms what the pioneers had won with the ax. A song like "The Sword of Bunker Hill" thrilled them. The writer heard Covert, the author of the song, sing it nearly forty years ago, and Covert said, "I have sung to you my 'Sword of Bunker Hill,' and I am ninety-one years of age."

Let us give you another of Waltermere's tales that picture the early days of New Connecticut, the New England of the West—a tavern story.

When Trumbull County, which was originally a Territory, was divided, Mahoning County became the happy valley of the New England of the middle West, and Youngstown an important place. There was no post-office at Youngstown in the early days; the mail-carrier was the post-office. It required real genius to be that kind of a post-office; for the carrier was expected to carry not only written letters, but verbal messages. A person would call to him at the door of a log cabin with, "Say, I haven't any paper on which to write anything, and no pen nor ink; but when you are passing through Canfield, just go to the door of our folks at Canfield and tell them that we are well, tolerably so; and that a new baby was born last week, and we are going to name him Wick, after the old elder; and that one of our cows has got the foot-rot; and that we are coming over there to make a visit when there comes settled weather. They are about to hold a protracted meeting in the log schoolhouse, and some of the young people are under concern of mind, and—and—Hold on, I haven't told you all. The Fayles family have got the canker-rash; and wife says, if you want to make a pandowdy after the old Connecticut way, this is what you want to put in it: Quartered apples, two sour ones to one sweet one, molasses——"

But the postman could carry away nothing more from that point, and rode on, with perhaps a dozen messages like that in the post-office of his developing memory.

In 1801 a mail-route was established connecting Pittsburg with Warren by way of Youngstown. One Samuel Gilson acted as postman, and carried the mail over the route

once in two weeks. He was young and athletic, and strode over the ground on foot, carrying the mail-bag on his back, and the messages delivered to him from doors of log cabins in his head.

The people along the way watched at the doors and windows for him to appear, and they welcomed him in a lively, whole-hearted way, especially if he bore them a letter. They detained him briefly if they were able, and told him the news of the family, and of other families as well. They repeated to him what the doctor said, what the minister took for his text, and what the surveyor thought of this and that tract of land.

One day the giant-footed Samuel was surprised to be told, on arriving at Poland, by a good woman who always watched for him, at the door: "Well, Sam, I have got something to tell you now. I'll tell you all about it, and you tell our folks at Youngstown when you are passing. Something has happened."

"What, good woman?"

"There's been a weddin'."

"Who's been and got married, now?"

"John Blackburn and Nancy Bryan. But that ain't the thing that happened. It was this; now, you stop and listen. When John and Nancy met to be married, the esquire was there; but it was found that he had not a legal right to perform the ceremony. That was a fix; what was to be done? Will Turhand Kirtland, he was invited, and he had a legal right to marry people publicly, but he couldn't remember the ceremony. So they took a stool, covered it with a white

table-cloth, put a Prayer-Book upon it, and told him that he could read the ceremony out of that.

"Now, there were some wags; and, while Turhand was bothering there, delaying things, all flusteration, one of these fellows carried off the Prayer-Book and hid it.

"What was to be done then? There couldn't be a marriage without a ceremony of some kind. So Turhand he said, says he to the couple, 'You stand up side by side.' Then he said, 'Are you willing to become husband and wife?' He said, 'Yes,' and she said, 'Yes'; and he said, 'Then you are man and wife, and you may go on your way rejoicing.'

"And then they had a feast; all manner of good things were set upon the table. That was the first marriage in Poland; and it fulfilled the Scripture, 'Let all things be done decently and in order'—don't you think it did? Married hearts don't need much ceremony, after my way of thinking."

If young McKinley could not be tempted to idle on the green before the Sparrow Tavern, he would hasten to the office and common reception-room whenever one of the natural story-tellers of the Reserve appeared at the place. These tales were living history.

There was a bench there on which stories used to be told; forest tales, such as seemed to have magic power. In New England such benches were called settles, and as they were usually painted red, to reflect the fire, they were called red settles, and hence are now spoken of as old red settles.

These huge benches were made usually of hard pine, and had high backs that proved a protection from the drafts

that came from doors on cold nights. The settle was placed before the log fire, and on it the grandfather told tales of the destruction of bears, conflicts with Indians, conquests of whales in fishery days, and struggles "with the Britishers" in the stirring times of the independence. The settle vanished with the coming of the Franklin and box stoves, and with it thrilling tales in the firelight, some of which were almost as fascinating as those of the "Arabian Nights" in the family apartments of an Oriental palace. The reading of the names of killed and wounded in the days of the war for the Union was the last office assigned to this antique piece of furniture. It is now often brought down from garrets for stories by driftwood fires on Hallowe'ens and Thanksgiving afternoons, in homes temporarily repeopled on old estates amid ancestral orchards and elms. The true history of New England will never be written until some one in the spirit of Homer, of the parable-writers of the Talmud, or of the Saxon Chronicle and "Canterbury Tales"—some author like Grimm, who pictured German history, manners, and customs in village tales—makes old New England live again in red-settle stories.

The story-telling settle at Poland repeated family tales of the home-makers of the Ohio wilderness. Waltermere loved these tales. Let us give you one of them, which deserves to become as sacred to Ohio as the Jataka tales of India or the Skasta tales of Russia. Folk-lore tales are the magic looking-glass of the past; in them the past lives again.

It is a winter night. Winds bow the trees. Clouds run scudding over the moon, and knotty wood is heaped upon household fires. The wandering Tunker, whose life is still

a mystery to himself, has again come to the Sparrow Tavern. The people know that he will sing there, that his soul will flow out of his beautiful voice, and they hasten to the traveler's room, and sit down on the long bench, the settle, before the glowing fire.

William McKinley, who is a post-office boy now, catches the scent of a story, and runs over the way with the rest. There are many things in the universe that he does not know, and he wishes to ask this man, who wears hooks and eyes instead of buttons, about them. The early evening finds him at the end of the bench close to the pilgrim Tunker.

He begins the symposium with the question, "Why is Ohio called the Buckeye State?" Buckeye sticks are cast upon the fire, and the Tunker explains to him how the wood is sacred to the Ohio soil, and how it was used in the song of the great Harrison campaign. Then, turning his face to the blazing buckeye wood, he sings one of the songs of the log-cabin political campaign:

"Oh, where, tell me where,
Was your buckeye cabin made?

"It was built by merry boys
Who toil with plow and spade.

"What, tell me what,
Is the buckeye cabin's fate?

"We'll wheel it to the capital,
And land it there elate,
For a token and a sign
Of the bonny Buckeye State."

We hardly need say that this song was sung to the tune of "The Bluebells of Scotland." The academy people took delight in tales of old Ohio days. Some of these were indeed wonderful, as the story of the Leatherwood god, who appeared at camp-meeting in 1828, and declared that he had just descended as a spirit from heaven, and had there taken upon him mortal clothing.

The religious meetings were often attended by strange characters. These gave rise to curious stories, and became tavern tales. Sparrow Tavern abounded in tales like these. Let me relate one of these curious stories of the pioneer churches which the Tunker told:

There were hermits in the Reserve in those pioneer days, and among them were religious recluses, who came out of their queer seclusions among rocks, groves, and meadows by sparkling waters, to the protracted meetings that were held in many places yearly. These people were a class by themselves; they had odd ideas, and startled assemblies with them.

In one of these assemblies in a log church, of large room, rose up one day a tall man with wavy locks. He was from the woods. In this church it was a rule that if any one found his eyelids growing heavy during a sermon, he should stand up. Now a dull sermon would cause many to stand up, but few would arise on revival days.

The people saw the tall man with wavy locks standing, but thought it was because his eyelids had become tired. He riveted his eyes on each person present, and made a memorandum in a long blue-covered note-book or account-book.

"Well, brother, sit down now," said the preacher, seeing all eyes were directed toward the man with the wavy locks and tufted eyebrows.

"I can't. I am taking a census for the Lord."

This strange declaration still more diverted the attention from the sermon. When the preacher had finished, he gave the opportunity usual at protracted meetings for the lay brethren to speak and testify. Our lay brother who had been making a census for the Lord was not slow to improve his opportunity and exercise his peculiar gifts.

"My brethren, I have been making a census, as I said, and a voice within says that I must exercise my powers, and show you the vision that has been disclosed to my inward eye.

"I have been making a census of buttons. You see that I have but one button on my coat. If I had more I should be robbing the Lord.

"Now, according to my computation—and I am marvelous, they say, at figures—each person here present has on ten buttons more than he needs to be useful.

"Now, there are divers gifts that are vouchsafed to mortal men. It is given to me to preach the gospel of figures. My text is found in the Bible of life. It is, 'Two and two make four.' Mind you, they do not make five except in good works, in which two and two are more than four.

"Now lend me your ears. There are two hundred people here with two thousand buttons more than they need. Think of that, now. And in the world there must be five hundred million Christian people, professedly so, who wear five billion

buttons more than they need. Now, brethren, think of that; and here I come to the point."

He crossed his fingers and lifted his brows.

"Each button represents a cent, and five billion would be five billion cents. Just think of that, now! And that would be how many dollars? Fifty million. Think of that, now. And that amount of money would send out evangelists and lay preachers enough to preach the gospel to all the world. Why don't they do like me?"

"My brother," said the minister, "when did you give the price of ten buttons to the missionary cause? Speak up; let us all hear."

"I declare, now, I omitted that; but I will give that amount when all the rest do—I mean the whole Christian world. And then the millennium will come."

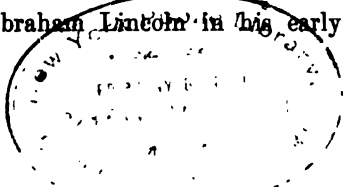
A maker of bone buttons was present, and he arose and asked, "But what would become of me?"

The preacher of the mathematical gospel answered, "These are the premillennial times, and I leave with you my vision."

"But no ten cents," said the button-maker.

The calculator vanished, leaving the premillennial times behind. He had delivered his message, and found one button enough for him, which he continued to use in other assemblies as a suggestion or sign.

Old poems and new songs were a charm at the Sparrow Tavern, and at other inns in the Reserve. One of these was a favorite with Abraham Lincoln in his early life, and it



became a part of pioneer tavern literature in the wide West. We give it here. Such "pieces" are worthy to be spoken and sung as memories and pictures of a noble and creative past.

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to rest in the grave.

"The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid,
As the young and the old, the low and the high,
Shall molder to dust and together shall lie.

"The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The father that mother and infant who blessed—
Each, all, are away to that dwelling of rest.

"The maid on whose brow, on whose cheek, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the mem'ries of mortals who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

"The hand of the king, that the scepter hath borne;
The brow of the priest, that the miter hath worn;
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave—
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

"The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread—
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

"The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

"So the multitude goes, like the flower or weed
That withers away to let others succeed ;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

"For we are the same our fathers have been ;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen ;
We drink the same stream, we see the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

"The thoughts we are thinking our fathers did think ;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers did shrink ;
To the life we are clinging our fathers did cling,
But it speeds from us all like the bird on the wing.

"They loved—but the story we cannot unfold ;
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold ;
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers will come ;
They joyed—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

"They died—aye, they died ; we, things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

"Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain ;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

"'Tis the wink of an eye ; 'tis the draft of a breath
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud.
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?"

There was a curious song that seemed to come into the air at the time, which was sung at schools and inns on the Reserve. The words were written by Mrs. Sullivan, an emigrant

from the East to the new settlements in western Pennsylvania and northern Ohio. This woman seems to have met some beautiful Indian princess on the way. The song pictures an incident of the great emigration, and was sung in log-cabin schools.

Waltermere sang it at the taverns and to children in his wanderings. It began :

“ Wild roved an Indian girl,
Bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters
Of the blue Juniata.
Swift as an antelope,
Through the forest going,
Loose were her jetty locks,
In wavy tresses flowing.”

CHAPTER XVII

WADE GAINS A SECRET HE DOES NOT REVEAL



NE autumn when the trees were changing, and the chippering of squirrels had followed the songs of the birds, when the purple wings of the sun, the singing-master made a journey of swallows were going home to the lands ney to Jefferson, to see whether he could secure for himself a singing-class. In those days almost every one who visited Jefferson went directly to the little law-office of Giddings and Wade. The office lifted its low roof among the giant trees, and was a place of mystery as well as of justice and political power.

The singing-master followed the feet of the pilgrims to the law-office, and there met lusty Ben Wade, the commoner of commoners. The commoner's greeting surprised him. It was unusually hearty. Mr. Wade was often rude in speech.

"I am glad to see you this fall morning, my honest man," said he. "I will do all I can to help you gather a singing-class. There are few men that I would be more glad to serve than *you*."

He dropped his broad hand on the singing-master's shoulders and said, "You *are* an honest man!" He uttered the word "are" like a hammer-stroke, but without any rude expletives.

The singing-master knew not what to say.

"I am glad that you believe in me," said the singing-master. "But why do you have faith in me when others doubt me?"

"I know things about you that you yourself do not know. But this is a place of silence. If any one doubts you, tell him to come to Ben Wade. Singing-master, this arm grew strong by felling trees, and this heart fearless by sending friendless men on their way to freedom, which is the birth-right of all; and, whatever happens, I never yet feared the face of clay."

"But, my friend, you make my heart leap. What do you know about me that would establish my innocence?" He had long expected that Wade knew the secret of his history.

"I cannot tell you now; I would not imperil another's safety by a breath. Go your way, and take with you the name of Ben Wade, in whose honor all honest men believe."

The singing-master went out and walked along under the trees. He was so happy, and yet so disturbed by the mystery of his life, that he wandered along the way thinking. The air was a joy to him. To be alive somehow made him happy.

He came to a stately farmhouse, and turning into a road that was shaded by apple-orchards and maple-trees, sat down

in a shady place. A hayrick turned into the same way, having a load of swale hay. It was driven by a colored man. The driver did not seem to be aware of the presence of a stranger on the place.

The singing-master's eye fell upon the hayrick as it rolled along; but, as the rick drew nearer, his eye wandered at times over the orchards and meadows of aftermath. As the wagon drew nearer yet, he heard the driver talking earnestly to himself, or to some people that he did not see. The driver spoke as if he were in a cabin, with people listening around him.

The master, somewhat surprised, rose and stood beside the way. He looked into the driver's face. It was black and had a scar. He had seen that face before. Where? When? How? The negro of the inn that disappeared had had a scar. So had the one he had met by the way, who was being pursued.

Suddenly the rick turned about in the way, with cramped wheels, almost falling over as it did so.

When he looked for the driver again there was no driver there. The horses hurried past him with loose reins and turned into a barn road at a little distance. He followed what appeared to be the tenantless hayrick to the great barn.

"Who owns this property?" asked he of some hired men sitting in an open door of the barn.

"The Giddingses," said one of them. "Old Mr. Giddings and his sons. What brings you here?"

"Where is the colored man who drove the rick down

here?" asked the singing-master. "Did he vanish into the air?"

The men rose. Their faces seemed to turn to stone.

"This is private property," said one of them. "If you want to know more, you must go to Mr. Giddings or Mr. Wade."

"I will," said the singing-master. "Mr. Wade has just told me that he believes me to be an honest man."

He turned away from the place, which had about it an air of mystery, and returned to the law-office, and told his story.

"What did it all mean?" he asked of Ben Wade. "Am I a little touched in mind? Am I sane? I am a terror to myself."

"Not one word more," said the lawmaker. "The men there would have died rather than have imperiled the liberty of that man."

"But, honored sir!"

"Not one word more."

The singing-master turned toward the inn, and found a bed there. When he awoke in the morning, a clear memory came to him. The colored driver of the hayrick was the man he had first met at the inn and who disappeared, and again had met at the camp-meeting, where he had also disappeared. But he recalled Ben Wade's words, "Not one word more," and silence and mystery again fell upon his life.

The singing-master took up his work here amid strange happenings, at the focus of the secret movement in behalf

of the fugitive slave. The sons of Joshua R. Giddings were supposed to be active in this movement. Each escape was regarded as a triumph of freedom. Scared negroes came by unknown ways, hiding in woods at times, seeking secret shelters in friendly houses, and often lamenting for the wives and children that they had left behind. The religious fugitives believed that some Moses would be raised up to set them free. Some of them fancied that Queen Victoria would come down to meet them on the Canadian border, and receive them with open arms. A song that they sang in secret told them this.

They had visions in wayside bushes and under prayer trees. They felt that the "Lord was coming," by which they meant that a public conscience was arising to give them their birthright.

The movement was training the political conscience of the Western Reserve. The men voted for "abolitionists" to represent them in the halls of State—anti-slavery men.

The region became a lecture-field for people of the North. Great abolitionists from Massachusetts and the rest of New England thundered from the platforms, and Quaker women in minor voices made their persuasive arguments in the pulpits of the churches for many years. Here came Greeley, Garrison, and Phillips, here came Sojourner Truth, follower of Lucretia Mott, and the Hutchinsons, singing their songs. Here was an atmosphere that molded for Congress men who filled the halls of State with denunciation of a system in the South which Northern ships in the slave-trade had forced upon that unfortunate region. To contend

against a wrong makes a moral giant, and "sons of thunder" these men became.

There were mysterious chambers in these hidden tracts of the underground railroad from the Kentucky border to Canada, about which strange stories were told. These tales of slaves escaping to freedom became the secret household narratives of the prosperous estates. "Red-settle tales" they would have been called in New England. They had an atmosphere of their own; they entered into the young imagination; they schooled for the service of political freedom the boys of the Western Reserve. These boys who were to be presidents of the United States, and a great number of boys who were destined to become statesmen and generals, many of whom had Quaker blood in their veins, felt their force. The Western Reserve was a great school of liberty, but it knew it not.

The singing-master found a home in a roomy farmhouse near Jefferson, on one of the wide roads. As he was shown his chamber by the old pioneer farmer, the latter said: "Black Hadley was concealed there once. See here."

He lifted a board in the floor which had been "herring-boned" (covered with waves of clean sand).

"Who was Black Hadley?" asked the singing-master.

"Oh, a slave who escaped to Pennsylvania, and was captured. He escaped from his captors, and now he helps others to escape. Ask no questions. It is forbidden to mention him here. He comes and goes, and knows the secret chambers and hiding-places in the woods all along the ways."

Somehow it began to dawn upon the singing-master's consciousness that his strange adventure in the inn that disappeared might have some connection with fugitive slaves, with some person like Black Hadley. But how did the inn disappear? And why had the negro with the scar twice disappeared?

100

100

100

100

100

100

his next friend will be like you, Annie, in heart, and character."

"Will he be a woman?"

"No, he will be, but I think that his next friend will be a

It will somehow be himself. Let us study his one thing. The intimate, confidential friend of a teens, verging on manhood, is his ideal of life; are suggestions; and suggestions are verities. A young heart admires and loves, that it becomes."

"You are right, mother, and a man knows the friend who is true to him, whenever and wherever he sees him."

They sat there thoughtful. The crimson afterglow from the windows of the trees. The shadows fell on the earth. Light steps were going toward the church, the schoolhouse, the old Sparrow Tavern, and the simple

They sat in silence, each saying inwardly, "Whom will I seek as his confidential friend?"

What thing they knew: It would be a man of honor, with a brave heart and a helpful hand.

Long before the town had been stirred with the news that Sumter had been fired upon by the State forces in Carolina. A horseman from Youngstown had brought the news which had occasioned great excitement in the tavern. McKinley was the postmaster's clerk at the time, and he was thrilled by all that he heard on that Saturday. If the United States flag had been in danger, he was ready to march to its defense, and he said so.

CHAPTER XVIII

McKINLEY ENLISTS AT THE SPARROW TAVERN



ON a Sabbath evening some months after young McKinley united with the Methodist church at Poland, Mrs. McKinley and Annie were seated in the keeping-room. William had just closed the front door, and was on his way to the church through the street of the bowery town, where trees were budding with the early spring.

"I am glad that William has taken the stand that he has now," said Annie to her mother, "and for one reason that no one has seemed to mention: it will determine his choice of friends. In my teaching I am made to see how much depends on the choice that one makes of friends. Character seeks its own; I wonder whom he will choose for his friends in coming years."

"He has chosen well so far, Annie. He has chosen one friend of whose friendship you must approve," said Mrs. McKinley.

"Who is that?"

"Yourself."

"O mother, I had not thought of that!"

"And his next friend will be like you, Annie, in heart, purpose, and character."

"Will it be a woman?"

"It may be, but I think that his next friend will be a gentleman. It will somehow be himself. Let us study his life in this one thing. The intimate, confidential friend of a boy in his teens, verging on manhood, is his ideal of life; and ideals are suggestions; and suggestions are verities. Whom a young heart admires and loves, that it becomes."

"You are right, mother, and a man knows the friend who is meant for him, whenever and wherever he sees him."

The two sat there thoughtful. The crimson afterglow made oriel windows of the trees. The shadows fell on the revolving earth. Light steps were going toward the church, past the schoolhouse, the old Sparrow Tavern, and the simple homes.

They sat in silence, each saying inwardly, "Whom will William seek as his confidential friend?"

One thing they knew: It would be a man of honor, with a clear brain and a helpful hand.

The day before the town had been stirred with the news that Fort Sumter had been fired upon by the State forces of South Carolina. A horseman from Youngstown had brought the news which had occasioned great excitement at the tavern. McKinley was the postmaster's clerk at this time, and he was thrilled by all that he heard on that eventful Saturday. If the United States flag had been fired upon, he was ready to march to its defense, and he said so boldly.

"You are too young," said one of the veterans of the Mexican War.

"Not too young to learn to carry a musket."

"You are not strong."

"Endurance will make me strong."

"You may be right, my boy; you have a brave spirit. You study things, and no one can tell what such a penetrating mind may do."

It was nearly the middle of April. The April blue was in the sky. The stars came out. Mrs. McKinley waited for William's return. There was a rushing of people toward the tavern. What had happened? Dark forms in the starlight flitted to and fro.

A lusty hero of the Mexican War stood on the tavern steps, and called out: "Fort Sumter has fallen! Lincoln is about to issue a call for volunteers!"

William came home.

"Lincoln is about to issue a call for volunteers, so it is reported. The proclamation will be made to-morrow."

"That does not mean you, William," said his mother, hesitatingly.

The old Mexican soldier looked into the room.

"Let the boy go; he may bring you back a commission signed by Lincoln's own hand some day, for war is in the air, and the war will be a long one. I have fought beside Southern soldiers. The Southern blood has fire, and it will not soon be stamped out. It will be a war that will end the slave system. Northern ships brought the slaves to the South; what a pity it is that North and

South cannot agree to put away this evil without spilling blood."

What a night was that! What a day followed when the proclamation came! Who could foresee the future?

Thousands of flags leaped into the air to replace the one that had gone down. The church spires fluttered; cannon boomed on the hills; recruiting-offices were opened; and young men rushed into them to offer their lives for powder.

No bounties were offered, no inducements but the cause itself. People filled the recruiting-offices, eager to die, if need be, for the principles of justice and liberty. Every heart beat twice now where it throbbed once before. America up to that hour did not know that she was rich in martyrs.

And young McKinley did not know himself until then. Young? That was nothing. Sick? That did not matter. Before duty all considerations fell. He was duty now, and William McKinley was not a factor in the case. He was a cause.

CHAPTER XIX

THE BEE ON THE PEAK



THE Western Reserve, through such leaders of public thought and teachers of conscience as Joshua R. Giddings and Benjamin Franklin Wade, was prepared to organize in a conflict against human slavery as no other part of the country was, with the exception of Boston and parts of Vermont.

The guns of Charleston opened fire upon Fort Sumter. The flag over the national sea fortress fell; the stone walls of the fortress itself came crumbling down. The telegraph flashed the news over the world.

The ears of the pioneers of the Western Reserve received the message that came from the shores of Carolina; the hearts of the men of the New England of the West leaped into flame. The men of New Connecticut gathered here, there, everywhere, and announced themselves as ready to leave everything for the defense of national amity and honor.

Newly made flags shot into the blue air. They rose from church steeples, schoolhouses, and halls. Drums rolled along the streets of the new towns. Boom! The cannon shook the

hills, from the fields of the white tents of camps along the broken highways.

In no town was military enthusiasm greater than at Poland. A company of volunteers was to be raised in the academy town, and Frémont was coming to the Reserve to inspect them. Frémont was a magic name.

He had been nominated by the Republican party for the Presidency in '56, and the nomination had caused the story of his life as the Pathfinder to the Pacific to be known everywhere; his life had been full of thrilling episodes, and one of these had found a place in the imagination of the boys and girls of the nation, and had thrilled the hearts of those of the Western Reserve.

But among these glowing episodes of the great Southwest and the annexation of California to the United States, one stood out above all the others. It was the planting by Colonel Frémont of the flag of the eagle and of the stars on the cold pinnacle of the Rocky Mountains, now known as Frémont's Peak. Its story was told then in many ways. General Frémont thus related it in his own memoirs:

"We managed to get our mules up to a little bench about a hundred feet above the lakes, where there was a patch of good grass, and turned them loose to graze. During our rough ride to this place they had exhibited a wonderful sure-footedness. Parts of the defile were filled with angular, sharp fragments of rock, three or four and eight or ten feet cube; and among these they had worked their way, leaping from one narrow point to another, rarely making a

false step, and giving us no occasion to dismount. Having divested ourselves of every unnecessary encumbrance, we commenced the ascent. This time, like experienced travelers, we did not press ourselves, but climbed leisurely, sitting down as soon as we found breath beginning to fail. At intervals we reached places where a number of springs gushed from the rocks, and about one thousand eight hundred feet above the lakes came to the snow-line. From this point our progress was uninterrupted climbing. Hitherto I had worn a pair of thick moccasins, with soles of *parflèche*; but here I put on a light, thin pair, which I had brought for the purpose, as now the use of our toes became necessary to a further advance.

"I availed myself of a sort of comb of the mountain, which stood against the wall like a buttress, and which the wind and the solar radiation, joined to the steepness of the smooth rock, had kept almost entirely free from snow. Up this I made my way rapidly. Our cautious method of advancing in the outset had spared my strength, and, with the exception of a slight disposition to headache, I felt no remains of yesterday's illness. In a few minutes we reached a point where the buttress was overhanging, and there was no other way of surmounting the difficulty than by passing around one side of it, which was the face of a vertical precipice of several hundred feet.

"Putting hands and feet in the crevices between the blocks, I succeeded in getting over it, and, when I reached the top, found my companions in a small valley below. Descending to them, we continued climbing, and in a short

time reached the crest. I sprang upon the summit, and another step would have precipitated me into an immense snow-field five hundred feet below. To the edge of this field was a sheer icy precipice; and then, with a gradual fall, the field sloped off for about a mile, until it struck the foot of another lower ridge. I stood on a narrow crest, about three feet in width, with an inclination of about 20 degrees north, 51 degrees east. As soon as I had gratified the first feelings of curiosity I descended, and each man ascended in his turn; for I would only allow one at a time to mount the unstable and precarious slab, which it seemed a breath would hurl into the abyss below.

"We mounted the barometer in the snow of the summit, and, fixing a ramrod in a crevice, unfurled the national flag to wave in the breeze where never flag waved before. During our morning's ascent we had met no sign of animal life, except the small sparrow-like bird already mentioned. A stillness the most profound and a terrible solitude forced themselves constantly on the mind as the great features of the place. Here, on the summit, where the stillness was absolute, unbroken by any sound, and the solitude complete, we thought ourselves beyond the region of animated life; but, while we were sitting on the rock, a solitary bee (*bombus*, the bumblebee) came winging his flight from the eastern valley, and lit on the knee of one of the men.

"It was a strange place, the icy rock and the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains, for a lover of warm sunshine and flowers; and we pleased ourselves with the idea that he was the first of his species to cross the mountain barrier

—a solitary pioneer to foretell the advance of civilization. I believe that a moment's thought would have made us let him continue his way unharmed; but we carried out the law of this country, where all animated nature seems at war, and, seizing him immediately, put him in at least a fit place—in the leaves of a large book, among the flowers we had collected on our way.

“The barometer stood at 18.293, the attached thermometer at 44 degrees; giving for the elevation of this mountain thirteen thousand five hundred and seventy feet above the Gulf of Mexico, which may be called the highest flight of the bee. It is certainly the highest known flight of that insect. From the description given by Mackenzie of the mountains where he crossed them, with that of a French officer still farther to the north, and Colonel Long's measurements to the south, joined to the opinion of the oldest traders of the country, it is presumed that this is the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains.

“The day was sunny and bright, but a slight shining mist hung over the lower plains, which interfered with our view of the surrounding country. On one side we overlooked innumerable lakes and streams, the spring of the Colorado of the Gulf of California; and on the other was the Wind River valley, where were the heads of the Yellowstone branch of the Missouri; far to the north we just could discover the snowy heads of the Trois Tetons, where were the sources of the Missouri and Columbia rivers; and at the southern extremity of the ridge the peaks were plainly visible, among which were some of the springs of the Nebraska or Platte

River. Around us the whole scene had one main striking feature, which was that of terrible convulsion. Parallel to its length, the ridge was split into chasms and fissures, between which rose the thin, lofty walls, terminated with slender minarets and columns, which is correctly represented in the view from the camp on Island Lake. According to the barometer, the little crest of the wall on which we stood was three thousand five hundred and seventy feet above that place, and two thousand seven hundred and eighty above the little lakes at the bottom, immediately at our feet.

“Our camp at the Two Hills (an astronomical station) bore south 3 degrees east, which, with a bearing afterward obtained from a fixed position, enabled us to locate the peak. The bearing of the Trois Tetons was north 50 degrees west, and the direction of the central ridge of the Wind River Mountains south 39 degrees east. The summit rock was gneiss, succeeded by syenitic gneiss. Syenite and feldspar succeeded in our descent to the snow-line, where we found a feldspathic granite. I had remarked that the noise produced by the explosion of our pistols had the usual degree of loudness, but was not in the least prolonged, expiring almost instantaneously. Having now made what observations our means afforded, we proceeded to descend. We had accomplished an object of laudable ambition, and beyond the strict order of our instructions. We had climbed the loftiest peak of the Rocky Mountains, and looked down upon the snow a thousand feet below, and, standing where never human foot had stood before, felt the exultation of first explorers.

"It was about two o'clock when we left the summit; and when we reached the bottom the sun had already sunk behind the wall, and the day was drawing to a close. It would have been pleasant to have lingered here and on the summit longer; but we hurried away as rapidly as the ground would permit, for it was an object to regain our party as soon as possible, not knowing what accident the next hour might bring forth.

"We reached our cache of provisions at nightfall. Here was not the inn which awaits the tired traveler on his return from Mont Blanc, or the orange groves of South America, with their refreshing juices and soft, fragrant air; but we found our little cache of dried meat and coffee undisturbed. Though the moon was bright, the road was full of precipices, and the fatigue of the day had been great. We therefore abandoned the idea of rejoining our friends, and lay down on the rock, and, in spite of the cold, slept soundly."

CHAPTER XX

"YOU WILL DO!"



AND this hero who had planted the flag in the Southwestern air to float forever over a new empire, and who had been made to champion a new cause of freedom in the Territories, was coming to the Reserve. Flags leaped into the sky to greet him. Heads filled windows and doors. Had a Sidney, a Hampton, a Bayard, or a knight of old romance appeared, he would not have been more enthusiastically greeted by the rustic woodmen, farmers, and toilers at the forge.

William McKinley was at Poland, a boy of sixteen, when the new knight of liberty came 'neath the floating flags. His health was impaired. He might claim exemption from military service on account of his youth and of his broken health, which had compelled him to return from college. But his young soul thought not of his youth or health or any other thing.

"I must volunteer!" he said.

"Will they accept you?"

This was the question.

General Frémont was to be the inspector-general. If he were not accepted, it would be the fault of the Pathfinder. To be rejected by the hand that had climbed the Rocky Mountains, and placed the eagle flag on the pinnacle of the Southwest, would be a humiliation. That would indeed be a thrilling moment when the boy McKinley should stand out for inspection before the Pathfinder, one wave of whose hand, as it were, created an empire.

The old Sparrow Tavern, Poland, Ohio, in those days witnessed thrilling scenes. Twenty-two regiments had been offered by Ohio for the protection of the government. The twenty-third was forming and for this Company E was volunteering in Poland.

Among the volunteers was the boy McKinley. He was called into the company. He drilled on the common and the street in front of the tavern. People wondered as they looked on his slender form. Some doubted the wisdom of his parents in allowing him to take the gun.

But to and fro he passed in the march and countermarch. Could he not have volunteered life would have been of little worth to him. The company went to Camp Chase in Columbus.

The day of inspection came, bringing Frémont on his horse. The company was to be examined by the Pathfinder, one by one. They filed before the hero of explorations with pride and trembling.

At last the Pathfinder fixed his eyes on McKinley. Was the sword too sharp for the scabbard? Would this boy be able to do good service on the field? Frémont would never

•

1

become President of the United States. It would hardly have occurred to him then that this boy would.

The Pathfinder drew back and, doubling his hand, dealt young McKinley a blow on the chest. The boy faced him and stood firm. The company waited for the decision. It came at once.

"You'll do!"

The words melted the heart of the lad and fired the company. Prophetic words were gathering in the boy's vivid memory. To old Santa Anna's "You may be President yet," was now added "You'll do" from the lips of the soul of the explorer of the golden empire whose riches were filling the world. His father and mother hardly knew what to advise in these days of complication, but the words "You'll do" had a suggestion of something beyond their direct meaning. Words have souls.

When the company at last marched out of Poland, the people followed them to Youngstown, where the railroad is reached from the town road. Banners waved; there were cheering, laughter, and many tears. Hearts were rent at parting, but never would pass from young McKinley's ears the words of Frémont, "You'll do!"

CHAPTER XXI

"AG'IN' THE WAR"



HERE may be found in every community one or more persons who have contrary minds and opinions, and who in New England would be called "onnery." Such a person was "Mother Wetherby," as she was called, the woman who got her living for a time by dressmaking, and then by going visiting. She, as she said, "had a mind of her own." She had a new mission now. She was "ag'in' the war."

She had been used to inform her good, patient husband that she would do as "she had a mind to," and he would as often declare that she should do as he had a mind to, or he would make her. He was a deacon then and she would end the daily fray with the moral reflection, "Don't you ever sass your wife; it isn't deacon-like."

She "exhorted in meeting'." Her testimony was often a very simple one, and as honest as simple; she would say that she felt "just as she hadn't ought to," and would receive a cautious admonition from the elder. The conference meeting at that time was a spiritual school of life-building influences, but it had its peculiar people, as all good things do.

After one of these admonitions at a candle-light meeting, she, to use her own picturesque language, "ris right up and answered him," which showed a true Ohio spirit.

Now Mother Wetherby was not a Republican or a Democrat, but had a "platform of her own."

"The North brought the slaves to this country, and sold them to the South; and now the North ought to buy them from the South, and set them free; that is my platform; it is a peace platform."

She had been a provident housekeeper when her husband was living. She used to bake a johnny-cake that would last a whole week, and, when he went away from home to spend a week in the timber, she used to "plaster," as she said, one of these immense johnny-cakes "onto his back," and say, "Just think what a wife I have always been to you, too."

She did not approve of overmuch education; so, when she passed through Poland on her visiting tours, she became troubled over the case of "that idling boy that always sat on the door-step reading."

One day she saw him over the way from the tavern, reading, in his shirt-sleeves, and she said to herself, "When I have a duty to do, I always do it," and she went up to the step, a sprig of balm waving in her hand, and, seeing Mrs. McKinley at the window, she bowed and said: "Isn't it about time that that there boy began to be up to snuff? I am a woman who is concerned for the welfare of the whole people, and I am afraid in my heart of hearts that that there boy of yours will never amount to shucks. It's a pity. His sister Annie is bright."

"Why should you reprove me in that way, Mother Wetherby?" said the gentle-spirited boy.

"Because when I have a duty to do I always do it, and I sometimes do it in a practical way." She smelled of her balm by way of refreshment. "Read, read, read, all the time! Now let me ask you one question, on right-down hard-pan of common sense; if you were to read all the books in the universe, would it ever raise one potato, or a hill of beans, or change one bar of pig iron? There, now!"

She smelled of the balm again. But McKinley's reading led to the raising of many hills of beans and hills of potatoes, and made iron ore to become jacketed in tin, as we shall see. Young McKinley met very pleasantly the few people who did not see his purpose in life. He never returned raillery with harsh words. He let people like Mother Wetherby go the way of their own gravitation.

"The result will interpret my motives," he would reason. So he read on, although he was laughed at for his studiousness by some people who were thought to be wise and by some of his companions.

It was a lovely day now as he marched to Youngstown with his company. The people of Poland followed the company to Youngstown all the way. Drums rolled through the bowery road; banners waved and the people cheered. Weeping fathers and mothers were there, sisters and younger brothers. The company was to take the cars at Youngstown for the camp.

The Tunker was there; he followed the company to the camp where the boys were to be mustered in. Mother Weth-

erby was there, too, with her waving sprig of balm. She informed all "with great dignitude," as she said, that she was "ag'in' the war, and all the wars that ever had been or ever would be in the universe," and that "she never yet feared the face of day." The old men of Niles and Poland were there, full of lusty patriotism.

The company halted. One of the old men called out: "Boys, who of you will bring back an officer's commission signed by the hand of President Lincoln?"

"Lincoln?" said another and another. Then a shout for "President Lincoln!" rent the air.

Mother Wetherby did not shout, it was against her principles to shout for war. "Let folks alone," she said, "and they would die themselves, natural deaths, as they ought to."

Who would bring back an officer's commission, signed by President Lincoln? The question went around. Mother Wetherby felt that she had "a duty to do," and she did it.

"Well, good folks, whoever it may be, it won't be that McKinley boy there; why, he never had the pluck to even sass me, and was always reading, reading, reading. It would make me laugh right out in meeting-time if he were ever to come back with a commission from the new Abraham."

She wiggled her balm, and laughed. Some of the people laughed with her, but others were not so sure. They had seen a hidden purpose in the boy. When he had been a pupil he had taken the first place in his class. The first step is all the way. He carried that purpose that had made him the first pupil at Poland with him, and he had character.

But before the cars moved away that day young McKinley felt a touch on his arm. It was Annie's hand.

"Forget yourself, and the world will not forget you. We will send you boxes from home. Write to mother often, and I will answer. You have been a good brother to me."

An old man from Niles waved his hat as the boy mounted the cars, and repeated in part old Santa Anna's words: "You are pretty young to face the powder-field, but never mind."

CHAPTER XXII

YOUNG MCKINLEY FINDS A FRIEND



UTHERFORD BIRCHARD HAYES, nineteenth President of the United States, was one of the purest, and most unselfish of men. The manner of his election, for which he was in no wise responsible, gave his enemies the chance to call him "His Accidency." He himself entered not into any intrigue, but sought only to learn his duty and to follow it, and what he did was imperative. His wife was as noble as he was, and she left an example to American women that still glows like a guiding star. Social Washington, under her influence, ceased to be a Vanity Fair; she raised the standard of womanhood, and became a fountain of streams of right educational influence.

Mrs. McKinley had rejoiced that her son at the period that forms character had resolved to be governed by the spiritual law of life, whose harvests are the only things that last. She had seen that this attitude would cause him to choose people like himself for friends, following a law of social gravitation. The animal nature seeks the animal; the spiritual goes out for the spiritual; and all forms of evil gravitate to their like. The companions that make a man

happy are those who have his own heart, and, as Tennyson says,

"I am a part of all that I have met."

Among the boys of the Western Reserve and of Ohio who guarded and guided the nation, Grant was far-seeing and bold, a silent military genius like William the Silent; Garfield was a natural publicist, with like open vision; McKinley was a student of the things that help life; but Hayes was preeminently a gentleman, as was also Harrison. He followed such minds as Winthrop, Sumner, Longfellow, Agassiz, Gray, and the Harvard College professors, under whose influence his ideals changed to realities.

"Go to the legislature, and labor with its members, and your election will be secured," said a politician to Sumner, after the latter had been balloted for many times.

"I will go to Cambridge," said young Sumner, "and I will see no member of the legislature until this election is decided." Such, too, was the spirit of Hayes, notwithstanding the criticisms of the conduct of the returning boards that secured his doubtful election.

He was one of "our boys" of the Western Reserve. His remote ancestors settled in Connecticut in 1680 and followed the emigration to the new Connecticut of the Ohio. His father first lived in Vermont, where he prospered; but the descriptions brought to him of the fertility of the well-watered timber-lands of the Ohio awakened in him the spirit of emigration. "It is running water that fertilizes," and the best instincts seek the best.

In 1817 he yielded to the call from within. He loaded his goods on two great wagons, and crossed the country by the wilderness roads. He died soon after his arrival in Ohio, and Rutherford was born an orphan in a new land; but he had a Connecticut mother and a good sister, like McKinley. He moreover had an uncle with a New England conviction of the value of an education.

His mother began to give him an education in his new home as soon as he was prepared to receive it. He was gently guided by his sister's hand. His Uncle Birchard, whose name he bore, saw in Rutherford a boy whose mind and character were worth developing. To do that was more than to seek wealth or fame.

"I must help you educate that boy," he said to Mrs. Hayes. "He will be one of the best investments I can give to life. He must go to college. I will send him."

Never did prosperous Sardis Birchard make a better investment in life than that. There are no better investments than making men. The boy entered Kenyon College, Ohio; he put his life into his studies, was fond of ethics, and graduated the valedictorian of his class. He entered the law-school at Harvard. Here his character put on the lofty standards of the men whom he met at this important period.

His recorded resolutions will picture his life in the classic Boston suburb:

- "1. I will read no newspapers.
- "2. I will rise at seven and retire at ten.
- "3. I will study law six hours, German two, and chemistry two.

"4. In reading Blackstone, I will record any difficulties."

The last resolution will reveal one of the keys that opened the doors to success. What he did, he did thoroughly and conscientiously. He prepared for life as if it were a trust for a service. He entered into the practice of law in Ohio; his character and scholarship brought him into the favorable notice of the best people of Ohio; and he rose in influence.

He became a natural leader of a literary club in Cincinnati; and, when President Lincoln issued a call for 75,000 men, the members of this club organized as a military company, and he was made their captain. Forthwith President Lincoln sent him a commission as colonel of volunteers.

"I cannot accept the honor," he said, "much as I should like to do so. I am not prepared to be responsible for the lives of others. But I will prepare."

He studied tactics as he had studied law. He prepared himself for military service, and on June 1, 1861, accepted from the governor of Ohio a commission as major of the Twenty-third Regiment of State Volunteers, a body of men recruited from many counties of the commonwealth.

So began his military career under General Rosecrans, and in this early service he met young William McKinley, the boy volunteer from Poland. Hearts know each other by instinct, and there are kinships that are invisible. Young McKinley saw in the face of Rutherford B. Hayes a man whose heart influence he liked to feel. Mr. Hayes saw a promise of the future in the boy McKinley. He somehow wished to act in a fatherly way toward the ardent, honest boy, and to do him a service.

The religious training of young McKinley at Poland had led him to gravitate toward the best lives. He hoped to make the high-minded major his friend, and to earn a friendship like that. He did. In a little time, the hearts of the two were knit to each other, and this high-minded, brave, cultured man was destined to make two suggestions to William McKinley which led the way to eminence in the rising course of his life. It was a beautiful friendship, and merits record among the noble attachments that have builded men. Hayes was a man who made to young men out of his great heart suggestions that lived.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE SILENT BOY



BOY whose name was associated with the pioneers in this part of Ohio at this time was regarded as very fortunate. He was of Scotch ancestry, and was born at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio. His American ancestors had been soldiers in the Indian, French, and Revolutionary wars. His name was Ulysses Grant. His grandfather had settled in Columbiana County, in the Reserve, and his father had carried on business in his early days at Ravenna, where his sign, "JESSE GRANT, TANNER," long remained after his removal to Point Pleasant. He was born April 27, 1822, and had made his name locally famous by his vigorous conduct in the Mexican war, during the boyhood of McKinley.

His father was a thrifty tanner. His education lasted from youth to age, and consisted in reading the best books; so he became a very intelligent man. He lived at Georgetown, and talked politics at the old Georgetown hotel. He had a farm. His son Ulysses was a hard-toiling boy. He loved horses and his part of the work was to do whatever was to be done with horses. The silent boy was very kind to his

horses, and when he saw a fine horse on the road he desired to own him.

When about eight years old, he saw a colt at the farm of a Mr. Ralston, who lived near the village, and asked his father to buy it for him. His father always said "Yes" when he could to his silent boy. He seldom reproved his son, and never whipped him; he trusted him.

"I will offer Mr. Ralston twenty dollars for the colt for your sake," he said. "That is all the colt is worth."

Jesse Grant then offered his neighbor twenty dollars for the colt, but the man asked twenty-five dollars for the lively animal. The boy Ulysses wanted the colt more and more; he seemed to dream of the animal day by day. He found his tongue in persuading his father to let him go to Mr. Ralston, and purchase the colt himself.

"A little shaver like you buying a horse?" we fancy him saying.

"Yes."

"Well, you may go to Mr. Ralston, and again offer him twenty dollars; if he will not take it, offer him twenty-two dollars and fifty cents; and, if he will not take that, why, pay him the twenty-five dollars."

The boy was full of joy. He went nimbly to Mr. Ralston.

"I have come," he said, "to purchase the colt."

"How much are you willing to pay for him?"

"Well, father told me to offer you twenty dollars; if you would not sell him for that, to offer you twenty-two dollars and fifty cents; and if you refused that to make it twenty-five dollars."

"Well, my boy, you are determined to have the colt. I refuse twenty dollars, and could not sell him at twenty-two dollars and fifty cents, so you may have him at twenty-five dollars, at your father's own price."

"Well, I have got the colt."

The story was told to the villagers by Mr. Ralston; and the boys of the town took it up, and ridiculed the modern Ulysses in the usual way.

"The transaction," said Grant in after life, "caused me great heart-burning," as boys shrink from ridicule. But he got the colt.

The boy made his name known in certain parts of Ohio by capacity to lead. He was a man of few words, but a born leader, judging by the results of his conduct in life. "Let the result my conduct tell," said Simon Bolivar. This was the viewpoint of this silent boy.

When he was twelve years of age, about the year 1834, his father sent him to the woods with trucks for a load of logs.

"The lumbermen will help you load the logs onto the trucks," said the tanner.

The boy went to the woods with the teams. He found the great logs waiting removal, but he looked about in vain for lumbermen. The wood-choppers had gone to some other place. The woods were silent, save for the wondering birds. Another boy might have driven the teams home without the logs. Not so did silent Ulysses. He stopped the teams and thought. He saw what could be done without the help of the lumbermen.

"I can back the team onto the logs, and so load them one by one," he reasoned.

He did so. His far-sightedness enabled him to load the logs in such a way that they would fall onto the trucks by gravitation. His father was surprised to see the teams returning loaded, but without the lumbermen.

"Why, boy," he asked, "where are the men?"

"I do not know; I did not find them there; so I backed the trucks and loaded the logs myself."

This simple story pictures General Grant's whole life. He saw events and how to accomplish them, and never relinquished a purpose.

He made the horses follow his will. A horse, as it were, became a part of himself. He subdued the most vicious horses, and made them his friends.

The early home of this boy, whose far-sightedness and perseverance were to cause his name to rise like a star and fill the world, was of the simplest possible kind. It furnishes an illustration of the truth that to possess superior characteristics is more than to be sheltered in palaces.

One Thomas L. Hamer, a Congressman, saw heroic qualities in the silent, toiling boy, and secured for him a cadetship at West Point. Ulysses was then seventeen years of age.

He was graduated in 1843 with a class standing of the twenty-first among thirty-nine. He was known at West Point as a silent young man; he thought much; he saw much and said little. But he secured results.

He acquired fame in the Mexican War by his daring horsemanship. At Monterey he ran a horse past the enemy's

bullets to carry a message for ammunition. He hung to the horse's mane by his hands, against the side of the horse away from the enemy, with one foot over the animal's back. So he rode through the fire and made a name.

He went to the front in many engagements. He did just the right thing at the right time. He was breveted lieutenant for a daring act at Molino del Rey, in 1847; and for another like act at the storming of Chapultepec he was made a captain. On the march toward the city of Mexico he saw a point of vantage in the belfry of a church. He used it in the siege. He was always seeing a little farther than others.

At the close of the war, after some changes, he was sent to California with a regiment by way of Panama. In 1854 he went to St. Louis almost penniless, living on some property which had been left to his wife. He there cut wood, and failed in many undertakings, but was learning by experience not to make a mistake twice.

Then he went to Galena, Ill., and became a clerk at sixty-six dollars a month. He worked as a tanner, his father's old trade, which his brother pursued at Galena.

One day one of the citizens of Galena inquired, "Who is that new man who walks up and down Grant's tannery without speaking a word?"

"That short fellow, absorbed in himself?"

"Yes."

"That's Grant's brother."

So he toiled there as "Grant's brother." But the invaluable faculties of clear seeing and ready doing in military

affairs remained with him. He might not succeed as a clerk; he was not born to be one; but he could direct cavalry to the point of victory, and, if disaster came in the field of contest, it was to him the same as if no disaster had happened; he went right on.

In the boyhood of McKinley they told of Grant's deeds in Mexico, and it was wondered why he had disappeared. People were surprised to be told that this man, the Ohio West Pointer, was now cutting wood in St. Louis. Were his rise and eclipse accident? No. He who cultivates his one talent will some day find a use for that talent. This man's opportunity would come.

As his parents had been pioneers in the Reserve, he was held to be one of the boys of the Reserve, although his father had moved away from Columbiana County before his illustrious son was born. The place of his father's tannery at Ravenna, near Hiram College, is still pointed out to the traveler.

CHAPTER XXIV

"COFFEE"



LITTLE Private McKinley belonged to Company E, of the Twenty-third Regiment of Ohio Volunteers. He was so ready, so willing, so alert for every duty that he soon attracted the attention of his superiors.

"We must assign that boy to some place of despatch," said one of the officers.

"Give him a place in the commissary department," said another. "The time will come when he will be needed there. In the time of stress boys of quick minds, nimble feet, and swift hands are a necessity to such service."

On April 15, 1862, young McKinley received a warrant to act as regimental commissary sergeant. He must have been very much surprised at this promotion. The Twenty-third Ohio Regiment was under the command of Lieut.-Col. Rutherford B. Hayes.

Strangely enough, the little commissary sergeant and the acting colonel were drawn toward each other as by a kinship of destiny. They had occasion to meet each other constantly, and each found something sympathetic in the heart and con-

duct of the other. They became brothers in heart by an invisible kinship. The boy sergeant came to *love* his colonel. Well he might, for Colonel Hayes was a clear-cut gentleman of culture, conscience, and high purpose. Persons gravitate toward those who have like aims, and like aims make a like destiny.

The Twenty-third Ohio Regiment was ordered to Washington to participate in the impending struggles at South Mountain and Antietam to prevent General Lee from invading the North. It soon faced fire at South Mountain. Colonel Hayes was among the first to be wounded, and continued to fight while bleeding. Three bayonet charges were made by the regiment, and it lost two hundred men. The colors of the regiment were riddled.

At Antietam the remnant of the regiment fought again. Where was the boy sergeant of the Twenty-third in these days of blood and flame? He knew that he had the heart of Colonel Hayes and that the latter would approve of what he would do. After the shock at Antietam there were stragglers, but the men were needed in their ranks. How could they be rallied? The quick mind of the boy sergeant saw how it could be done. He ordered men to the commissary department to help him make coffee for spent regiments. He then caused the mule teams of the department to be loaded with coffee, summoned the stragglers to follow him, and led the teams to the scene of carnage. A shout went up from the heroes in line when the men saw what the young commissary had done. Never had coffee been so welcome to them.

That act of heart and genius made McKinley a marked

man. He now had quite won the heart of Colonel Hayes. Let us quote from this man's own account of the boy whom he came to love.

"When I became commander of the regiment," says Colonel Hayes, "he soon came to be upon my staff, and he remained on my staff for one or two years, so that I did literally and in fact know him like a book, and loved him like a brother." The two were brothers in heart now, and shared life like two brothers. Young McKinley had found the friend of all others whose life could best serve as a model for his own.

Colonel Hayes went to Governor Tod, the governor of Ohio, and told him how young McKinley had served the regiment with coffee on September 17, 1862, the bloody day of the war.

"Let McKinley be made a lieutenant," said the governor.

That was a decisive day when he drove the mule teams into the battlefield of death and flame. But a day of a greater deed was at hand. It came at Kernstown, near Winchester.

The Union army there was small when it was suddenly confronted by the army of Early, which greatly outnumbered it. There came a moment of necessity. Hayes must bring a distant regiment, under one Colonel Brown, into line, but the way across the field was under the fire of the enemy. Who should be intrusted with this message of life or death?

The eyes of Hayes fell upon McKinley. As a writer says, "Hayes loved him as a father loves a son." But Hayes was a man not to be governed by his affections.

"Take that message to Colonel Brown," said Hayes.



The Battle of South Mountain.





McKinley leaped upon a small horse. He was soon under the enemy's fire, the little brown horse flying like the wind. Over fields, over fences, the Union officers watched him; the men cheered. He could not hear their cheers. Shells burst around the rider, but he sat upon his horse like a hussar. The bullets of sharpshooters hissed around him; but on, on he went, over ditches, through bushes, now lost to the view of the Union officers by rolling smoke, now emerging to view, near and nearer to the men waiting orders. He had passed beyond the danger-point at last; the brown horse had borne his rider well.

Young McKinley faced the regiment, and led it through the woods toward Winchester. It was one of the decisive acts of the war. When McKinley returned and rode up toward the side of Hayes to make his report, Hayes said: "I never expected to see you alive again." On July 25, after this exploit, young McKinley was made a captain.

A young man is known by his heroes. Abraham Lincoln was McKinley's ideal, the man whose character he most wished to imitate. He cast his first vote for him; it was in camp. To receive a commission from the pen of Lincoln, to bear away from the martyr field the penstroke of the great commoner, was a laudable ambition. Said John D. Long once at a banquet on Lincoln's birthday:

"Lincoln was McKinley's pattern. I once said to McKinley, a little while before his death, 'Have you not had Lincoln in your mind as a guide for your own conduct as President? It has seemed to me so.' He told me I was correct. There was the same sympathy with the people at large,

the same training in rural Western life, the same intense interest in American political problems, the same experience in popular speaking.

"Both had the faculty of personal attraction. Neither was of the stern, rigid temperament which never yields a point in the way of the best principle, but both kept steadily in mind the ultimate great purpose to be accomplished, and to that bent everything and effectively achieved it."

This desire to follow the mind of Lincoln grew up in McKinley when he was young. The thought of helping Lincoln fulfil his great ideal became glorious to him. After the Emancipation Proclamation had thrilled the world, the cause absorbed him. When his term of three years' service was over, he enlisted again. In his view Lincoln followed the finger of God, and he must march on in such a cause to the end.

So he faced destiny, with little thought of himself. In an address to a great assembly of young people he afterward said of the consecration of a young life to an absorbing purpose these words, which ended with a strong story of Lincoln, his model:

"No man gets on so well in this world as he whose daily walk and conversation are clean and consistent, whose heart is pure, and whose life is honorable. A religious spirit helps every man. It is at once a comfort and an inspiration, and makes him stronger, wiser, and better in every relation of life. There is no substitute for it. It may be assailed by its enemies, as it has been; but they offer nothing in its place.

It has stood the test of centuries, and has never failed to help and bless mankind. It is stronger to-day than at any previous period of its history, and every event like this you celebrate increases its permanency and power. This world has use for the young man who is well grounded in principle, who has reverence for truth and religion, and courageously follows their teachings. Employment awaits his coming, and honor crowns his path. More than all this, conscious of rectitude, he meets the cares of life with courage; the duties which confront him he discharges with manly honesty.

"These associations elevate and purify our citizenship, and establish more firmly the foundations of our free institutions. The men who established this government had faith in God, and sublimely trusted in Him. They besought His counsel and advice in every step of their progress. And so it has been ever since. American history abounds in instances of this trait of piety, this sincere reliance on a higher Power in all great trials in our national affairs. Our rulers may not always be observers of the outward forms of religion, but we have never had a president, from Washington to Harrison, who publicly avowed infidelity or scoffed at the faith of the masses of our people.

"It is told of Lincoln that he once called upon General Sickles, who had just been brought from the field to Washington city, having lost a leg in one of the charges at Gettysburg. His call was one of sympathy, and after he had inquired into every detail of that great and crucial battle, General Sickles said to him: 'Mr. Lincoln, what did you

think of Gettysburg? Were you much concerned about it?' Lincoln replied: 'I thought very little about it.'

"The general expressed great surprise, and said that he had understood that the capital was in a great panic as to the outcome, and asked: 'Why were you not concerned about the battle of Gettysburg?'

"'Well,' replied the simple-minded Lincoln, 'I will tell you if you will not tell anybody about it. Before that battle I went into my room at the White House. I knelt on my knees, and prayed to God as I had never prayed to Him before; and I told Him, if He would stand by us at Gettysburg, I would stand by Him; and He did, and I shall. And, when I arose from my knees, I imagined I saw a spirit that told me I need not trouble about Gettysburg.'"

CHAPTER XXV

MOTHER WETHERBY TELLS A STORY



THE Sanitary Commission and the Woman's Relief Corps were making busy places now of churches and halls. Mother Wetherby attended the meetings of the Relief Corps at Niles, and her tongue was as busy as her needles. One day she appeared at a meeting with a dark secret on her mind.

"I wouldn't have Mis' McKinley know it for anything," said she to several people, "nor any of the rest of that family. I have no wish to hurt the boy, but they do say—don't mention it for the world—keep dark and show your wisdom—they do say that he rides a bobtailed horse. I am going over to Poland, and shall keep my own counsel. You know that I always had my misgivings about that boy."

She went to Poland to help the Relief Corps sew, and she "kept her own counsel" by telling every one except the McKinleys the awful story that she had heard about the bobtailed nag. Stories grew out of reports in her fertile imagination, and such followed the color of her feelings and prejudices. Although she had said that she would not have

the McKinleys hear of the story of the "bobtailed nag, not for all the world," she caught up her sewing suddenly and nervously at this meeting, and moved her chair to the side of Mrs. McKinley.

"I moved my cheer a little to be a cheer to you," she said. "Now, that affair about the horse was too bad, weren't it? William ought never to have gone to the war; he was too young."

"I do not know what you mean, Sister Wetherby," said Mrs. McKinley.

"My! that is strange. There was one horse in the army that had lost his tail, shot off, it may have been; and they do say—maybe it isn't so—people do so exaggerate things—they do say that they gave it to William."

"The bobtailed nag, it is called," said Mrs. McKinley. "The boys hail it with cheers. William rode on it through a storm of shot and shell, and delivered a message from Hayes to a detached corps of the army. That message saved the men. Oh, I am proud of that day, if William is my own boy!"

"The dragon! So am I proud of him; that will be a great day when he comes marching home. I'll be there, weather and Providence permitting."

She moved away her cheerful "cheer" to a more quiet place. Waltermere was there. He had been again to the hospital camps in behalf of the Relief Corps. The people all wished him to go on these errands of mercy when any of their own were wounded, his hand was so gentle, his words so tender, and his song so sweet. As gentle as the touch of a mother, his hand was laid on a dying brow. He carried

messages, such messages, from homes to the camps and hospitals and back again. He became, as it were, a brother to all mothers who had sons in the war. He used to sing, "He Died at His Post," when a soldier fell, and also "Let Me like a Soldier Fall."

At this meeting he had great news to bring.

He thus announced it: "There is to be a change in the army. An Ohio man is to be made the Lieutenant-General under Lincoln. That Ohio man says: 'I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.' He will do it!"

Who was this new general that had risen to the front rank under Lincoln? What had caused him so to rise? It was the Silent Man, who rose by putting into life the energy of silent thought.

Waltermere now followed the war fortunes of General Hayes, whom he came to love as warmly as young McKinley. After the battles of South Mountain and Antietam he met in the hospitals one of the loveliest lady nurses whose name ever graced American annals, Lucy Webb Hayes, the wife of General Hayes. Her husband had been wounded, and she hastened to his side, and devoted herself to him and wounded soldiers. In her early years she had struggled for an education with her brothers. Her heart seemed full of love to every one, and this love made her happy to ignore her own comfort for others. It is related of her that when she once found a drunken negro woman teased by some boys in the street, she took her into her own carriage and carried her to her home. She was always doing things like this from her girlhood.

She came to be the first lady in the land—which she was by nature—or one of them. *The Cleveland Leader* (1890) thus tells a story of her when she was at the White House, which is a picture of her heart; the story will bear reading many times:

“There was a time when the ‘Treasury girls’ in Washington had a grievance, and were not backward in airing it. Said one of them: ‘So Uncle Sam has had an economical fit, can’t let us have our noonday tea, takes too long!’

“‘Well, Sarah, it isn’t Uncle Sam’s time; still, Secretary McCullough says: “Teapots must be banished from the Treasury of the nation! Every window-ledge in the building has one!”’

“But this grumbling was long ago. It had become almost forgotten when Mrs. Hayes was installed mistress of the White House.

“Rachel Myers, a pretty girl, daughter of a soldier, kept a small lunch-room not far from the Treasury for the accommodation of the Treasury clerks, and in plain sight from Mrs. Hayes’s windows.

“Rachel had so generous a face, ways so modest, and eyes so earnest that Mrs. Hayes watched her a good deal, and one day went in for lunch after the noonday tea had been served to the crowd of clerks.

“Taking her seat, asking for a cup of tea and a biscuit, she said, ‘Miss Rachel, don’t you sometimes find this dull and tiresome?’

“‘Oh, yes’m!’ Rachel replied; ‘but, of course, I must

work, and the ladies are very kind in the departments; they hate to come out of the building for lunch, and the half-hour is so short; but nobody is allowed to have a corner inside any more.'

" 'Why not?'

" 'The Secretary turned out the teapots long ago, and won't take 'em back.'

" Rachel tossed her head as she added, 'I'd rather be a poor girl selling cakes than to be as mean as the big people over there,' pointing toward the White House.

" 'Are they mean, Rachel? What makes you think so?' Mrs. Hayes sipped her tea, and tried not to smile.

" 'Well, everything in this whole city has to be just as they say! They don't help the poor, but only give big dinners, and ride out in their fine carriages, and enjoy themselves! If they wanted to, there are so many ways of helping poor people.'

" 'What could they do for you?' Mrs. Hayes said, as she laid down her ten cents. 'I should think it would be a great pleasure to do something for girls like you.'

" 'Oh, Mr. Secretary can't turn around without asking the President, you know; and the President don't trouble himself about the poor, hard-working women and girls,' Rachel said spitefully.

" 'Have you ever seen the President's wife? I think she is fond of young girls, and I wouldn't be surprised if she could get you a little room for lunch in the Treasury building. Suppose you go over to-morrow morning about ten. She is always at home then.'

"Rachel's eyes danced. 'Oh, how kind that would be! but—I—don't think—I shouldn't know how to meet the President's wife, you know,' and Rachel laid her hand impulsively on the dark-brown silk sleeve, and the soft, warm, ungloved hand of Mrs. Hayes kindly folded itself over Rachel's.

"Promptly at ten the doorkeeper led Rachel to the private sitting-room of the 'Mrs. President.'

"Mrs. Hayes met her with smiles and pleasure.

"'Good morning, my dear,' she said.

"'Good morning, ma'am; you see I've come as you told me, but I do wish you'd do the talking for me when she comes in. I feel afraid of the "great people," but I love you.'

"'The "great people" are no greater than you, in spirit; and I hope you won't despise us any more. I am the wife of the President! Do you feel afraid now?'

"Poor Rachel! she laughed and cried, begged pardons, stammered and hesitated; but the two were evermore firm friends.

"Somehow a nice corner in the big gray stone Treasury became a cheery, cozy lunch-stand. Everybody knew the tall, fine-eyed girl who made the tea. Many a basket of fruit, many a tempting plate of cakes, found their way to the little table from the 'Mistress of the White House,' and the dainty doilies marked 'R. M.' from Mrs. Hayes were of greater value than gold; but more than 'trade' or gifts or 'the honor' was the sweet sympathy of Rachel's beautiful friend."

Waltermere caught the spirit of this noble woman as he saw the intent look in her beautiful face when she passed from cot to cot in the hospitals. He was appointed to take charge of the boxes sent to the wounded soldiers from their homes, to the diet kitchen, and like work.

When a soldier without a family had no box come to him from any one, Mrs. Hayes would be especially kind to him, that his feelings might not suffer.

"What can I do?" thought the singing pilgrim. "The soldiers suffer most in the night. I will go out on the campground in the open air, and sing under the moon and stars. It is my mission to suggest and to travel on."

So he would go out within hearing of the camps and sing "The Eden of Love." Sometimes he would sing the "Sword of Bunker Hill" and the New England song, "How Dear to my Heart are the Scenes of my Childhood!" But it was "The Eden of Love" that the soldiers loved best to hear.

The Twenty-third Ohio Regiment, to which young McKinley belonged, came so to love Mrs. Hayes for the gentle hand with which she anticipated the wants of the sick and dying soldiers that they could hardly speak to her as a mere wife of a general. She was a sister to them, and after the war, on the occasion of her silver wedding, they made her a present of silver plate.

In the battles of West Virginia young McKinley again and again acted the part of a hero. The Twenty-third Ohio was with Sheridan at Winchester. McKinley was one of the soldiers who stood with the colors when Sheridan rode

down Winchester road. In a letter to Mr. Halstead, published by Mr. Halstead in his "Life of McKinley," are some modest touches that picture that day.

Waltermere in these days took the soldiers their boxes from home. How the hearts of these men beat to see him coming! Then after such service he would go out and sing under the moon and stars. The soldiers would gather around him and ask with tears, "Who are you?"

He would answer only,

"I'm a pilgrim,
And I'm a stranger."

Sometimes he would sing "Do They Miss me at Home?" Sometimes Root's "Departed Days," but more often, as we have said, poor, kindly Peggy Dow's favorite hymn, and always "I'm a Pilgrim."

He watched the growth of young McKinley. He remembered the old McKinley homes at Niles and Poland, and what the senior McKinley had sacrificed for his family.

CHAPTER XXVI

REENLISTING



F the soldiers who enlisted for a cause were heroes, those who reenlisted were heroes a second time. Young McKinley had enlisted in 1861, and had served his three years in honor. Now that his term of enlistment was at an end, he could go home—home where such a joyful greeting would await him; to his high-minded father, to his noble mother, to Annie, that princely woman whose hand had helped him; to his classmates of the academy. His comrades of the illustrious Twenty-third Ohio were going home.

"You are going back with us?" said one of these men.

"No, I have not been wounded; you have."

"Have you thought the matter over?"

"Yes, I have thought the matter over. I have not been sick; you have."

"I see."

"My folks do not need me; yours do. My country does need me, and never needed me more than now. I must reenlist. I cannot do otherwise."

He reenlisted, and after his reenlistment his heart and that of General Hayes seemed to have become knit to each

other like brothers for life; the two future Presidents found that they had the same heart.

There is lonesomeness in war. Washington, the majestic, felt the need of a friend, and he found one in Lafayette. Friendship is formed between hearts that are alike, on the ground of sympathy and purpose; or on unlikeness, on the principle of supply and want. The glorious Hayes and the ever-fortunate McKinley now faced the storms of the battlefield as heart beating to heart. People find whom they seek, and the true seeks the true.

The battle of Opequan under Sheridan in the Shenandoah brought to McKinley the honor of "Major," a name that he was proud to bear. At this battle General Crook's division was in reserve, and McKinley was sent by General Crook to order Colonel Duval to move to the right, a perilous commission at a critical hour. McKinley was acting as aide-de-camp on Sheridan's staff:

"Colonel Duval," said McKinley, dashing up to the officer, "General Crook orders that you move your command to the right."

"By what way?" asked the colonel.

The latter knew nothing of the country, nor did McKinley. But McKinley saw the river flowing through the ravine.

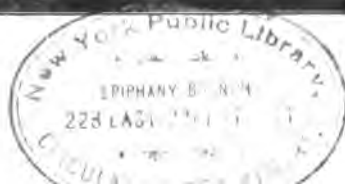
"Follow the creek."

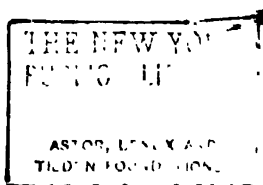
"But I must have that order from the general himself," said the colonel.

"I order you, colonel, in the name of General Crook, to follow the ravine."



"I order you, Colonel, in the name of General Crook, to follow the ravine."





"That will do."

It would do. To follow the creek was the reasonable way, but the aide took the responsibility.

He was right in the direction, and it was for gallant conduct at Opequan that President Lincoln signed his commission as major, the title which he always afterward loved the most of all he had received—"Major McKinley."

CHAPTER XXVII

A MINSTREL FOR THE ARMY



THE true-hearted friendship of Gen. Rutherford B. Hayes for young McKinley won the hearts of the cabin people of Ohio. The fact that the general had intrusted the boy soldier with one of the most important despatches that ever crossed an American battle-field, and that the messenger had delivered that despatch in the fiery face of death, became a household story. Old men wept when they heard it.

General Hayes once said that he would rather have died on the battle-field than not have offered himself for the cause.

When Waltermere had heard of the story of the union of these two hearts, and that great deed of heroism that rose above human affection and any fear of death, he had sat down by the wayside and cried. Never had he so longed before to be free from suspicion. Garfield was then in Congress, and he resolved to go to him, and to seek from him a commission to sing in the army. So the man of the wammas started for Washington to appeal to the heart of Garfield.

He found Philip Phillips, another singer, there, and

Father Locke, who had sung one of his own songs at Springfield, Illinois, on the occasion of the great Lincoln mass-meeting. This song was "Our Lincoln is the Man." The song had awakened the most enthusiastic applause, and it went over the nation. He was borne on that occasion on the shoulders of a company of men, among tens of thousands of people; and, when the assembly dispersed, Lincoln privately sent for Father Locke to sing the song to him. Garfield heard the Tunker's plea.

"But we have no minstrels in the Union army."

"Father Locke obtained permission to go and sing to the soldiers."

"But the President ordered that a place be made for him as sutler."

"Then why cannot a place be made for me as a singing sutler? My voice would do the soldiers good. I would sing 'Ho, Reapers of Life's Harvest,' your song, and 'If I Were a Voice.'"

Philip Phillips was singing "If I Were a Voice." He had sung it in the White House, and it lighted up the white and wrinkled face of Lincoln.

"The President would not deny me if I were to ask him to let you go into camp to sing that song to the soldiers. That song would be a trumpet-call; no, a harp-note. I will see what can be done."

Waltermere received military permission to go into the camp as a singing sutler.

Before he left Washington he sang to the Ohio delegation and to their guests at a banquet. Stanton, the iron

man, was there; John Sherman, in the height of his great powers; Governor Tod, who was the soul and energy of recruiting movements, and Salmon P. Chase, of the Treasury.

Waltermere sang as he had never sung before. The Congressmen, statesmen, and generals asked one another about his history, and his strange story was passed around. Garfield surveyed these Ohio men, and said to the wandering singer, who desired to preach after the manner in which he had done: "Your vindication is sure to come; and when it does you will have power in Ohio."

"He sings best who feels what he sings," said another, "and he preaches best whose voice rises out of sufferings. He has the most power who suffers most."

Waltermere sang awhile in the army, and then he was sent to the hospital camp in Ohio, and there he met, as has been said, that most lovely woman—Lucy Webb Hayes. She was doing her usual work, ministering to the sick in camp.

"I came down here to sing," said he.

"I came here to give my heart and hands to the soldiers," said Mrs. Hayes. "Let us work together. A soldier is dying in the next ward. Sing to him. What will you sing?"

Waltermere sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and in the stanza,

"There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven,"

the soldier passed on to the eternal camping-grounds. Four hearts were growing now in the great love of all the Ohio

people. They were Garfield, Hayes, McKinley, and the singer of the hospital camps.

Ohio had a long list of heroes, noble men, brainy men, iron men; but these hearts awakened home feeling in these sad days. They were Lincoln hearts. General Grant cannot be historically numbered among the men of the Western Reserve, and yet the life of the Grants is associated with the region. Stanton was assigned to Pennsylvania, but he was of the Quaker stock of the Reserve.

To fill the hearts of such men as these with the war-songs of Root and Work and the home-songs of Ohio was no common mission for a heart that was wounded but bore the light of faith.

It was near the end of the war that Waltermere returned to Ohio to sing at the great hospital camp at Cleveland, or near that city. The wandering negro who could tell ghost stories was there, and now that he thought that the hoodoo was over, followed him around. The singing-master's life grew, as an inspirer of men. He had grown by sacrifice and struggle. Let us see him now in his work.

It was a summer night. The hospital camp lay white in the moonlight, and beyond it lay the shadowy purple inland sea. A great number of men lay in the tents, or out in the open air on cots, many of them recovering, some of them dying or soon to die.

Under a tree through which the lake winds rustled at times lay a young man alone, apart from the rest, where he could hear the wind in the trees.

The commandant said to Waltermere in the evening:

"We have placed some cots outside of the camp; they are for special cases, and they are death-beds all. On one of them is a Jew; the one under the tree. I sent the most learned chaplain that we have to him, and the Jew said to him: 'All your learning can do me no good; it is sacrifice alone that has worth with God; I have given my life to your cause. And,' he added, 'I wish I could feel the touch of a woman's hand, the hand of a woman who has been a mother.' Go to him; say something to comfort him, if you can; take Mother Wetherby with you. She has a hard tongue, but her heart can feel." Waltermere and Mother Wetherby went out from the dispensary toward the great green tree whose leaves were rippling in the moonlight.

"Do you know whom we are going to visit?" asked Waltermere.

"No, whom?"

"A Jew."

"A Jew? What could I do for a Jew?"

"Give him a cup of cold water; lay your hand on his head; and tell him that you love him and pity him."

"I don't know, I don't know," said Mother Wetherby, "I don't know that I could do that after all the Jews have done. It would stretch my conscience like rubber, and I haven't that kind of a conscience. But I might; I'll see; Christ was a Jew."

They came to the tree. He was there, dying.

"What can I do for you?" said Mother Wetherby, bending over him.

"Lay your hand on my head."

She hesitated. Then she put her warm hand on the wide forehead.

"That is like mother's hand," he said; "only there is something lacking; the true heart-touch is not in it, but it is a woman's hand."

"This is a serious hour," said Mother Wetherby. "What is your hope?"

"My hope is that God is my Father, and he will never cease to remember that I am his child. I have tried to follow his spirit in my soul, and I have prayed daily to know the truth. Sacrifice to me is the way to truth. I would die for my people, and I am dying now for your cause, which is the cause of liberty among mankind. You have done for me the best you could. Now let me die as a seeker after truth."

Mother Wetherby's true heart came to her. She bent down and said, "May I give you a mother's kiss on your forehead?"

She kissed him with trembling lips. Then Waltermere sang to him a hymn which echoed in part the music of the ancient temple service, "The God of Abraham praise." At the words,

"I shall behold his face;
I shall his name adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
Forevermore,"

the Jew's face lighted, and he said, "I seem to see the cross in his face; if it be the cross of your Christ, it is well—I have given all I am and have to the cause of liberty, which

is the cause of my people—I am going now; if there were no heaven or reward, I would die content.”

Poor Mother Wetherby sank down on her knees. His soul was passing. The lake winds rippled the moonlit leaves.

“Waltermere,” said she, “the Lord forgive me.”

“For what?”

“I hesitated. Would Christ have hesitated? Let the Good Samaritan answer for me. I have seen this man’s soul, and now I pity everybody as Christ did.”

The Jew lay there by the lakeside, dead, all alone, save for these two. There were groanings in many tents. People were flitting to and fro; dark forms, women in white aprons; it was one of those nights of agony in which the human heart was schooled in the true lessons of brotherhood. The Christ of Samaria was there.

“I never so much desired to preach what I feel as now,” said Waltermere. “I have a message; I would be the happiest man on earth if my Vindicator would appear and remove this dark suspicion from me. He will; he will; I know that he will.”

Then men came with stretchers, and Waltermere and Mother Wetherby followed the dead Jew to the house of the dead. They buried him the next day, and a year or more afterward they set by his grave a plain board, and wrote upon it “Unknown.”

Mother Wetherby and Waltermere talked of life.

“I have met five students,” said Waltermere, “that I think have a future; I saw the future in them when I first

met each of them. Several presidents have gone from log cabins to the White House."

"But," said Mother Wetherby, fanning herself with a sprig of balm, "all five of the students that you think real smart cannot be presidents. That would be impossible. Ohio could never have five presidents. Who are these young men?"

"Well, there is young Garfield, who chopped one hundred cords of wood for twenty-five cents a cord in order to gain help in getting an education."

"Chopping wood don't make presidents. My husband wore blue jeans and leather breeches, and split rails; but that did not make him President; if it had, I would have been a President's wife instead of peddling herbs. But who next?"

"There is Harrison, Benjamin, his grandmother's boy, who conquered stumps and stones."

"But grannies don't count in President-making, nor does building stone walls. Who next?"

"There is Hayes, who had to graduate in his old clothes."

"But how does that tend to make a man President?"

"Simply because he graduated."

"Well, I don't see it. Who next?"

"The Point Pleasant boy, who wanted to go to West Point. He knew how to haul logs."

"But hauling logs don't fit a man to be President."

"Oh, yes, it does!"

"Why?"

"Because he hauled the logs."

"Well, well, who next, I wonder, who next?"

"William McKinley."

Mother Wetherby threw up her arms and shrieked.

"Well, now, I know that all of the rest of your prophecies are nothing but air. What makes you think of William McKinley as likely to come to something more than others?"

"Because the high purpose of his parents lives in him, and such a purpose lives in all of these boys. What a father would be himself if he could, lives in his boys. The fathers of these boys, all of whom use the hammer, the ax, the bucket, or the plow, are living not only for their sons, but in their sons. And what mothers they have!"

"Well, Waltermere, the heavens may fall; but, if these five boys ever come to the White House, may you go there to visit them; and I will go for sure if McKinley should ever walk up the steps of the White House and make a home there. As for Garfield, his mother used to go to bed supperless that her children might have food. I wish that he might become a President for her sake. But, lawsy sake, you might as well imagine that your five boys will one day go marching up the steps of the Capitol on their heads."

"Mother Wetherby, I think I have a prophetic imagination. Wait and see."

"There is no need to wait. There could never be, as I said, five presidents from the stumps of the simple State of Ohio. Anybody could see that. What is my head for? If these Ohio boys should go to Washington, I mean to go and visit them all. What are my feet for?"

CHAPTER XXVIII

"WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME AGAIN!"



AND now the great campaigns of Grant were over. Lee had surrendered at Appomattox. There was light in the sky. Waltermere was still giving his time to service in the Relief Corps, and was now singing "We Shall Meet, but We Shall Miss Him" and "Tenting To-night."

Another strange incident had now happened to Waltermere in his search for honor. He had been sent to Washington by the Woman's Relief Corps of Mahoning County to care for some wounded and sick soldiers. He did his duty tenderly.

On a certain day the regimental bands were to give a serenade to President Lincoln. He came into the city of Washington from the hospital camps on some matters of business for the soldiers, when the air resounded with lively music and people with one accord seemed to be gathering in the White House grounds.

He followed the people and asked, "What is it?"

"Lincoln has proclaimed peace!"

He found himself in a world of music. Every one

seemed to be impelled to go to the White House to hear the bands speak the world's thought to Lincoln. How people were beginning to love that great commoner! Peace! peace! White handkerchiefs were waving. Peace was in the air.

He stood there on the balcony, towering over all with a white, worn, ghastly face, Lincoln, the father of the people. The bands played lively tunes, some of which had been written by the boys who had grown up in the Western Reserve or had been trained in good Dr. Root's conventions there. They played "Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom," and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," and then "Marching Through Georgia."

Suddenly the President's white face lighted with a light that seemed to come from the heart.

"Play 'Dixie,' boys!" exclaimed he; "play 'Dixie'!"

"That is not our song," shouted one of the bandmen.

"Yes, it is; it is ours now; *we are all one*; we have captured it," said the President; "play 'Dixie'!"

The lively music of "Dixie" thrilled the air. The people caught the spirit of the President and shouted. Lincoln smiled; he did not often smile, though he sometimes told amusing stories.

A colored band was near. It wheeled away, when a face caught the eye of Waltermere. It wore a scar. It was that of the negro whom he had seen in the house of the glen, that had disappeared.

He ran after the man, and walked up Pennsylvania Avenue beside him. The colored man was a musician. He rec-

ognized Waltermere and said: "That was good of the President—'Dixie.'"

"I met you in the house in the glen," said Waltermere.

"Yes, sar; I escaped the same night that you did, after I had hidden the stove in the wood. They were slave-catchers, they were. They burned the house in the snow-storm, and the snow covered the ruins. I saw you at the Gospel Trees; you sang. I am free now."

Waltermere's heart throbbed.

"Where can I see you, my friend?"

"I shall go to Pittsburg in a few weeks; my name is Cone. You will find me there."

He marched on, the band playing "Dixie." Then, there *was* a house in the glen! The star of honor shone clear now, and Waltermere returned to Niles as one who had a right to the sunshine and the flowers. He was as a new man now.

New times were in the air. It seemed as though some silent messenger of hope had made the name of Grant one with victory. Already the peace bugles were blowing.

"It will not be long," said Mrs. McKinley, "before William will come home again. What a day that will be!"

The boys and girls on their way to school had begun to sing, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again!"

It was a gala-day at Poland, a gala-day in all the towns of the Reserve. They were coming, the survivors of the Twenty-third. The "boys that were left" were coming home to Poland.

Flags bloomed in the air, and rippled in the sunshine and the lake winds. Youngstown and Warren were astir as

never before. Gladness filled all faces. The old bell-ringers were in their shirt-sleeves to-day.

What a welcome awaited the boys who were left!

Mother Wetherby, the "Don't" woman, when she heard the news of the home-coming at Jefferson, hastened to Poland with handbox and bag to visit the McKinleys.

"I thought I would come again to see ye all, and welcome home little William, ^{Mr} I always knew that he was a proper smart boy, and ^{Mr} ~~ways~~ ^{ways} builded him up, by correcting him for his own ^{good} ~~side~~ ^{side} as Bears a commission from the President, I hear. My heart goes pit-a-pat, I am so proud of him. Don't you remember how I used to encourage him? I have had a furbelow of pink and blue ribbon put on my cap-border. I hope that he will notice that as he goes marching along. It must be a proud day for you, Mis' McKinley; and think what a good adviser I have always been to him, too, how I used to caution him, but it was for his good. The result reveals the wisdom of one's words and acts; the result shows how I used to encourage him. I am proud of him, and I am going to hallo right out loud now with the rest."

They were coming, the remnants of that company of young martyrs, and William was a "major." He was bearing his commission, signed by Lincoln's own hand, to his mother. The people, young and old, were in the streets under the shadow of the majestic trees.

There was a boom of cannon, then a far roll of drums. Then a glad song rose along the road. The very birds seemed to rejoice in the song. The dogs barked as never

before. Little children joined in the chorus for the first time; old men sang who thought their voices had gone. The air seemed to sing:

"When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah! hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then;
Hurrah! hurrah!
The men will cheer; the boys will shout;
The ladies, they will turn out;
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home!"

The roads seemed singing. The bells pealed; the very air seemed conscious.

He came, the young major, who had gone away a sick boy. He was lusty now and marched, yeoman as he was, with the step of a prince, a prince of liberty. How the people shouted!

His mother stood waiting for that moment of bliss when she should enfold him in her arms with kisses. Mother Wetherby did not wait. She who had "encouraged" him so much went down the road to meet him, her cap-border bobbing with red and blue ribbons, and with a bunch of red roses in her hands. On they came, the roads singing:

"Get ready for the jubilee;
Hurrah! hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three;
Hurrah! hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home!"

When Mother Wetherby saw young McKinley, she danced and shouted. She ran up to him, and touched him on the arm.

"William, don't you remember me, and how I used to encourage you? You do me proud for all I used to do for you. This is a gay day! I didn't encourage you in vain."

She dropped her bunch of roses in the way before the advancing survivors. Then she sang with the rest, with the young and the old, the birds, the air, and the roads:

"The old church bells will peal with joy;
Hurrah! hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy;
Hurrah! hurrah!
The village lads and lasses say
With roses they will strew the way,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home!"

"Sing 'William' for 'Johnny'!" cried Mother Wetherby, dancing along by the wayside; "sing 'William'!

"'When William comes marching home!' William, he used to be *my* boy. How I did love to encourage him!"

And now the survivors stood again before the old Poland tavern. Waltermere was there, with his face more beautiful than ever before. He was asked to sing in the same old room. He remembered the dead, and sang Washburn's "Vacant Chair." Annie McKinley was there—silent, but smiling at the change that had come over Mother Wetherby.

It was past character that brought this day to William, and now he faced the future! He had kept the promises

that he had made in the old Methodist church, and his character had grown. Soul-value is the only value that will last, and he was rich in this possession. Two periods of his life had closed, and in the sky of his destiny shone the star of honor.

When Rutherford B. Hayes was elected President of the United States, young McKinley appeared in Washington as a Congressman, and the friendship between the two was renewed. They were still as brothers.

"Study the tariff," said the President to him one day. "It is a special purpose that wins success. Be prepared to make clear that which the public most desires to know."

That was a touch as friendly as Annie's hand had been. That had been his father's teaching. He saw the need and the way. He studied the tariff in view of the needs of the working people. He was still following his habits at Poland. Habits live; suggestions live. But what *was* the way by which he rose to the front in the world?

CHAPTER XXIX

TIN



HERE is an underlying reason for a notable man's rise; one was beginning to develop in young McKinley's life, though he probably knew it not at the time. The reason was Tin.

Columbus saw a picture of the earth in a star, and he was no longer a common man. Newton saw the apple fall, and of him it was written,

"Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night;
God said, 'Let Newton be,' and there was light."

Galileo saw the pendulum swing, but he saw more; so did Copernicus in the optic glass. Franklin's kite transformed the world; it made the new world of electric force possible. So with Wall, Bolster, Fulton, Edison, and a hundred others, in little things they discovered the laws of great possibilities.

The father of young McKinley was a Tubal Cain, a son of Thor. He built and managed great furnaces of iron, but men like him in Ohio were beginning to see that sheets of iron might be made to possess all the uses of tin. Dip a sheet of iron into melted tin, and it reappears to the sight and for most practical purposes as tin, bright as silver and

tasteless, a protection to fruit and edibles. The coated iron or steel is called tin-plate. By putting corn into it, one may have green corn all the year; and so with many vegetables and fruits and most other table foods.

Tin was once numbered among the precious metals. Vulcan, according to the old legend, used it in his furnace, to form the shield of Achilles. Phœnicians enriched Tyre and Sidon with tin from the mines of Cornwall. These same mines at one time had almost a monopoly of the tin of the world.

In the discussion of the tariff of 1864, the subject of tin-plate aroused interest; ironmongers had begun to manufacture tin-plate for private use. A tariff on tin might lead to the manufacture of tin-plate in the great iron fields. The war was over. The young mind of McKinley began to study again. Now it was economics or how American industries might be expanded. He had seen his father's muscles grow strong by the use of the hammer. He had seen the harbor of Ashtabula growing to become a shore covered with iron ore. He studied law, but he saw something in the profession that other lawyers did not see—legislation for the sake of industrial expansion.

Then there slowly dawned upon him the value of tin-plate to many industries in America. It would promote a universal trade in canned goods, enrich every table, cause the products of the summer garden to last all the year, change winter into summer, afford honest employment to thousands of people, make the toiler's dinner better and his dinner-pail cheap.

Beyond this silvery vision which was forming in his study of the ways in which industries might be expanded, he saw other ways by which the hard products of the furnaces might be made to girdle the earth.

"I must study," said he, on the door-steps at Poland. He determined to study law. He had brought home his wages from the war, and given them to his mother. The family, and especially Annie, were ready to help him, and he went to the Albany Law School.

Returning from his studies he wished to open a law-office. Where should it be? Canton, Ohio, opened to him an opportunity. He went there empty-handed and poor. He became popular in Canton; but he made his popularity not by seeking it, but by honor. The people saw in him a large, warm heart and integrity of character, and they wished to help such a young man to rise. Communities always do this in such cases; it is honor of which a young man himself is unconscious, which others discover by accident, that causes a young man to rise.

He had enemies; all people who rise do. Among these was an advocate who was to appear in a case involving thousands of dollars. Young McKinley had been engaged as an advocate in the case against this man. The case came up, when his opponent asked for a delay.

"I am ready to proceed," said McKinley. "Why does my opponent ask for a delay?"

"He has lost valuable papers," was the reply. "He hopes to recover them."

The delay was granted. A few hours after McKinley

went to the Law Library to study the case further. While consulting books, he found the lost papers. He might now read them and no one would know—and so he could gain an advantage over his opponent. Should he do it? Could he do it? No. He would not have another take advantage over him in such a way. He returned the papers to his opponent unread.

McKinley lost the case. His friends said that his side of the case was the just one, and that he might have won the verdict if he had read the papers.

He appealed the case and won it. It was such a revelation of true character as this that led the people to desire to give him public position. He was made a prosecuting attorney, and from that office rose to public positions, until he was elected to Congress.

He married a beautiful and accomplished woman. They lost a child by a terrible accident, but in her deep affliction Mr. McKinley was ever true to his wife. He took her with him wherever he went, and denied her nothing. He shared all his honors with her to the end, and brought her to the front with him in every stage of life. He was always true.

"I must study on," said he now as a young law-student at Albany and at Canton. His studies grew. He sowed in every hour. He became a Congressman. It was his passion to seek to add to the value of American industries.

His opportunity came. A tariff on tin would show to America the value of his theory of protection. When he began his Congressional career, President Hayes, who had been his dear friend in the army, a father to the unprotected

boy, said to him (and let every boy mark this): "To win success, you must pursue a special line. You must confine yourself to one thing. Be a specialist. How would it do for you to study the tariff? Therein is a great field for study."

A specialist, in tin, iron, steel. It was a great study he pursued. He followed the thought of his true friend, the President.

Into these studies, which were to lead to some of the greatest results of the time, went his life. A tariff was enacted. Stacks of chimneys leaped into fire. Iron plated with tin began to throw its magic ring about a hundred household necessities. Tin-plate arose among the materials of inestimable value. The studious thoughts of the boy of Niles and Poland sent forth their influence everywhere.

People began to say to one another, like old Santa Anna, "Never mind, William; you may be president yet!"

The name of McKinley began to stand for the expansion of American industries. It was hailed as a popular name. He may have dreamed of the presidency ever since the simple suggestion of Santa Anna, but we do not know this.

The time may come when tariffs will become robbery. William McKinley thought such legislation was only beneficial. He wished to stimulate our own industries so as to help laboring men, and make them and the country independent.

In 1888 he was sent as a delegate to the National Republican Convention, and was instructed to vote for John Sherman as candidate for president. The most noble episode, perhaps, of McKinley's life grew out of an enforced interview

which he had with the New Jersey delegation at this time. The New Jersey delegation had resolved to vote for McKinley himself for the presidential nomination, notwithstanding that McKinley as a delegate had been instructed by the Ohio Republican Convention to vote for Sherman.

McKinley heard the report. He went with a friend from the Sherman headquarters to visit the New Jersey delegation. His coming was a surprise to the delegation. Facing the chairman, he said: "I have heard that your delegation has resolved to cast a solid vote for me to-morrow. May I ask you if the report be true?"

"That is a matter of our own concern," said the chairman shortly, with some polite introductory words. "We are to act on our own responsibility, and are accountable only to the party of our own State."

"I beg your pardon," said McKinley, "it is a matter of my concern as well as yours."

"Then," said the chairman, "let me say that we have resolved to cast our vote for William McKinley of Ohio for president to-morrow, and to continue to do so until a nomination is made."

McKinley raised his arm. His face grew rigid and almost as white as when it lay confined in death. He stood there, and turned his face to his raised arm.

"I would suffer that arm to perish before I would accept a nomination under dishonorable circumstances. I would face death before I would be untrue to my instructions. Were I to accept a nomination under such circumstances as these, I should be defeated, and I ought to be defeated."

The decision was followed by profound silence. Men looked at one another. Here was a man who was incorruptible. Such a man must be nominated for the presidency sometime. McKinley had saved his life by losing it.

"I cannot go to the show, mother." "I would face death before I would accept a nomination of dishonor." It was the same voice. His ear was open to spiritual things. The prophecy of Waltermere was finding fulfilment. Spiritual worth was making the man.

CHAPTER XXX

THE TUNKER SINGS



N air of mystery accompanied the Tunker and his little collie-dog, Faithful, wherever they went, except in Mahoning.

"He has a good heart," said many of the pilgrims without buttons, "or the little dog would not stick to him so."

As the little dog had once lost his master by being stolen, he now never lost sight of him. The Tunker would sometimes sink down to sleep for the night under the boughs of some tent of evergreen trees through which the stars could shine, and say to the dog as it lay down at his feet, "I have one faithful heart to love me yet."

Once, when some taverners had suggested to him that he had been dishonest in his statements in regard to the lost inn, or else a victim of some unaccountable delusion, he had exclaimed: "The lost inn! the lost inn, it will be found. I have been praying about it under the trees, and I *know*, I *know* that my Vindicator liveth."

It was a strange declaration to make, a literal translation

of a passage in the book of Job. He thundered forth the words "*I know*" in a manner quite at variance with his mild tone and gentle character. He repeated this.

"How do you know?" asked some taverners of him one day when he had repeated the words again.

"It has been revealed to me in the temple of my inner life under the stars."

These were the words of a mystic, but they rang out with the force of truth—"I *know*."

There was to be held a great musical convention in the Reserve, one of those gatherings of many musical societies in which Mr. James McGranahan, of Kinsman, the famous writer of gospel songs with wings of inspiration in them, and Prof. C. C. Case, another powerful writer of hymn-tunes, and musical conductor, of an old pioneer family, both became famous at a later date.

This convention was to be held at Jefferson, the home of the anti-slavery leaders Wade and Giddings.

The soloists assembled at the Jefferson House, near which was the home of Wade, with the home of Giddings across the square. The law-office of Wade and Giddings is still (in 1902) to be seen on the main street of Jefferson, and is now occupied by one of the sons.

Among the soloists was P. P. Bliss, of whom we have spoken. This boy, whose beautiful voice was discovered by Mr. George F. Root while traveling through the Reserve and in Western Pennsylvania doing convention work, was now interpreting selections from the "*Messiah*." We have told you that when he heard a piano for the first time he was so

enchanted as to venture into the room where it was being played, and was reproved for it.

His bare feet had shoes now. Under Dr. Root's kindly and beneficent guidance he had arrived at a large income from the sales of his songs.

To this convention many musical societies came from Warren, Youngstown, Poland, Hiram, Gustavus, Kinsman, and the lake towns. Singers were there from Ashtabula and Cleveland. With the others came the Tunker and his little dog Faithful. Statesmen came with their families. Not only were Wade and Giddings there, but young Major McKinley and his sister Annie. Garfield may have been there, with professors from Hiram College, and even singers from Oberlin.

Beautiful is Jefferson, with its wide and long avenues which lead into groves of giant trees. The corn-fields and wheat-fields blaze in summer-time. One feels there a sense of wideness.

In this convention P. P. Bliss thrilled the farmers with his flute-like voice. He made them feel the advent of a better age in his "Comfort Ye, Comfort Ye." Near the close of the assembly they asked the Tunker to sing. He promised to do so and the news spread. The rustic temple was crowded with people.

The mystery of the lost inn and the fidelity of the little dog affected the people's imagination, as well as the reputation of the sympathetic voice that went "straight to the heart." There was a thrill of emotion when he came forward, and with an abashed but yet honest face looked down upon

the assembly. The little dog tried to follow him upon the stage, but was restrained. The faithful creature had lost his master once, and seemed to have a fixed purpose never to do so again. What would the Tunker sing? No one knew. The conductor said:

“Our friend will now give us a ballad. What shall it be, my friend?”

“A song from out my heart. I know not who wrote it; the writer seems to have known such hearts as mine. There are kinships that are invisible.”

He spoke as a mystic. Some people whispered, “The lost inn.” Then a deep silence fell on all. He lifted his face as in silent prayer. Then his voice floated forth as if an angel spoke, and he sang: “Flee as a Bird to Your Mountain.” At the end of the song the assembly was filled with tear-wet eyes. He stood there amid a deep silence. He then raised his eyes, and said: “I know that my Vindicator liveth.”

A little dog cried out. It was Faithful. The people recognized the voice, and the very trees shook with the applause that followed.

The honest spirit of the pioneer giant, Ben Wade, seemed to enter into the young men who read law with him. Ben Wade’s great soul stood for justice, for justice toward all men. One of the young lawyers who had caught the spirit of Ben Wade was in that singing assembly. He arose and said:

“This singer once fell under suspicion. I saw in his face that he was innocent. I said to myself one day: ‘I will learn what is the mystery of that man’s life if it costs me a journey to Pittsburg,’ near which he had been accused, ‘at my own

expense.' I am poor, but I entered the profession of law not to enrich myself, but for justice. I wished to begin aright. I said to myself: 'That man is somehow misjudged. I will find out the truth in this matter. This shall be my first case.' Friends, that man is innocent!"

How the people cheered! The little dog cried out with joy.

Ohio is a State where fame has been made by lawyers who began life in this spirit.

The lawyer then told the same tale as the negro in the march had done. A party of slave-hunters had taken shelter in the abandoned tavern-house in the glen, which had formerly been used by some hunters in their fur-dealings. These slave-catchers, on finding that they had been discovered, burned the building on the night of a great snow-storm. A captive negro had been sent out to secrete a stove and pipe in the woods, and had escaped. His face wore a scar. The men fled South under cover of the storm.

Every one has a true friend somewhere, for the God of truth has such a messenger for all.

So the young lawyer, whom we will call the "Vindicator," went forth from the atmosphere of music, and with a purpose in his heart to vindicate the singing preacher which made him one of the men of that great army of honor who followed to eminent success the spirit of Giddings and Wade and the young men who became presidents in the Western Reserve. In those days young lawyers would do such things as these for the sake of justice. Waltermere now became a preacher, and he preached and sang as one crowned

with honor. He stood upon the platform of honor. The American flag waved over it amid the green boughs of the trees. Against some dark floating clouds there gleamed the fragments of a rainbow. Birds were singing, and the leaves were still.

Waltermere came to the front of the platform, with his lap-melodeon under his arm; he looked down on the great multitude. Behind him sat Generals Hayes and Garfield, and McKinley, statesmen, poets, evangelists, and singers, of national names.

He was free. Every heart honored him for his honor; there was not a shade of suspicion to make him melancholy now. The church of his adoption had given him an unasked license to preach; the world was more than ready to welcome him, and the field lay bright before him.

"My friends"—his face wrinkled—"this is a day of honor; you are conferring honor on men who have earned your approval by their deeds. Every general here consecrated his life to God in his youth, and earned, or helped to earn, his own education. I met them all in the days of their struggle, and I saw the star of the future rising in them. I knew that the world would one day want, need, and demand the service of those Christian boys who were earning their own education for others' good.

"The end is not yet. Garfield—what may he not become? Hayes? The brave world will want him. McKinley? I have followed him by my spiritual eye from his youth, when, a boy of sixteen, he rose in the church among the Poland trees, and said: 'I believe religion to be the best thing in all the

world.' The age will call for him one day, and he will follow the gravitation of that first speech in the Poland church.

"Lucy Hayes is here; she deserves to become a queen, the first lady in the land; for she has a heart that forgot long ago that there was such a person as Lucy Hayes; she forgot all else but the soldier on the battle-field.

"Myself, O friends, you have honored me with the rest. I should bring whispers upon the church by preaching while a shadow of suspicion rested upon me. You now bid me go, and the way is clear. I go, I go. To pulpits in the town? No, no. What I have suffered has caused me to pity the lonely. I am going, like queer but self-sacrificing Lorenzo Dow, to the pulpits of the woods, to the log schoolhouses and to the cabins where are no churches or schools. I am going to sing the gospel where the gospel message has never been heard, and sow the seed of the future in new fields, and leave others to reap the harvest.

"Moneyless? Yes. I shall not want. Fameless and nameless? Yes. God will know. Without friends? No, not without friends. Did not Christ say, 'Make unto yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail *they* may receive you into everlasting habitations'? All whom I turn to the light of God will one day welcome me to an assembly of honor more glorious than this.

"I go, I go; but before I go let me sing to my little lap-melodeon a song of the place to which I am going, and of the hearts lonely here, but to be glorified there, who I hope will welcome me."

He touched the bellows with his elbow, and began to open

the sweet reeds. He looked out over the trees upon the departing rainbow, and sang in the silence of the multitude:

"How Sweet to Reflect on Those Joys that Await Me!"

"Sing again if you are going," said a voice. A long and loud applause followed.

"What shall I sing?"

"Sing the song that Philip Phillips sang to Lincoln. The President found his heart in that song."

"Do you mean that song beginning 'If you cannot on the ocean'? Phillips sang that song to Lincoln at the great anniversary of the Christian Commission, and Lincoln sent a note to Secretary Seward, who was in the audience, asking Seward to request the singing of that song again."

"No; sing the song in which Lincoln found his own heart: 'If I Were a Voice.'"

"That I will; that I will; that song is a suggestion, a suggestion to you all, to all the world and to me."

There was a silence so deep that one could hear the far birds singing. People listened for the song in which Lincoln had found his own heart—a song by Isaac Beverly Woodbury:

"If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
That could travel the wide world through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
And speak to men with a gentle might,
And tell them to be true.
I would fly, I would fly over land and sea,
Wherever a human heart might be,
Telling a tale, or singing a song,
In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong.
I would fly, I would fly, I would fly,
I would fly, I would fly over land and sea.

"If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
I'd fly on the wings of air;
The homes of sorrow and and guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
To save them from despair.
I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowded town,
And drop like the happy sunlight down,
Into the hearts of suffering men,
And teach them to look up again.
I would fly, I would fly, I would fly,
I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowded town.

"If I were a voice, a convincing voice,
I'd travel with the wind,
And wherever I saw the nations torn
By warfare, jealousy, spite, or scorn,
Or hatred of their kind,
I would fly, I would fly on the thunder crash,
And into their blinded bosoms flash,
Then with their evil thoughts subdued,
I'd teach them Christian brotherhood.
I would fly, I would fly, I would fly,
I would fly, I would fly on the thunder crash.

"If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I'd fly the earth around,
And wherever man to his idols bow'd,
I'd publish in notes both strong and loud,
The Gospel's joyful sound.
I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day,
Proclaiming peace on my world-wide way,
Bidding the sadden'd earth rejoice,
If I were a voice an immortal voice.
I would fly, I would fly, I would fly
I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day."

"I go," he said, descending from the platform.

He went away; he was lost in the woods; the great world knew him no more, but the lone settlers came to know him, and wherever he sang a church arose as it were from the dust.

The bells tolled for Lincoln, and the singer came out of the woods; they tolled for Garfield, and again he came out of the woods and sang at sorrowful assemblies; for McKinley it was the same. At each singing he ended the service with:

"I'm a pilgrim,
And I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry
But a night.
Do not detain me,
For I am going"—

Then the forest received him, and the forest now holds his nameless grave.

The Singing Pilgrim made suggestions to lone families in the wilderness that were never lost, and those whom he turned to righteousness have long ago received him unto the eternal tabernacles, the everlasting habitation.

They, too, went forth; three of them became the chief magistrates of a great nation, which meant more than to be king; two of them to become the first ladies of the land, and to be worthy of the highest positions on earth. Their endeavors in youth were to reap a full harvest; *he* was to be lost in his endeavors that he might sing to lonely and neglected souls the favorite hymn of poor Peggy Dow.

CHAPTER XXXI

A WONDERFUL COMMENCEMENT



THE commencement exercises at Hiram College in 1880 were remarkable as a disclosure of life. They showed how life is self-revealing, and may be read backwards. Men do not reap what they have not sowed; they reap what they have sowed in silent fields. The sun and the earth show the harvest which men have sown in the silence of the earth and the sun.

At that commencement there was to be a meeting of past students of the Eclectic Institute and the college, the latter of which had grown out of the first. Gen. James A. Garfield was to preside. His return to the college on this occasion thrilled not only the institution and its past students, but the country. It was like a living miracle. Had he not been a barefoot boy on the tow-path? Had he not sifted coal with his mother? Had he not washed the floors of the institute and rung the bell? Had he not kept district schools? Had he not been a volunteer in the service of his country?

And now he had just been nominated for the presidency of the United States! He, coming back?

Old students must return to greet him. The flag must fly high on the hill. The flag must fly over all the towns around. The band must play "Hail to the Chief."

He came, and they looked upon him as a wonder, as people look upon a fragrant apple-tree that seems to have bloomed in a single day.

But the apple-tree does not bloom in a day. Its buds have been in embryo; they have been swelling unseen. So had Garfield been growing unseen, making the most of every moment of his time for the harvest of the future, doing tomorrow's work to-day.

It was a wonder now; men everywhere were glad for him, his struggle with poverty had been so hard.

If the band played "Hail to the Chief," as we may suppose it did under the rippling flag of the monarch hill of the watershed, the music must have had a lesson to all the students of that eventful day.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business?" Where shall he stand? Where Gen. James A. Garfield stood as he heard the great cheer arise for him on Hiram Hill.

Men gather in themselves their own harvests, and the soul has in itself repayment for all its struggles.

As Coates Kenney, a true Ohio poet, once said:

"Thyself must make thyself.
The agonizing throes of thought,
These bring forth glory, bring forth destiny."

Would you know how this boy regarded the hard ways by which he had been forced to get his education? Let him

speak. Read what he says carefully and between the lines and ask yourself whether there is not the making of a presidential soul in these true, ringing, manly words:

"I remember with great satisfaction the work which was accomplished for me at Chester. It marked the most decisive change in my life. While there I formed a definite purpose and plan to complete a college course. It is a great point gained when a young man makes up his mind to devote several years to the accomplishment of a definite work. With the educational facilities now afforded in our country, no young man who has good health and is master of his own actions, can be excused for not obtaining a good education. Poverty is very inconvenient, but it is a spur to activity, and may be made a rich blessing."

He began to teach, but he meant to become a superior teacher.

He must not stop with his first place. The purpose of life is to grow. How did he grow at Hiram? We must give you a page out of one of his biographies.

"He lived in a room with four other pupils, studied harder than ever, having now his college project fully anchored in his mind; he got through his six books of Cæsar that term, and made good progress in Greek. He met, on entering the institute, a woman who exercised a strong influence on his intellectual life, Miss Almada Booth, the Margaret Fuller of the West, a teacher in the school. She

was nine years older than the young student, possessed a mind of remarkable range and grasp, and a character of unusual sweetness, purity, and strength. She became his guide and companion in his studies, his mental and moral heroine, and his unselfish, devoted friend.

“When the winter came he returned to Warrensville, and taught school again, earning eighteen dollars a month. Spring found him again at Hiram, and during this term, in company with Corydon E. Fuller, he aided Miss Booth in writing a colloquy for the public exercises at the close of the school year. During the ensuing summer (1852), he helped to build a house in the village, planing the sides and shingling the roof himself. In the fall, when the institute opened, one of the tutors in the department of English and ancient languages fell ill, and James Garfield was advanced to his place. Henceforward he taught and studied at the same time, his eye all the while fixed upon the bright beacon of a college education. He began Xenophon’s ‘Anabasis’ among other things. That winter he became a member of President Hayden’s household.

“The summer vacation of 1853 only brought harder work. In company with eleven students he formed a class, and hired Professor Dunshee to give them private lessons for one month. During that time he mastered the pastorals of Virgil, the ‘Georgics’ and ‘Bucolics’ entire, and the first six books of Homer’s ‘Iliad,’ accompanied by a thorough drill in the Latin and Greek grammar at each recitation. He was also a member of an active literary society during this month. When the fall term was fairly under way, Garfield went at

it again, to hasten his preparation for college. He, with some other students, formed a Translation Society that met at Miss Booth's rooms two evenings a week, and made a joint translation with her of the book of Romans. The work was done more thoroughly than rapidly. An entry in Garfield's diary for December 15, 1853, reads: 'Translation Society sat three hours in Miss Booth's rooms, and agreed upon the translation of nine verses.' To this class Professor Dunshee contributed some essays on the German commentators—De Wette and Tholuck."

During the winter (1853-54) Garfield read the whole of "Demosthenes on the Crown."

"When he went to Hiram, he had studied Latin only six weeks, and only begun Greek; and was therefore just in a condition fairly to begin the four years' preparatory course ordinarily taken by students before entering college in the freshman class. Yet in three years' time he fitted himself to enter the junior class, two years further on, and at the same time earned his own living, thus crowding six years' study into three, and teaching for support at the same time. To accomplish it he shut the whole world out of his mind, save that little portion of it within the range of his studies, knowing little of politics or the news of the day, reading no light literature, and engaging in no social recreations that took his time from his books."

He earned money at Hiram to enter Williams College among the Berkshire Hills of New England. He returned

from New England to become the president of the school at Hiram, which had come to be a college.

So step by step he had gained a usefulness which the world would want. The world is looking for fit men. It finds them. It is not what a man wants to be, but what is his value, that will lead the world to want him as representative of what is best in life. He had made for himself a soul-value.

CHAPTER XXXII

AN INAUGURAL KISS



ON November 2, 1880, James A. Garfield, a young man, was elected president of the United States. He was borne into the presidency with much enthusiasm. He did not meet with bitter opposition from the opposing party. His election called for no shock of disappointment. The people loved him.

He was inaugurated amid the good will of the people; he bore himself as a man of the people, with Jeffersonian simplicity. On March 3 the President-elect met some twenty of his old classmates, and they talked of the hard struggles of the past.

He had brought his old mother to Washington to sit by him at the inauguration, she who had given him the seventeen dollars of her hard earnings, and who had said, "James, I will help you." Washington was thronged on March 4. The city was decked in festival array. Banners waved; tides of music rolled through the grand avenues; hearts beat high; it was truly an American day. General Hancock, Mr. Garfield's opponent in the campaign, was there like a true soldier, accepting his rival's invitation.

The President's mother sat on the east portico of the Capitol, where the oath of office was to be administered. She was gray and feeble now; there must have passed before her vision the days when James was driving a mule on a canal in Ohio. People gathered around the portico and formed a sea of heads. The Chief Justice in his robes had called upon the young President to take, with uplifted hand, the oath of office to defend the Constitution.

Seldom had the sun looked down upon such an animated scene of beauty, harmony, and public joy. The solemn oath was administered; the inaugural address was made.

Garfield turned, the once barefooted boy, he to whom in his dire poverty his older brother had given his first pair of shoes that he might go to school—and did honor to these ceremonies by an act that will ever live. He approached his old mother, bent down and kissed her. The multitude swayed and wept for the good woman in her joy.

No incident in any inaugural had been more beautiful and touching. He had returned to her the gold of God. The festivities that followed took their harmony from this heart-note. The Garfield inauguration had worth and soul-value beyond any pomp or outside parade or show.

McKinley, meanwhile, was growing. He became governor. But success in few men's lives is uninterrupted. There came to him an experience of distress in his private affairs that began in benevolence and ended in honor.

He loved his friends with unshaken faith. Among his early friends was a man of the name of Walker, who became a banker. When McKinley began to practise law, he

borrowed a small sum from Walker, and afterward he secured a loan of some \$2,000 from him to pay off a mortgage. These and other borrowed sums McKinley paid when he became a Congressman. He had saved some \$20,000 during his long service as Congressman. His wife had a fortune of her own.

In the prosperous tide of his life, and after he became governor, Mr. Walker came to him and said: "I am pressed for money. I used to help you when you needed money, and now I want you to indorse some notes for me."

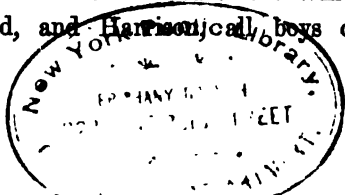
McKinley's heart responded to his old and true friend, and he indorsed the notes. He afterward indorsed other notes for his old friend in the same spirit. But his old friend's business became more and more involved, and he had to fail. The indorsed notes covered a sum of \$100,000.

"I shall pay my obligations dollar by dollar if I live to earn the amount," said McKinley. With a white face he went to his wife and told her all.

She answered: "Your name shall not be tarnished. If you will give up your property, I will give up mine."

He had made a mistake; he acknowledged it, and offered all he had in atonement. There was no evasion, no cowardice, no thought of anything but honor. Other friends helped him to discharge this debt, but William McKinley did not appeal to their charity. It is the same story as that of his neighbor's hen's nest on his side of the fence.

I need not tell how McKinley, nominated with honor, became President, and thus fulfilled the kindly prophecy of Santa Anna, or how he followed to the White House Grant, Hayes, Garfield, and Harrison, all boys of the Western



Reserve. It has been my purpose to picture the home starting of these boys, so as to leave in the reader's mind a view of old times on the Ohio, rather than to record historical careers. I can but hope that this picture of the pioneer neighborhoods and their stories may be inspiring to those who must face the world empty-handed, but who put soul-value above all other considerations in life.

They are all gone, but they left a record, and not as the flight of a bird through the air are they gone; their influence goes on, and they will survive among the living stones of the great temples of the future. They were "suggestions." It is not for all to bear a templed name, but it is for all to win the record of a pure and imperishable character.

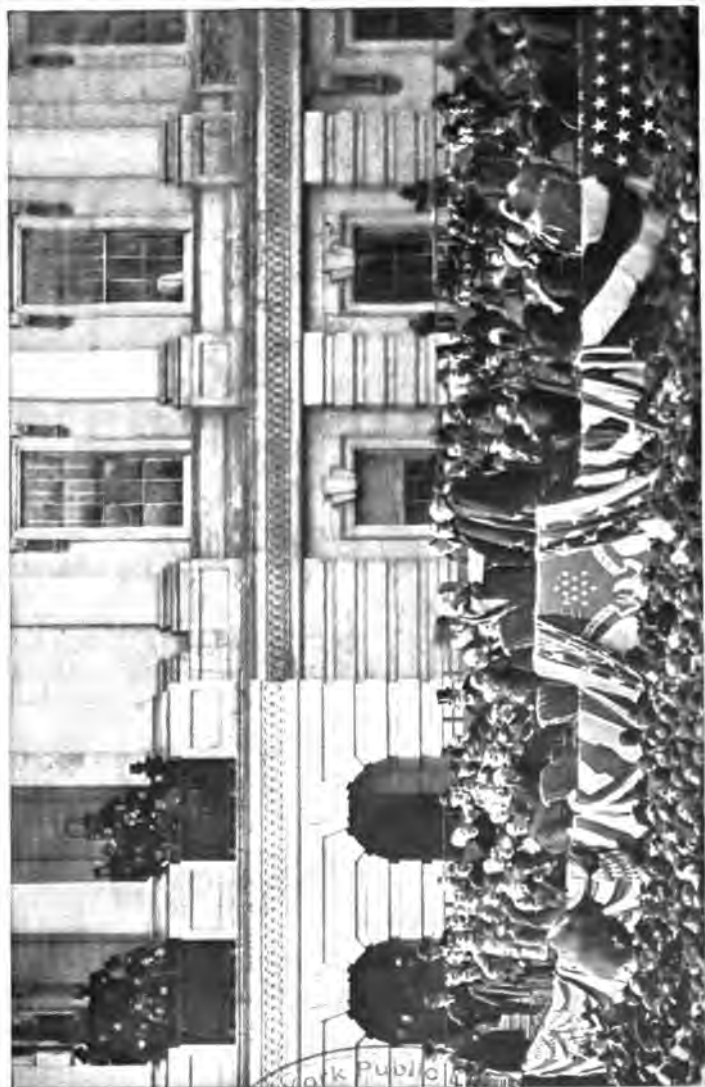
McKinley was devoted to his wife, and, after the loss of their children, husband and wife became more to each other than ever.

"We are married lovers," he once said.

They were seldom separated from each other even on State occasions.

There was an hour when America had no President. It was that on which McKinley had prepared to go to his inauguration, and his tender wife in the excitement lost her consciousness, which she soon recovered; and so the great ceremony was delayed.

The hour of the crisis of his political life was that in which his nomination for the presidency was impending. He was expecting news of his nomination, and was seated to receive despatches. His wife was with him; she shared all the emotions of his political heart.



The Inauguration of McKinley.



NEW YORK
LIBRARY

FOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

It was the eighteenth of June, when he sat there, surrounded by the roses of Canton, receiving despatches from the great Republican convention at St. Louis. He was at the despatch-table, and his wife and his old mother were in the parlor.

He was humming a tune, "Bannockburn"—"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled"—when a despatch came: "Ohio 42 votes for William McKinley."

He rose, suppressing the fulness of his joy, went into the parlor and bent over his wife, saying, "Ida, the vote of Ohio has nominated me." She kissed him and he turned to his mother, who clasped him around his neck, and whispered something for his ear alone.

The lovely June air, full of odors, bird-song, and insect-life, then suddenly seemed to thunder. It was the first of a hundred guns. There followed a clang of a bell, then bells from all the steeples in the wide, sunny air of his home town. A thousand feet came running. Poland, his old home, gave itself up to universal joy. Waltermere was there. He stood apart.

"I read it all," he said, "long ago, in the book of his heart. He who forgets himself for others is not forgotten by others. A nation is known by the men they crown."

There was little darkness in Poland that night, only a shadow. People wept for joy. Poor old Abba Sanford had probably been long dead, but the hesitating suggestion of his relenting heart was nearly fulfilled and would soon be actually fulfilled.

Five times Mother Wetherby walked up the steps of the

White House in her elderly years, plucking some sprigs of evergreen to wave under her nose as she went: once to meet Grant, once to meet Harrison, once to meet Garfield, once to meet Hayes, and once to rush into the arms of McKinley.

"So glad to see you, my boy."

"We can't always calculate," said she reflectively, as she found herself on Pennsylvania Avenue after the last visit. "It all depends on force. He who plows deep gathers the harvest, and it takes stumps to make presidents."

And she waved her sprig of evergreen and glanced down the Potomac and added: "This is a good world: there are lots of good folks in it this year, and I am inclined to think that the best of all times is now, and that the best time to make character is in youth. And," she added, "character is everything."

You are right, good woman! And one of the best colleges of life has been the old times on the Ohio.

One more scene and I am done with these pictures of the growth of a true American boy.

The last speech of President McKinley, delivered shortly before the great tragedy, was like a prophetic trumpet-call to mankind. We give a part of it, and we would that every boy who reads it might learn it, and declaim it at his club or school:

"My Fellow Citizens: Trade statistics indicate that this country is in a state of unexampled prosperity. The figures are almost appalling. They show that we are utilizing our fields and forests and mines, and that we are furnishing

profitable employment to the millions of working men throughout the United States, bringing comfort and happiness to their homes, and making it possible to lay by savings for old age and disability. That all the people are participating in this great prosperity is seen in every American community, and shown by the enormous and unprecedented deposits in our savings-banks. Our duty is the care and security of these deposits, and their safe investment demands the highest integrity and the best business capacity of those in charge of these depositories of the people's earnings.

"We have a vast and intricate business, built up through years of toil and struggle, in which every part of the country has its stake, which will not permit of either neglect or of undue selfishness. No narrow, sordid policy will subserve it. The greatest skill and wisdom on the part of manufacturers and producers will be required to hold and increase it. Our industrial enterprises, which have grown to such great proportions, affect the homes and occupations of the people and the welfare of the country. Our capacity to produce has developed so enormously, and our products have so multiplied, that the problem of more markets requires our urgent and immediate attention. Only a broad and enlightened policy will keep what we have. No other policy will get more. In these times of marvelous business energy and gain we ought to be looking to the future, strengthening the weak places in our industrial and commercial systems, that we may be ready for any storm or strain.

"By sensible trade arrangements which will not interrupt our home protection we shall extend the outlets for our

increasing surplus. A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued and healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible, it would not be best for us or for those with whom we deal. We should take from our customers such of their products as we can use without harm to our industries and labor. Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established. What we produce beyond our domestic consumption must have a vent abroad. The excess must be relieved through a foreign outlet, and we should sell everything we can and buy wherever the buying will enlarge our sales and productions, and thereby make a greater demand for home labor.

"The period for exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good-will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not.

"If perchance some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad? Then, too, we have inadequate steamship service. New lines of steamers have already been put in commission between the Pacific coast ports of the United States and those on the western coasts of Mexico and

Central and South America. These should be followed up with direct steamship lines between the eastern coast of the United States and South American ports. One of the needs of the times is direct commercial lines from our vast fields of production to the fields of consumption that we have but barely touched.

"Next in advantage to having the thing to sell is to have the convenience to carry it to the buyer. We must encourage our merchant marine. We must have more ships. They must be under the American flag, built and manned and owned by Americans. These will not only be profitable in a commercial sense; they will be messengers of peace and amity wherever they go. We must build the Isthmian Canal, which will unite the two oceans and give a straight line of water communication with the western coasts of Central and South America and Mexico. The construction of a Pacific cable cannot be longer postponed.

"In the furtherance of these objects of national interest and concern you are performing an important part. This exposition would have touched the heart of that American statesman whose mind was ever alert and thought ever constant for a larger commerce and a truer fraternity of the republics of the New World. His broad American spirit is felt and manifested here. He needs no identification to an assemblage of Americans anywhere, for the name of Blaine is inseparably associated with the Pan-American movement which finds its practical and substantial expression in, and which we all hope will be firmly advanced by, the Pan-American Congress that assembles this autumn in the capital of

Mexico. The good work will go on. It cannot be stopped. These buildings will disappear; this creation of art and beauty and industry will perish from sight; but their influence will remain to

"Make it live beyond its too short living,
With praises and thanksgiving."

"Who can tell the new thoughts that have been awakened, the ambitions fired, and the high achievements that will be wrought through this exposition? Gentlemen, let us remember that our interest is in concord, not in conflict; and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. We hope that all who are represented here may be moved to higher and nobler effort for their own and the world's good, and that out of this city may come not only greater commerce and trade for us all, but, more essential than these, relations of mutual respect, confidence, and friendship which will deepen and endure.

"Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness, and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of earth."

CHAPTER XXXIII

CONCLUSION



IN light narrative I have tried to interpret the times of some of the boys who became eminent and historic characters in the Western Reserve.

The question has often been asked, How did it happen that the Reserve produced so great a number of men of powerful character, who became political leaders, and placed their names among the world's great benefactors?

We have already answered the question after our own view: these boys helped to build their own pioneer homes; they earned their own education, and espoused for moral purposes a political cause. These boys were born to poor, toiling parents, who taught soul-values to them in their childhood. Their hearts, as a rule, were open to spiritual suggestions. Among these principles that produced soul-value was that a man should live on what he earned, if he were able to do so.

These boys, as a rule, made an early resolution to be governed by the laws of spiritual life, united with some

church, and then felt that they owed it to the future to acquire a *self-earned education*.

William McKinley opened his heart to spiritual suggestions and he earned his own education both as a scholar and as a soldier. He could say with the independence of a St. Paul: "These hands have administered to my necessities," or, in the spirit of Dr. Livingstone on graduating from Glasgow University, "I never had a dollar that I did not earn."

So with Garfield, with his quick conscience and rugged will. President Hayes had the same spirit in his youth, although helped in his education by an uncle. So with the great pioneers, Wade and Giddings. So with Stanton, the iron minister. So with the native musicians and poets. They heard the spiritual voice; believed and endeavored.

Did these have to borrow small sums of money for educational purposes? If so, as a rule, they paid them back again. They were not mortgaged; they owned themselves. At an early age they were free; and, when the time came that the people needed strong representative men, the people turned to them.

They were true to the first principles of life. They set their faces to the right, and went on to the end. They scorned policy; to them the highest good of the whole people was the law supreme. To man they would give his birthright, to labor a field, to the toiler his dues, and to all people the wealth that their own toil created.

So they rose. Character was to them **everything**, and honor more than life. They did not seek wealth, nor covet

easy position, nor any popularity without the solid basis of principle.

And they were true to their own. Young Hayes came to Boston to study law. He saw one day a political procession passing, which represented a principle. The banners of many States waved in the shouting air. Ohio was not represented in that human tide of honor. He found a strip of board, and wrote upon it "Ohio" and followed the procession to the Common.

Other Ohio men on the street saw the motto, and they followed him. As the procession stopped for review under the great elms of the mall, Hayes found that he was leading a company of Ohio men. He had made a suggestion.

This story is a parable. It shows the spirit that led men from the Reserve to the White House, to the head of the army and to the leadership of men. They were true to their souls and to their own.

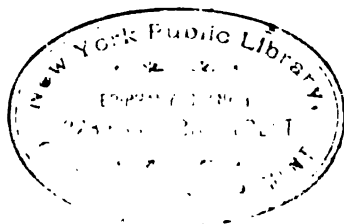
We must speak of Mother McKinley, and then this interpretation is ended. Some friends went to her and said:

"You made your son President."

"No," said the aged woman, "I did not make my son President, but he made *me the mother of a President!*"

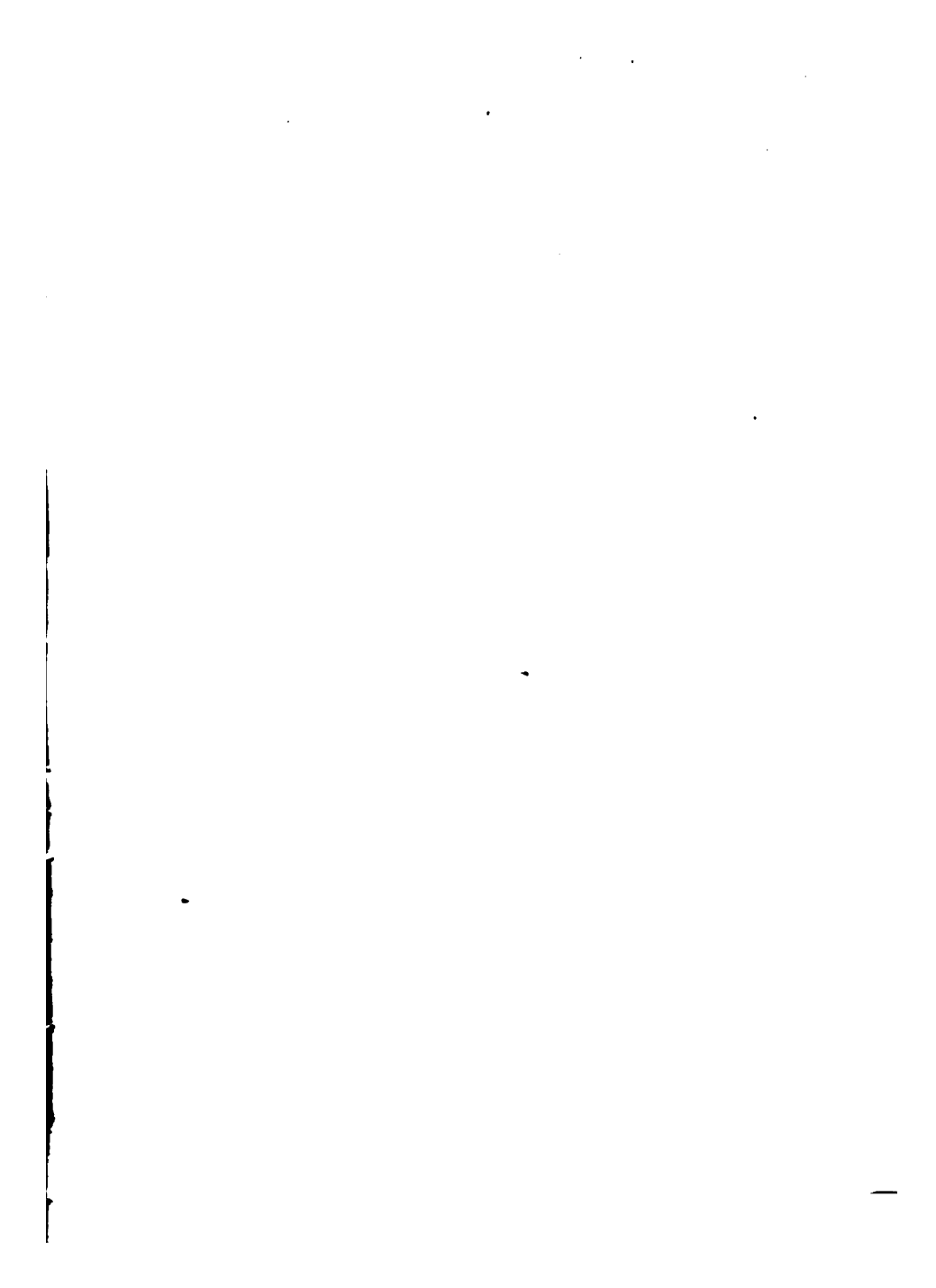
(1)

THE END

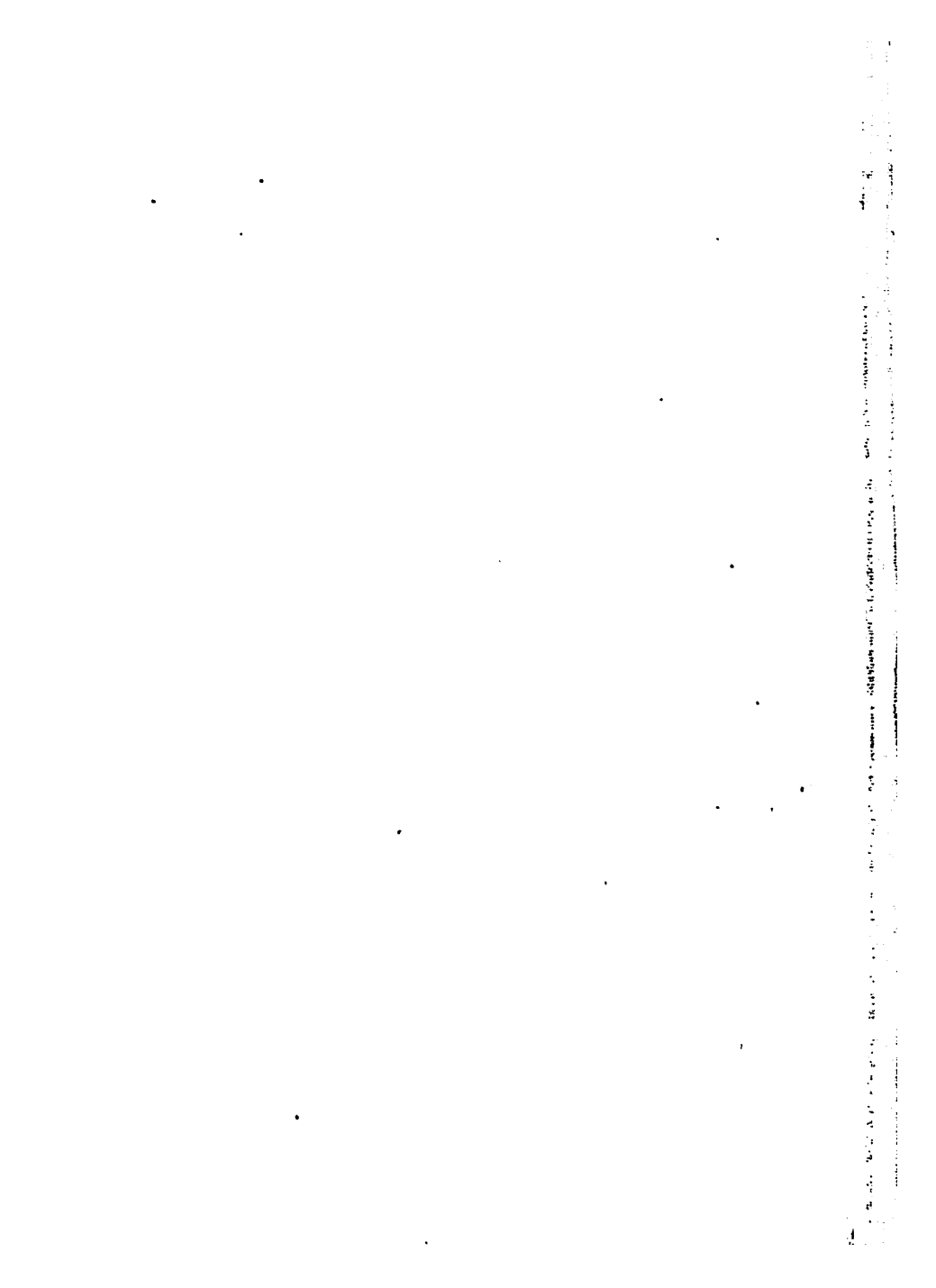


22
3

1







AUG 27 1932